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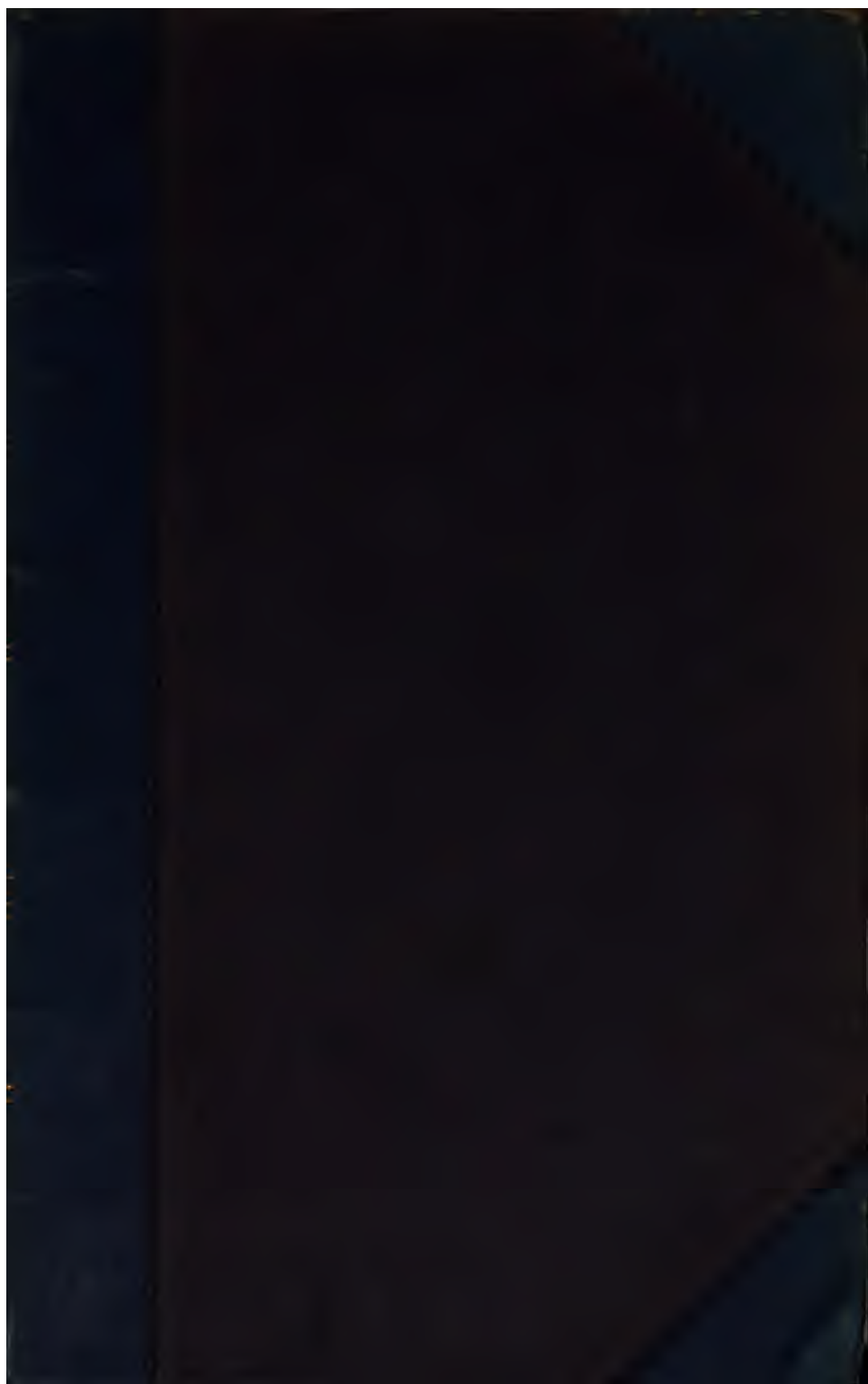
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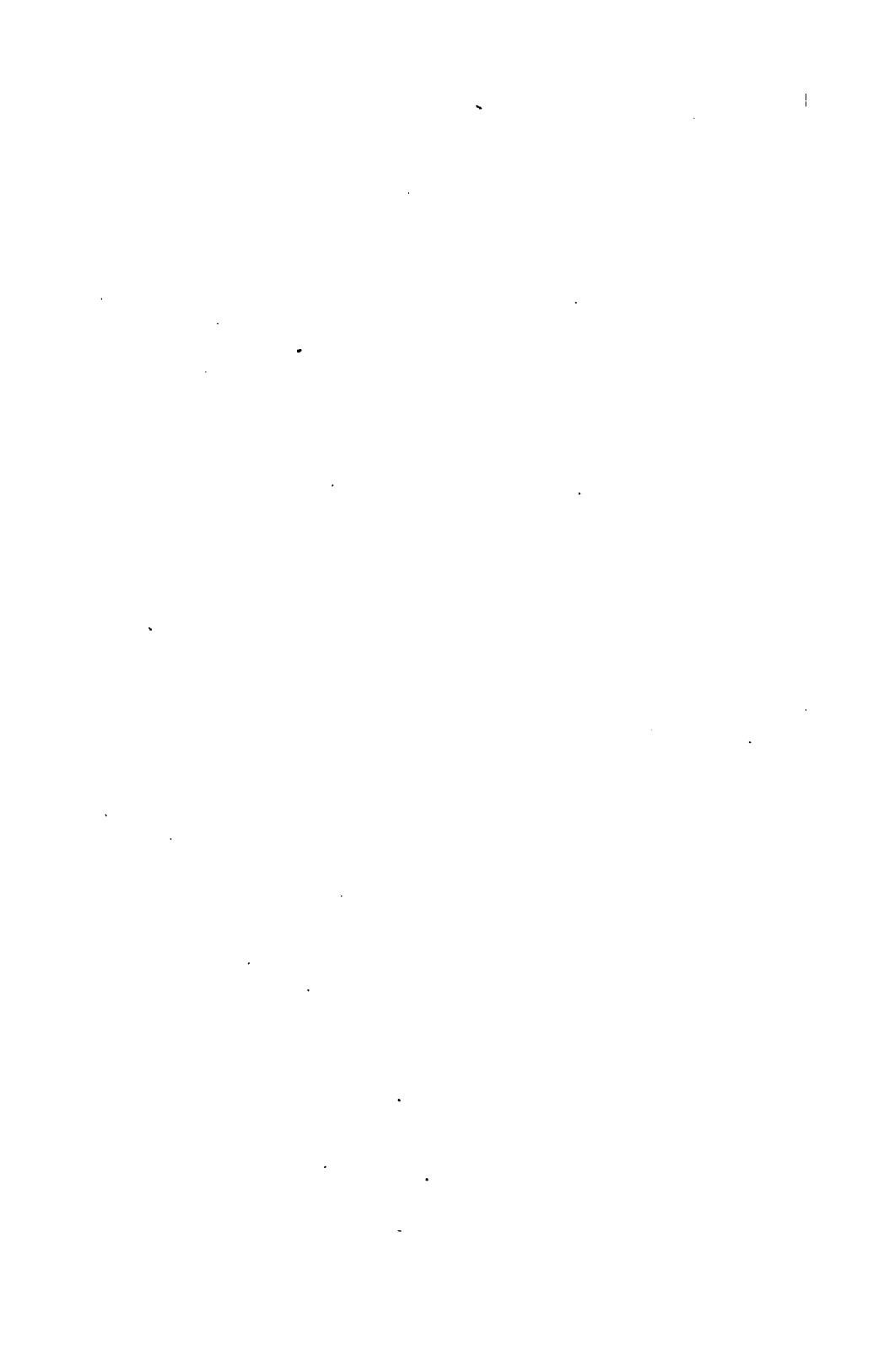
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EMILY HOWARD.

—

VOL. I.

EMILY HOWARD.

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. DUNLOP.

"Oh Life! without thy chequered scene
Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
Success and failure, could a ground
For magnanimity be found;
For faith, 'mid ruined hopes, serene?
Or whence could virtue flow?"

WORDSWORTH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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EMILY HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

“ I love the dead !
And well forget their little ill,
Eager to bask my memory still
In all their best of words and deeds, and ways and
will.

“ I love the dead !
And fondly doth my fancy paint
Each dear one wash'd from earthly taint,
By patience and by hope made a most gentle saint.”

TUPPER.

A FAIR child of eleven years of age was reclining on a sofa one evening near an open window, in a large house in Lisbon. The apartment was spacious and handsomely furnished, the floor covered with fine matting ; and the white curtains were of embroidered India muslin, whilst a large India screen, and various



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EMILY HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

"I love the dead"
And will forget their little ill,
Eager to bask my memory still
In all their best of words and looks and
will.

And fondly dwell on
Each dear one's worth
By patient and

rich cabinets and rare paintings, combined with the most inviting chairs and sofas, and the most convenient tables a Parisian upholsterer could supply, to give an air of luxury and refinement to an apartment evidently used by the family as a daily sitting-room.

The window we have named opened into a very large verandah, beneath which lay a flower-garden, and commanded a fine view of the Tagus and the opposite shore. It was a bright and balmy evening, very early in June, and the setting sun made the river look like a crimson flood; whilst the numerous boats, whose sails caught a shade of the roseate hue, and were scarcely filled by the declining breeze, floated gracefully over the calm water, yet so slowly, that it seemed as if their crews were loath to reach the landing-place, and leave that element of beauty for the dust and noise of a crowded quay. There was something that spoke of holiness and truth in that vesper hour, and touched the heart of many a rough sailor, as he plied his oar or managed his sail, and felt his nature hushed within him by a spell he did not attempt to define.

Sounds, too, there were of melody, as occa-

sionally a large fishing-boat passed down the river ; and the fine fellows that manned her raised their voices in some national chorus, breathing forth the hopefulness of spirit with which they left their homes ; whilst more faintly there came wafted on the ear the musical tones with which the more adventurous seaman raised the anchor of his vessel, bound for a distant port ; mingling with the rattle of the heavy chain — that peculiar combination of sounds, which, to all who have lived near a sea-port, or who have from necessity passed years of exile from their native land, suggests such saddening thoughts of partings and of danger, and yet has something in its monotony that soothes the heart and tempts the soul into idle dreams. From the garden beneath the window, there rose delicious perfumes, and everything in that home, in the hour, the scene, the harmonious sounds, spoke of refinement, beauty, and peace.

But the child whose sofa had been moved near the window that she might look out on the noble river and enjoy the evening breeze, was clothed in the deepest mourning ; and her fair face bore traces of illness and of a pensiveness rarely seen in one so young. On a table by

her side lay books suited to her age, and work and flowers, and various little elegant toys that had been bought for her amusement; but the child had "sighed amongst its playthings," and at length, putting them all aside, had sunk back wearied on her pillows, and lay now silent and motionless, her eye dreamily following the passing boats, and her slender hands crossed on her bosom, in one of those attitudes of perfect grace, children unconsciously assume.

In the verandah there stood a lady and gentleman also in deep mourning — the former wore the dress of a widow, and although her features were calm, her eye was sorrowful and anxious, and had in it that expression which tells of a long concealed regret. She looked considerably more than forty years of age, but her face possessed the remains of much beauty, and her tall form had still so much that was youthful and attractive in its grace and slowness, that it appeared as if the countenance had prematurely gained through mental suffering its deep lines and faded colour. Her companion was a young and very handsome man, apparently about two-and-twenty; his features were of a rare beauty, and his lofty forehead and

calm hazel eyes, gave the impression of truthfulness and dignity of character. His figure was cast in proportions that combined strength and elegance ; his hair was of that dark glossy brown so often mistaken for black, and the clear paleness of his complexion, with his whole appearance, dress, and air, proclaimed him an Englishman.

These two persons were leaning against the balustrade of the verandah, the blinds of which were all thrown open, sufficiently removed from the little girl within the room as to be able to converse in low tones without her catching their words, and yet so placed that they could watch her countenance and anticipate her wants.

“ My dear Arthur,” said Mrs. Howard, when she had seen her child close her newest story-book, and lie down wearied and without a smile, though she caught her mother’s eye, “ I cannot tell you how uneasy I feel at Emily’s state ; could you believe that that pale thin face is the same that used to delight us with its bright smiles, and was so radiant with the health and beauty of childhood ?”

“ But the doctor assures you there is no cause for alarm, and that change of air and scene will

quite set her up again," answered Arthur Courtenay. "You know she has an excellent constitution, and it is wonderful how rapidly children rally after the most severe illnesses."

"They say the nights and mornings are still very cold at Cintra," said Mrs. Howard; "yet one can hardly fancy it, this has been such a perfect summer's day — indeed, we have had summer here since early in April. But I do feel so thankful, dear Arthur, that you received that letter in time to leave England by this packet. I do not think I could have taken Emily to Cintra in its present deserted state, with no companion but myself — her nervous system has had too severe a shock; but now, with you to enliven her, we can go the earliest day the doctor gives us leave."

"How shall I ever forgive myself," said the young man, with much emotion, "for not having been here months ago? Had I been with you, I might have prevented much of the fatigue and excitement which has so affected Emily's health. I might have watched over her, whilst your attention was absorbed at her father's sick-bed; and, alas! I was only amusing myself when those dearest to me were in sorrow."

“ You cannot reproach yourself for that,” said Mrs. Howard kindly. “ You could not guess how much we needed you ; and you came to us the moment you did know it.”

“ I did not know how much I was *needed*,” replied Courtenay, with a still deeper tone of sadness ; “ but I cannot forget that my dear guardian, my second father, wrote to me many months ago urging my coming to see him, to discuss with him the plan for my future life ; nay, it was even a year ago that he first wrote so strongly :—it was for *my* advantage he took so much trouble, and was so kindly concerned, and for my own pleasure I neglected his wishes and advice. Never before had I been so long absent from this dear home, and how ungrateful must I have appeared to him to make such a use of my emancipation from guardianship. Month after month I intended to return here—Heaven knows what infatuation kept me in England, and now, God forgive me, he is gone, and I can never please him more—never more show him my sense of all his kindness, never again profit by his wisdom and his experience.”

His features were agitated as he ceased to speak—with the abrupt pause of one who fears his voice will fail him, turning at the same time towards the river and bending over the balcony as if to admire the garden beneath.

Mrs. Howard sighed as she looked at him ; she felt that he was right—that he *must* reproach himself, that he had indeed meant no unkindness, but that in the unfortunate delay to which he alluded, he had given only another proof of that indecision of character which her husband had often said was Arthur Courtenay's only fault ; and dearly as she loved the warm-hearted ward who had been to her as a beloved son, she too greatly dreaded the effect of this fault on his future life to say a word that could seem to treat it lightly ; it pained her tender nature to see him suffer, and yet had he not suffered, she must have loved him less.

After a silence of a few seconds she laid her hand gently on his arm, and said :

“ There are few of us, I fear, who can think of any one over whom the grave has closed, and with whom we have lived in close intercourse, without some feeling of self-reproach, there seem then so many things we might have done,

and so many faults for which we might have shown more indulgence." Here Mrs. Howard paused a moment, and then in a voice that faltered considerably she continued—"It may be that our own short-comings appear to us for the first time in their true light, and we see the many ways in which we might have shown our love."

"But you can never have felt this," exclaimed Courtenay, raising his head, "you, whose whole life is devoted to the happiness and comfort of others."

Mrs. Howard shook her head, and her eyes filled with tears as she cast a look towards the sky and then at the sinking sun that now only peeped "like a star o'er ocean's western edge."

"When we think of the unseen world to which the spirit of man departs," she said in a tone of deep humility, "and of the condition of that soul which has been pardoned through faith in our Divine Redeemer, *our* best actions appear full of imperfection, and our hearts may well reproach us when we remember the dead, enfranchised now from every fault and gone far beyond the reach of our love or our repentance. That bright sun which is now hid from us will

come again to-morrow, but the dead cannot return."

She spoke with an accent of such deep despondency, that Courtenay looked at her with unusual interest, and then said :

"If *you* feel thus, you cannot wonder that *I* reproach myself so severely for my selfish neglect of all but my amusement during the last year."

"I do not wonder at it, my dear Arthur ; it would be unlike you to feel it less acutely ; yet do not let us rest satisfied with our self-reproaches, but rather profit by them. Another day, I will tell you much that my husband said of you, and of his plans for you, during those months when he still hoped to see you, and to converse with you. Meanwhile, be comforted by this assurance, that he never doubted your affection. We both missed you, because you have so long been to us as an only son ; but he always said, 'It is so natural he should enjoy his present life in England,' and made every allowance for you. Let us now go to Emily—it is nearly her time for going to bed."

As they re-entered the room by the window near which she lay, the little girl raised her eyes with a confiding look to their faces, and

her lips parted with a smile as she held out her hands to both. In a moment Courtenay was kneeling beside her and her arms were round his neck, whilst he called her by every endearing name which he had lavished on her from the hour he first held her on his lap a little helpless baby—"his angel, his pearl, his rosebud, his darling sister;" and Mrs. Howard seated herself at one end of the sofa, and watched the two with a smile full of love and sadness.

"It is turned into a white rosebud after all," said Courtenay, as he still caressed the child; "but summer breezes will restore the blush, and Cintra dews will revive my faded flower."

"Now that you are come, Arthur," said the little girl, "I long to go to Cintra, for you will dress my garden for me, and go out with me when I ride. I wish you would never go away again. Will you always stay with us now, Arthur?"

The pretty lips were pressed to his forehead, but he had not had time for a reply, when the door opened, and a young lady about six-and-twenty, evidently Portuguese, holding by the hand a girl about the age of the little Emily,

entered, and with a smile advanced to the sofa of the invalid.

"I had almost feared," she said, as she and her young companion stooped to kiss Emily, "that I should not be able to keep my promise and come to say 'good night,' we had so many visitors after dinner; but to make up for my late appearance, I have brought Sophia to see you also. Madame de Vasconcellos left her with me, that she might pay this little visit to her friend."

"And I have brought you something here, dear Emily," said the beautiful little daughter of one of the most ancient houses in Lisbon, "which Margarida says they will not allow you to eat; but I thought you would like the perfume as I do—and did you not say yours were not ready yet?" she added, as she uncovered a basket she had laid down on her entrance, and showed a splendid pine-apple round which were placed some fine blossoms of the passion-flower.

"Oh! thank you," said Emily, stretching out her hand and raising one of the flowers. "I believe we have had no pine-apples, but you have brought me those dear flowers which I prefer to any fruit. Arthur," she said, gently

shaking the arm of the young man who had stood up on the entrance of Madame de Macedo, the Margarida referred to by Sophia de Vasconcellos, and was now conversing with her and Mrs. Howard; "Arthur, I want you to hear such a pretty story which Margarida knows of a lady and a passion-flower. She had fallen asleep one hot summer-day as she lay on a sofa saying her rosary, and she dreamt that she saw her lover, he held in his hand a passion-flower, but he looked very sad, and— oh, Margarida, do you tell it," exclaimed the little girl, her pale face flushing with a sudden fit of shyness as she lay back on her pillow.

"Nay, darling, finish it yourself," said Madame de Macedo, smiling; "you are getting on very nicely."

"Come," said Courtenay, "I long to hear what the lover said."

"Ah, he told her," said Emily, raising herself again, "that he should never see her again until she followed him to a land where there was no more sorrow, and no more death, and as he spoke he looked sadly at the flower. Then she wept and held out her arms towards him, but he said she must not touch him; only in order

that no one might persuade her he had not come to say farewell, he would leave her a sign by which she might feel sure of it."

"But that is not all," exclaimed Courtenay, as the child paused. "How well you remember every word; you tell it like a book. Come, what was the sign?"

"He disappeared," continued Emily gravely and slowly, "when he had said these words, and she awoke, feeling some one touch her hand. There was no one in the room, but her rosary was no longer in her hand—it was gone, and in its place there was the passion-flower which she had seen in her lover's hand—and next day there came news of his death far away at Rio Janeiro."

"What a beautiful story," said Courtenay with a smile; "and do you believe it, Emily?"

"Believe it!" exclaimed Margarida and Sophia.

"Of course she does—it is quite true. My mother," continued Madame de Macedo, "saw the passion-flower, it never faded, and never needed even water to preserve it. The young lady was my father's niece, and when she died, a year after her decease the flower was placed in her coffin at her own earnest request."

"And did a miraculous odour exhale from it?" asked Courtenay with a smile of incredulity, "and were miracles worked at the lady's tomb?"

"Ah, you are as unbelieving as ever, I see," said Madame de Macedo reproachfully. "I wonder what you Englishmen would say to Moses and Aaron if it pleased God to send them again on earth."

"Forgive me," said Courtenay earnestly; "at all events, if I share the incredulity of my countrymen, I do full justice to the beauty of your legend, and I perceive you will teach my little rosebud here to have as much faith as yourself in these interesting stories; perhaps she may one day rival even your powers of narration;" and seating himself beside Emily, who had lain down wearied with her exertion, he looked at her with much interest, and gently placed his finger on her wrist.

"But tell him," said Sophia timidly, "why the lover left a passion-flower to console the lady; perhaps he does not know its meaning, or what it reminds us of."

"Yes," said Courtenay gravely, yet looking kindly at the blushing, earnest little face that

turned towards him with an expression of disappointment. "Yes, I do know that the passion-flower bears some marks that resemble the instruments of that death which conquered the grave, and therefore reminds us of a sorrow surpassing all human grief. But all this is too interesting and too exciting for this darling child," he added, appealing to Mrs. Howard. "Shall I ring for Josefa, and carry off my bird to its nest?"

"Do so, my dear Arthur," said Mrs. Howard, who had been sitting silent, and feeling anxious for some time lest this visit might cost her child a restless night.

Josefa, a faithful Portuguese *bonne*, obeyed the summons; and whilst she collected the various belongings of her young charge that lay scattered on the sofa and table, Courtenay raised the tired child in his arms, and holding her for a moment like an infant to be kissed by her mother and her friends, he carried her off to her sleeping apartment.

"Tell Sefa to bring my flowers, Arthur," whispered Emily, as he laid her carefully on a couch, and gave her a parting kiss.

"What will that child be when she is a

woman?" thought Arthur as he left her to return to the drawing-room, and half unconsciously he repeated to himself the lines :

" A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew ;
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night."

CHAPTER II.

“In dreams, in study, and in ardent thought,
Thus was she reared.”

WORDSWORTH.

“He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.”

SHAKESPEARE.

EMILY HOWARD was the only remaining child of her widowed mother ; and her father, one of the British residents in Lisbon, had died of a sudden and very rapid illness a month before the period when our story opens. From the hour of her birth she had been to that father an object almost of idolatry, and the passionate sorrow his death had caused her, acting on a highly sensitive frame, added to her having

unnoticed passed two nights in his sick room, had brought on the severe attack of fever from which she was now only slowly recovering.

Mr. Howard had not been a very considerate husband, although he possessed many noble qualities and a warm heart; but during the latter years of his life the natural reserve of his character had increased to such a degree, that his gentle wife learnt at last to tremble at a gloom which neither her charms, nor her love, nor all the blessings of their luxurious home could dispel. It seemed to her as if something invisible had arisen between them, and her spirits sank under a trial of which she could hardly define the nature.

Heavy sorrows also visited her—three fine boys were laid in the grave in the course of eighteen months, and for two years the house of the Howards was a childless one. During this period of affliction Mr. Howard had often looked with compassion on the bereaved mother; but with him depression only produced a silence that was almost stern, and it was not until the little Emily was placed in his arms, that a smile of heartfelt pleasure again beamed on his countenance, whilst all the love that had been divided

amongst his sons, seemed gradually concentrated on the beautiful little girl who very early learnt that nothing delighted her father more than to have her head nestling on his bosom.

The daughter thus sent, as it seemed, to console both parents for their previous bereavements, became through a strange fatality, a source of additional trial to Mrs. Howard, in consequence of the almost selfish manner in which her husband appropriated the child, as if bent on making himself the exclusive object of her affection, without consideration for the mother who had mourned so bitterly over the graves of her beautiful boys, and who only asked to share according to her right, the father's influence with their now only child.

Mr. Howard's idolatrous affection for the little girl increased to a sort of mania as she advanced in years, and the grave man unbent from his usual seriousness to become her play-fellow as well as her tutor. She passed many hours daily in his library, and at Cintra, a little plot of ground was laid out as her garden in front of this room, where, without leaving her father's sight, she could indulge her taste for early flowers, and amuse herself in weeding and

digging when the weather was not too hot for such an exertion ; but the greatest pleasure the child had connected with this room, was the low seat and table her father had placed for her in the deep window, where she would sit for hours, studying the large volume of prints he had collected, and forming for herself long day-dreams, suggested by the various subjects, and the many stories he related to her in connection with them.

She was an intelligent child, with an aptitude in learning that rendered her a pleasant scholar, and a quick perception of all beauty, moral and material, that made her an interesting companion to a father so fond and so intellectual as Mr. Howard.

He became ingenious in devising new sources of pleasure for her, and often forgot the book or letter he had placed before him, in order to gaze on her graceful form or speaking face, whilst he pictured to himself what she would be when grown to womanhood. His daughter ! there was such a charm in the very word—his boys had been taken, and deeply had he sorrowed for them ; but his daughter would more than supply their loss, for she should never leave

him, even if she married, his home should still be hers ; and she should so learn to cling to him, should be so bound to him by every tie of filial respect and affection, that not even a husband should have the power to break that double bond.

Such were his dreams—vain and selfish as day-dreams too often are, leading men to waste precious hours that might be given to the duties of the present, in contemplating a future, that is ever receding before them. When it was too late to make reparation, Mr. Howard felt, with bitter contrition, how selfishly he had acted towards his wife, and how little he had done to supply to her the companionship and love her confiding, affectionate nature required. He had even occasionally displayed a feeling of jealous displeasure when she asserted a claim to her child's society and affection, so fearful was he of not being that child's first object ; and Mrs. Howard, who looked with alarm on the dangerous system of indulgence pursued with a creature as sensitive and excitable as she was attractive, often anticipated, with a sad and apprehensive heart, the time when her duty as a mother would call on her to brave her husband's

anger, in order to check what was so full of peril to her daughter's happiness.

But her disquietude proved as vain as her husband's dreams. Mr. Howard died before Emily's character suffered materially from the self-indulging habits of irregularity he was fostering for his own gratification. His illness was sudden and rapid; and bitter was the self-reproach that seized on his mind, when he felt death approaching. Unable to converse at any length, it was only then by broken sentences, and his looks of deep distress, that he expressed his repentance of the fault that had made his wife's latter years so joyless, and it was with an eagerness, the remembrance of which made her heart ache for many a long day, that he entreated her to forgive him. The child who had been the cause of jealousy between them, seemed now only second in his thoughts; and when she hung over him in tears, calling him by all her accustomed names of childish endearment, he would gasp out at intervals: "Emily, my darling, love your mother—be good and dutiful to her."

When Mrs. Howard had closed her husband's eyes, and thrown herself exhausted on a sofa

in her darkened dressing-room, the recollection of the many times her spirit had rebelled against him excited a feeling of remorse, and her thoughts flew back to those early days of their union, when no clouds had obscured her happiness; but she had long since learnt in every sorrow to seek relief in prayer, and Heaven sent her, ere many hours had elapsed, an unlooked-for motive for exertion, which forced all her thoughts and feelings into a new channel.

Her child was taken ill, and for several days a severe fever caused considerable anxiety on her account, and kept her mother constantly by her bed-side. Her sorrow for the loss of her father was so intense, as to cause surprise in all who witnessed such strong emotion in one so young; and even after her fever was subdued, her spirits continued depressed to an unnatural degree, causing a new pang to the heart of her mother, who began to fear she never could fill the place of the father so deeply mourned.

It seemed as if he who had tried so unjustly to engross all her affections, had not only defrauded her of her rights during his life, but had carried away with him to the grave all

that might have afforded her consolation ; and Mrs. Howard longed in her turn to be the chief object of her child's love, with a craving that made her forget, in her plans for achieving this, the danger she had already dreaded, of bringing her up in an ideal world of beauty, unconscious that a check must be put, even on the purest tastes.

Arthur Courtenay, whom we have already introduced to our readers, had been an orphan since the age of seven, and left by his father to the guardianship of Mr. Howard, his dearest friend, in whose house the boy found a home, that supplied to him all the advantages and pleasures he had lost in his own, and in Mr. and Mrs. Howard two friends, whose kindness never allowed him to feel the real heaviness of his bereavement.

He repaid them for their care with the love and respect of a son, and to Mrs. Howard his thoughtful tenderness was often a great solace, pouring balm into her wounded spirit, when he was himself not aware how much she was suffering ; and when she lost her eldest boy, who was two years younger than Arthur, the latter became inexpressibly dear to her,

from the passionate sorrow he seemed to feel at the loss of his companion.

Mr. Howard's affection for his ward was also very great. He was the son of his dearest friend, who had been his beloved and chosen companion in youth, and who had saved his life at the risk of his own ; but the boy soon won for himself a degree of love and respect from his guardian, that increased as he advanced to manhood ; and Mr. Howard found in each succeeding year, when he returned from England for his summer holidays,, that the son was likely to become as attractive and as gifted as his father had been. In accordance with that father's dying injunction, he had been sent to a school in England when he reached his ninth year : but every summer was passed at Cintra, and Arthur's holidays were looked forward to with pleasure by every member of the household. The faithful and attached servants of the family regarded him as a son of the house, and the children, who were all younger than himself, rejoiced in him as an elder brother, who made no use of his seniority, save to devise schemes for their amusement.

Thus Arthur Courtenay's boyhood and youth

were passed under all the softening influence of a happy home, which asserted still its power over his heart, even during those many months of each year when his school and college duties separated him from those he loved.

He was twenty-three when Mr. Howard died, and had therefore been for two years emancipated from his control, though he continued to regard and treat him as a parent.

Possessed of an independent fortune, it had been his father's wish that he should enter the army, or commence a diplomatic career ; but although he had himself professed a preference for the latter, as better suited to his literary tastes and his talent for languages, he had allowed two years to pass, after leaving the University, without even making an attempt to enter the profession he had voluntarily selected, and which now, compared with the enjoyments of a young man of wealth, seemed a sad life of drudgery. His guardian urged him seriously not to yield to the temptations of a life without a distinct object or occupation ; but Arthur was drinking deeply of the pleasures that the best society in England presents to a rich and well-born youth, attractive in person, and cultivated

in mind ; and Mr. Howard died without having had power to induce him to follow his counsel.

For the first time in his life, Courtenay had allowed the summer to pass without paying a visit to his much-loved Cintra home. To console his friends for this, he had promised to join them in Lisbon at Christmas ; but Christmas came, and found Arthur forming one of a gay party assembled in a hospitable country mansion in England ; and the winter passed, and the spring commenced, and Courtenay resolved that ere the summer was over, he would visit his guardian, and discuss with him, *vis à vis*, his projects for the future.

But his guardian did not witness the beauty of that summer on earth, and the letter that informed Courtenay of his short illness and death, gave him the first sensation of keen remorse he had ever experienced.

He was dead ! he who had supplied his father's place, who had made his childhood happy, and watched over his welfare as if he had been his son ; and the return he had made was to neglect his advice, and give an appear-

ance, by all the late acts of his life, of being indifferent to his society.

Arthur Courtenay had felt much irritation the last time he was with Mr. Howard, because of his coldness to his wife, and her evident depression ; but now that he could see him no more, he only remembered the man his father had loved, and who had tenderly and conscientiously discharged towards himself all that father's duties, and he shed tears of regret as he felt that he could never more in this world prove his affection or his gratitude. All that he could do was, to fly to the mourning widow, and offer her whatever consolation his presence could afford, and he sailed for Lisbon by the first packet, after the intelligence reached him of Mr. Howard's death, but knew nothing of Emily's illness, until he was actually in her mother's house.

rich or poor, whilst there is such a charming union of retirement and society that neither is ever felt to be oppressive, because the other is at hand if wanted.

It was fortunate for Emily that it was to this cheerful retreat her mother carried her. Every resident in the neighbourhood, every peasant between Cintra and Collares knew the little English girl, and had been in the habit for years of greeting her in her walks and rides with those cordial salutations and graceful compliments in which the Portuguese excel; and now, when she appeared once more amongst them in her deep mourning dress, with traces of illness on the young fair face, and the laughing glance gone from the dark blue eye, the softened tone and the look of increased respect were, with true national tact, combined with words of encouraging cheerfulness and many kind attentions.

The sight of her smart little donkey coming along the road was often the signal for the rapid gathering of a bouquet of flowers, sometimes of a few strawberries or some other fruit, which were gratefully accepted by Emily, and placed in the little basket that hung over her

arm, with as much pleasure as if her garden at home were not stocked with an abundance of the finest fruits and flowers; whilst many inquiries were made for the "poor mamma," whose name had never been pronounced but with deference by high and low, during a residence of twenty years in the country.

The beautiful scenery enlivened by the movement of village life; and the long rides across the hills on one side and to the sea-shore on the other, speedily restored our heroine to health and spirits, though an unusual quietness reigned in her house, and her childish gaiety was often checked by the sight of her mother's tears.

All that wealth could do, all that taste, inspired by love, could devise, was brought into requisition to minister to the child's enjoyment. The beautiful little apartment that had been Mrs. Howard's boudoir, was converted into Emily's bedroom, that even when sleeping she might be near her mother. The drawing-room, which now became their common sitting-room (for the library was instinctively avoided by both) looked out on one of the loveliest views in Cintra, and a flight of steps from the verandah led into a garden that, with all the peculiar features of a

Portuguese *quinta*,* showed visible signs of having been for many years in English hands.

There were the vine-covered *pureiras*,† the stiff rows of box, the bushes of *alecrin*, or rosemary, cut into fantastic shapes, the straight walks bordered with orange-trees, the trim hedges of roses, the antique vases filled with annuals, the fountains surrounded by stone seats, and then here and there a charming little wilderness, looking as if it had been forgotten, when all the rest was so carefully measured, the ground covered with wild strawberries and periwinkles, and overhead a dense canopy of cork and chestnut trees, the oak and the stately pine.

Such are most of the gardens in Portugal, varying only in size, or in the character of the scenery, and in the nature of the ground; abounding more in hedges of box or laurel where the latter is flat, and cut into terraces when situated entirely or partly on a slope. In Mrs. Howard's, there was added to the rich vegeta-

* Villa.

† Walks, along the sides of which are planted vines, supported by stone columns, and then trained across the top by horizontal bars of wood.

tion produced by the climate, all the cultivation of English gardening. Her borders and flower-beds were almost dazzling to the eye, with their successions of bright blossoms; and a certain shady bank that had been sown with English grass, and was carefully irrigated through the summer, and mown with an English scythe, was considered a triumph of art by every one in the neighbourhood, who had never chanced to see anything finer in the shape of a garden, than that of the royal palace at Ramalhão.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Howard were experienced florists, and whilst with excellent taste they had preserved within their grounds, the peculiar character of the native quintas, they had successfully trained their gardener to adopt enough of English science, to give their garden as much of a foreign air to a Portuguese, as its terraces, fountains, and vine-covered walks had for an English eye.

It was indeed a paradise, and it was there in a lovely arbour, composed of myrtle, jasmine, and climbing roses, in front of which was a murmuring fountain, and on one side an aviary of singing birds, that the young Emily passed

her mornings with her mother, during the first summer after her father's death.

The presence of Arthur Courtenay added as greatly to the enjoyment of the little girl, as it did to that of her mother. Without him, their first month of seclusion at Cintra might have pressed too heavily on the spirit of the child, as it was not yet the season when the Lisbon world seek that cool retreat; and the only friend they found on their arrival established for the summer, was Madame de Macedo, who possessed a beautiful cottage close to Mrs. Howard's quinta, and who had persuaded an old relation to leave the bustle and glare of Lisbon to accompany her to the country.

Margarida de Macedo, though only six-and-twenty, was the widow of one of Don Pedro's officers, who had fallen at the siege of Oporto, and her delicate health and subdued spirits made her, in spite of her enthusiastic attachment to the Howards, anything but an enlivening companion for the too imaginative child, on whom the first breath of sorrow had already made so deep an impression; so that Mrs. Howard was glad to see Arthur filling the place of play-fellow to his adopted sister, during those

weeks that preceded the arrival of her young companions, Sophia and Christina de Vasconcellos, often drawing her away from her low seat near Margarida, when she was coaxing the latter to relate some of those family legends or histories of saints, of which Emily never wearied, and engaging her in some game better suited to her years.

It was a pleasant sight to see the handsome, highly-gifted Courtenay, whose mental acquirements had won him as much popularity in society as his proficiency in all manly sports and exercises had gained renown for him at Eton and Cambridge, ever ready to unbend, and place himself on a level with that little girl, and wearying no more of the secluded life Mrs. Howard's recent widowhood imposed on them, than if he had not so lately been a courted, favoured member of the most brilliant circle in London.

In truth, he all but idolised the captivating child, and it was not to be wondered at, that he became to her ardent imagination a being of a higher order than any she had ever seen or heard of.

"Mr. Courtenay is not your brother, is he?" asked Sophia de Vasconcellos one day, when she and her sister were passing the morning with Emily in the Pombal Quinta. "Are you not sorry," she continued without waiting for an answer, "that he is not your own brother?"

Arthur had been amusing himself with the children a few minutes before this question was asked, and was now seated reading under a tree at a little distance from them. Emily was holding a piece of bread to make her little dog Linda jump to catch it; but her hand suddenly dropped as Sophia spoke, and turning towards her with a look of childish annoyance and surprise, she exclaimed:

"He *is* my brother, and I am his only sister—he has often told me so."

"But your mamma is not his," persisted Sophia; "he never speaks of her as his mother; he will not always remain with you as our brother Carlos will do with us."

"He has no other home," said Emily sadly, and looking now with a troubled expression at Arthur, who was unconscious of the interest he was exciting.

"But when he marries," said Sophia, "he may go very far away into another country. I heard papa say this morning, that no doubt he would marry the next time he went to England."

"And *our* brother," said the little Christina, who was only nine years of age, "even when he marries will still be with us in Lisbon, because he is our real brother, and will live in papa's house."

"When he marries!" repeated Emily. "Why must Arthur marry?"

"Oh, everybody marries!" exclaimed Christina: "except a few who are very ugly and disagreeable."

"No, not everybody," said Emily. "There is the nice old Conde de Menezes, whom every one likes so much, and who was so handsome when he was young. Your mamma said yesterday, that Arthur reminded her of what the Conde was, although he was much older than Arthur when she first knew him."

"But the reason he never married," said Sophia, "was, that he loved a lady who insisted on being a nun. Mamma says he saw her take the veil, and for three years afterwards he shut

himself up in his old house near Coimbra, and saw no one. You would not like Mr. Courtenay to be so unhappy as that—would you?"

"No," said Emily, struggling to keep down her tears; "but he might marry a Portuguese lady who did not wish to be a nun, and live always here."

"No Portuguese lady would marry a Protestant Englishman," said Sophia, with an unconscious flash of pride in her dark eyes.

"Oh, Sophia, you are making her cry," exclaimed Christina, throwing her arms round Emily, down whose cheeks the tears were now flowing rapidly. "Don't cry, Emily, if Mr. Courtenay loves you as Carlos loves us, he will never leave you."

"And perhaps," whispered Sophia, as she kissed her weeping companion, "perhaps he may become a good Catholic and marry a Portuguese lady, so don't cry, my dear Emily, pray don't!"

At this moment the sweet tones of a boy's voice were heard gaily singing—

"As margens do Mondego;"

and the young trio started, and looking round

saw a handsome youth, apparently about fifteen, coming towards them along a thickly-wooded path.

The moment they perceived him, he waved his hand, and hurrying his pace, Sophia had only time to exclaim, "It is Carlos!" when he was close to the little group. Holding out his hand to Emily, he saw that she had still tears glittering in her long eyelashes, and the gaiety of his manner instantly fled, whilst with all the respect that even children are taught to show each other in Portugal, he said to his sisters:

"Has anything happened to distress Miss Howard?"

"I told her that Mr. Courtenay was not her real brother," said Sophia, looking anxiously at the face of the boy, as if fearing she had committed an indiscretion.

"And that he might marry and go away to England," added Christina.

"And why did you tell her all this?" asked Carlos gravely, as he fixed his large black eyes with a look of interest on his sister's beautiful little companion; "did you wish to make her unhappy, now that Mr. Courtenay is just returned after so long an absence?"

"Oh no, Carlos," said Sophia eagerly, "I did not think—at all—I fear—only I felt so glad you were really my brother, and would never leave home as Mr. Courtenay does."

"And you therefore reminded your friend that she had no brother," said the youth, so reproachfully that tears now filled Sophia's eyes.

"Oh! it was my fault," exclaimed Emily, putting her little hand familiarly on the arm of the boy, in whose looks and manner there was a singular mixture of deference with the protecting air he assumed towards her. "I was foolish to feel so sorry; but I had never thought of it before—no one had told me."

Tears again choked her words, and breaking suddenly away from her companions, she ran to the spot where Courtenay was leaning against a tree with his eyes fixed on his book, and seated herself by his side, whilst Carlos de Vasconcellos gazed after her for a few seconds, murmuring in a low tone the words "*Linda e delicada flor*," and then drew his sisters away to a stone seat, that projected from the wall of the garden, and overlooked the principal road to CLARK.

Emily had clasped both her hands round Courtenay's arm, as she seated herself beside him, and startled thus from the study that had engaged him, he looked fondly down into her face.

"Tears! tears!" he exclaimed, "what has happened to my rosebud—what is the matter?"

Emily now relieved her full heart by a shower of tears, and hiding her face on Arthur's shoulder, sobbed for a few moments undisturbed.

"And now, darling, what is it?" asked Courtenay, raising her head with a gentle force. "Surely you have not had a quarrel with your little friends."

"Oh, no; we never quarrel," said Emily half smiling at the idea; "but oh, tell me, Arthur, are you not my brother—my real brother?"

"Your brother in fondest love, sweetest," said Courtenay somewhat surprised.

"But not in reality," said Emily sadly. "Ah, then, it is true what Sophia said, and you may leave us and belong to some one else:—oh, how I wish you were my real brother."

"Many brothers are obliged to leave their sisters," said Courtenay; "but no brother loves

his sister more than I do mine," and he kissed the white forehead of the loving child. "When I lost my parents Heaven sent me yours to fill their places, and when your father took me to your cradle when you were only half a day old, he said, 'Here is a little sister for you, Arthur; you must take great care of her, if she is ever left without a father,' and are you now going to tell me that I am not your brother my precious one—is not that unkind of my rosebud?"

"Oh, no, no," said Emily, "it was only that Sophia seemed to think Carlos so much more to her than you were to me; but I shall never think this again. Will you tell Sophia," she added with an infantine simplicity of manner, "that you can be my brother, though you are not mamma's son?"

"Come then, and let us tell her now," said Courtenay, laughing as he rose; "see, they are beckoning to us—to whom can they be speaking under the wall?"

They found Carlos and his sister holding a lively conference with the two *queijada** girls of Cintra, as to the possibility of hoisting the

* Cheesecake.

cheesecake-basket in safety within reach of the little purchasers.

"Come, Emily," cried Sophia, "help us with your handkerchief; we have knotted ours together, but they are still too short, and we have such a longing for a queijada."

"My handkerchief will scarcely help you," said Emily, "it is so small; but Sefa has a long string in her work-basket, I know."

And forgetting alike her tears and what had caused them, she ran to a seat at a little distance, where sat the "faithful Josefa," as Courtenay called her, so placed, that she could cast an occasional glance at her young charges, and keep at the same time a watch on the road below the quinta, so that not a human being passed to or from the village, or entered or came out of Madame Belem's hotel, without her having a short speculation as to their proceedings, whilst she held in her hand the eternal half-knitted stocking, of which a Portuguese female never seems to weary, from the hour when she is first taught to cast so many stitches on her needle, to the hour of her death.

"Minha Sefinha," exclaimed Emily, coaxingly; "give me a piece of string, or some of

"Ah, well, it is clear, you have no vocation for the convent," said Carlos; "perhaps you do not think the habit would be so becoming, as that pretty head dress and graceful cloak." And he again threw so much admiration into his eyes as he looked at the young peasant, who wore over her black shining hair the usual white muslin handkerchief, tied coquettishly beneath the chin, and the little brown cloak that hardly reaches below the waist, hanging so loosely open in front as to display whatever grace or beauty there may be in the form, that Josefa, could she have seen him at that moment, must have had her convictions strengthened as to the danger the queijada girls were exposed to of being spoilt, and even Courtenay thought it might be discreet to dismiss them.

"Now," he said, smiling good humouredly as he touched the youth on the arm, "we must lower this basket again, and allow these fair damsels to proceed on their way. How much are we to pay," he added archly, "for those sweet smiles, and the glances of those 'lindos olhos?'"

"We have never reckoned their price," said the elder sister, with Portuguese readiness.

"Because they are priceless," added Carlos ; and as the two peasants, with pleased smiles and graceful gestures, pronounced their parting salutation and turned away, he commenced the second stanza of the favourite Lisbon modinha, the 'Saloya,'

"Eu sou amada de hum grande."

And then, catching his sister Sophia round the waist, he said :

"What a charming Saloya you would make, Sophia !"

"A Saloya !" said Sophia, scornfully, "I would rather be a duchess."

"And so you shall," said her brother, laughing, "if we can find a handsome young duke in five or six years. But are you certain you would then be happy, my little beauty ?"

"There are a great many unhappy duchesses, I dare say," interrupted Emily. "There is Margarida de Macedo's mother, how sad she looks ; and Margarida always says she never knew her mother more cheerful than she is now."

"That was because she had a bad husband, who was cruel to her," said Sophia.

"Even Margarida looks happier than her mother," said Emily, "so it is not always a happy thing to be a duchess."

"Then what would you wish to be, Miss Howard?" asked Carlos, who always unconsciously addressed her with a deferential gallantry of manner not commonly assumed towards a child, and who scarcely understood that it was the spell of her beauty that tuned his voice, and made his heart beat with a desire to please her.

"Yes, my darling," said Courtenay, placing her on the wall, and slightly bending back her head to look into her eyes, "tell us what you would like to be. If I were a powerful fairy what would you ask of me?"

The innocent eyes were raised to his, and the rosy lips were parted for a few seconds before she answered; then hiding her face on his arm with childish shyness, she murmured: "I would ask the fairy to leave you always with mamma and me."

"Sweet one!" said Courtenay, pressing her to his heart, "thou shalt be the Queen of Hearts, and love shall make thee richer than precious stones or ducal coronets can do."

"But I like to be loved also," said Sophia, who, though only a few months older than Emily, was already far less childish than her friend, and felt a pang of jealousy at witnessing the admiration of both Courtenay and her brother, for one whose simplicity appeared to her a mark of ignorance. "Carlos," she added, seizing her brother's hand, "shall I not also have people to love me? Why must Emily have more love than I?"

"Because perhaps she values it more than you do," said her brother gravely. "She would be happy with those she loves, even in a poor cottage."

"And so would I—so would I!" exclaimed Sophia. "And so would Christina—would you not, Christina?" she said, drawing her sister nearer her. "Oh! Carlos, do you love Emily better than us!" and tears started to her eyes.

Carlos bent down and kissed her tenderly, but he said nothing; and at this moment Josefa came to announce the approaching dinner-hour, and to take the children home.

But that morning had produced an impression on three of the youthful party that did not soon pass away, though not one of them could

have defined the vague presentiment that occasionally checked their gaiety, when a trifling word or incident recalled that conversation in the Pombal Gardens. With Emily it was only the dread of a childish heart, lest the brother, who had made himself so dear to her as a playfellow, might some day choose another home ; but with Carlos and Sophia, the well-known customs of their country had given them already views of life too serious for their years, and a shadowy future would sometimes cloud a path that looked all sunshine.

A few days after this meeting in the garden, Emily overheard a conversation between her mother and Arthur that seemed to confirm Sophia's words, and threatened to realise all her own fears.

They seemed to have forgotten the presence of the child, who was seated behind a large stand of flowers, and some remark of Arthur's relative to the coming winter in Lisbon, had led Mrs. Howard to ask him if he had yet come to any decision as to his future career. Dearly as she loved him, she felt daily more and more that she must not encourage him to dream

away his life in a home where he had no higher duty than that of watching over the comfort and enjoyment of herself and her little girl; and she could reconcile herself to part with him, valuable as his companionship and protection now were, if only she might thereby see him enter on some line of usefulness suited to his talents and his position.

But rich as he was in many attractions, and many noble qualities, Arthur Courtenay was not faultless; and Mrs. Howard, who loved him as a tender mother, had long seen the weak point of his character. With the highest appreciation of honour in others, and constantly acting from the impulse of the best feelings of our nature, he had yet no ruling principle by which to test his actions and opinions, whilst his keen enjoyment of all the elegancies and refinements of life, had so far enervated his mind, that he seemed to have hardly the power within himself of resisting the allurements of any present pleasure, though some strong external influence would instantly rouse him into exertion, and force him into a degree of persevering energy, until some new temptation arose before him.

The variety of his pursuits made it easy for him to accommodate himself to any society ; his heart, too, was so warm and honest, and his temper so unselfish as to all the minor details of life, that he inspired as much regard as admiration in all who knew him intimately.

But to what was all this to lead ? This was a question often repeated to herself by Mrs. Howard, as she watched the development of her young favourite's mind ; and she had even sometimes said, " Had he been poor and forced to work his way in the world, he would have taken a higher ground." But Courtenay was far from poor, and yet, unfortunately, from the fact of his father, who was a younger son, having been left by a distant relative a large fortune without lands, he had not even the duties of a landlord to remind him that he had any responsibilities incident to his position in the world, in common with every human being who fills a place in any circle, however poor or however limited.

To float down the stream of pleasure until old age should cast him exhausted on its bank, seemed the most probable fate for one so fitted to enliven the voyage, so fascinating himself

and so easily fascinated by others, unless—and Mrs. Howard sighed as she thought of the alternative—unless Heaven arrested him ere it was too late to return, by the cutting blasts of disappointment, or the rude storms of affliction.

Mrs. Howard had already more than once conversed with him on this subject, repeating to him all her husband had said of his own hopes and wishes for his ward ; and now again she endeavoured to impress on him that it was the bounden duty of a man on whom Heaven had bestowed wealth and intelligence, to adopt some distinct mode of life by which he might be useful to his fellow-creatures.

“ Believe me, dearest Arthur,” urged his anxious friend, after a long discussion, “ a man who does not do this is nothing but a cumberer of the earth—a talent has been given him, and he hides it in a napkin.”

“ But what would you have me to do ?” asked Courtenay eagerly, endeavouring to conceal a slight tone of mortification. “ Do you number amongst the noble pursuits of this life, the occupation of an unpaid *attaché*, the

intercourse with a most polished society, will probably find no difficulty in accounting for his reluctance to leave that very home which other attractions in England had made him so long neglect.

His position in Lisbon was such as to make him the envy of most of his young associates ; rich, handsome and agreeable, he was welcomed as an addition in the most exclusive circles ; his polished manner and noble air won him the favour of the most courtly of the Portuguese nobility ; his amiable temper secured for him the smiles of the fairest damsels ; his well-stored mind made him be looked on as an acquisition to society by every man of letters in Lisbon ; and hardly an Englishman, or foreigner of family or note, visited the Peninsula without bringing a letter of introduction to Courtenay from some friend in England.

To crown all these *agréments* so alluring to a man of three-and-twenty, Courtenay had now leisure to pursue exactly the sort of desultory study that pleased him best, and which, without fatiguing his mind, still served to keep quiet a conscience that might have reproved him for a life of utter idleness.

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CHAPTER IV.

“A dirge is rising on the mountain air.”

MRS. HEMANS.

THE summer was one of even unusual brightness, and nature seemed to smile on the land enjoying now a deceitful repose after a civil war that had brought death into its happiest circles, and cut asunder the closest ties. Numbers had been exiled from their country; ruin had fallen on many a noble family; famine, pestilence, and war had desolated the heroic city, the possession of which was so long contested by the two royal brothers struggling for the crown of their father; and not a few whose loyal hearts had bled at that spirit-saddening conflict, and whose proud names had long since adorned the pages of history, had voluntarily

retired from a Court they would not grace, whilst he whom they considered as their legitimate Sovereign was wandering far away, defeated and deposed.

The war was over, but the hearts of the people were not at rest : none were really satisfied. The aristocrats of the triumphant party were distracted by their own plans of private ambition, or disgusted with the interested motives of others ; the middle classes longed to grasp a power even greater than Pedro could dare to promise, and the peasantry mourned for the absolute King whose errors had never been felt in their peaceful hamlets, whilst their religious faith had been wounded by his brother's desecration of churches and convents, and their generous indignation aroused by the tyranny exercised towards the unoffending nuns and unfortunate monks, who were driven penniless from their homes to share the privations of the people, to whom those sacred dwellings had been a blessing.

The country was bleeding in every part ; but to a superficial observer its wounds seemed rapidly healing, and God's sun shone in the heavens on the oppressed and the oppressor, on

the conquered and the conquerors ; the fruits of the earth ripened, although the peasant laboured with a heavy heart, and the owners of the land murmured at innovations that daily trampled on their dearest prejudices.

Much had been commenced that year, that seemed to promise liberty and prosperity ; enterprising spirits were occupied, the dissatisfied were silenced, and the ex-Emperor of the Brazils, who had placed his daughter on the throne, whilst the authority of her crown remained virtually in his hands, paid a triumphant visit to the city, which had won for him the victory at the risk of its very existence.

He had embarked at Lisbon when that brilliant summer was at its height, and Oporto had welcomed her hero with his beautiful wife, and the young Queen he had given to his country. But even that visit was not what it seemed to be, and instead of mutual congratulations, the royal soldier and his devoted partisans ought to have exchanged eternal adieus, for they were never more to meet on earth ; and whilst discontent stalked over the land, whose bells were sounding peals of rejoicing, decay

was dragging to the grave the frame of him whose life's work was only then beginning.

The little circle of intimate friends, who passed that eventful summer at Cintra, were deeply interested in all that was taking place in the country, and all their sympathies were with the triumphant party.

Madame de Macedo, whose husband was mortally wounded on the memorable day when the Miguelite troops forced an entrance into Oporto, and nearly succeeded in capturing the town, and who was herself residing there during the long siege, could never forget the visit the Emperor had paid them that dismal night, as she knelt by the bed-side of the young and gallant officer, watching the beloved countenance on which the dew of death was already gathering, and listening eagerly to the low whispers of that voice which a few hours before had cheered on his men to drive back the almost victorious enemy. She had lost the delight of her existence in that bitter war, but she recalled the almost womanly tenderness with which the Emperor had knelt beside her in her sorrow, and had breathed forth to his dying officer his deep regret and boundless

admiration. She remembered how he had stayed with them till the last sacred rites were administered; that he had soothed her like a brother; that none had guessed until *she* told it, how Dom Pedro had passed that night, when all fancied him reposing after a day of hard fighting and fearful anxiety; and her heart clung with loyal fondness to the singular and interesting man, in whose cause she had lost her all of happiness.

The Marquis de Vasconcellos was also an enthusiastic follower of Dom Pedro, and one of the few who had embraced his party from purely constitutional principles. He was devoted, heart and mind to the enterprising leader, whom he looked on as one sent by Heaven to be the renovator of his country, and to restore to her, by the hand of freedom, the lost glory of former ages. Even the sacred prejudices of a strictly Catholic family were sacrificed to what human policy had deemed essential for the liberty of the State, and the Marquis de Vasconcellos silenced every whisper of blame within his household, and smothered his own sigh of regret, when his beloved master laid a bold hand on consecrated places, and defied the papal excommunication.

Mrs. Howard and Courtenay had fully sympathised with the Liberal party, and all their feelings as Protestants were excited by the measures which dealt so severe a blow to the Church in Portugal. They looked on it as the first step to a purer creed; and without giving expression to this hope, which would have shocked the friends they valued so highly, it enabled them to join, with perfect sincerity, in the wishes, so constantly expressed around them, for success to Dom Pedro and his many projects.

Many persons rode from Cintra to the rock of Lisbon the day the Emperor, with his wife, and the youthful Queen Donna Maria da Gloria, sailed for Oporto, to see the vessel that contained such a precious freight, and the echoes of the royal salute from the Castle of Belem, reached even to the now deserted cloisters of the Penha Convent.

The sky was cloudless; not even the usual sea-breeze disturbed the stillness of the air; the great Atlantic seemed to slumber in the sunshine, and everything to the eye was calm and beautiful.

"There they come!" exclaimed Carlos de Vasconcellos, whose father was one of the Em-

peror's suite on this occasion, and who had ridden with his mother, Madame de Macedo, and Courtenay, to see the steamer pass. "There they come! but the Bar cannot be so smooth as we imagined, for I see through this glass that the vessel is rolling considerably."

"Is it possible?" said the Marchioness de Vasconcellos, "the sea looks so smooth—and yet," she added hesitatingly, "not so very smooth—why, not a minute ago, it was like a sheet of glass."

"You are right, Madame," said Courtenay: "scarcely a minute ago I perceived a change, and now a swell is rising, which, with all the beauty of this summer day, may give the royal family an uncomfortable voyage."

"Oh, I hope not," said the Marchioness, "for my poor husband is no sailor, though a good soldier; and he will not recover the headache this day will give him, all the time he is at Oporto."

"Ah, he will not think of a head-ache *there*," said Margarida de Macedo; "he will only remember his miraculous recovery from the wound he received the day of Marshal Bourmont's

attack, and the triumphs and *heart-aches* of two years ago."

Her voice sounded sad and half reproachful — her heart was again in the narrow street where *her* hero had *died* of his ghastly wounds, and her companions saw that her eyes were full of tears.

But Margarida was not one who loved to damp the cheerfulness of others with her own regrets; and stifling the thoughts that crowded on her, she rose as the steamer came nearer, and taking the glass from the hand of her young cousin, she said more gaily :

"Come, Carlos, let me have one look at my Emperor, if he is on deck, and then let us wave our handkerchiefs as an adieu."

"You cannot distinguish the persons on deck," said Courtenay; "but they will be able to see that friends are here, though they do not know who we are, and I dare say our voices will reach them also, if we raise a hearty cheer."

"Yes, let us cheer them as they go," cried Carlos, with boyish glee; and, suiting the action to the word, his example was instantly followed by all the groups near them, and, spreading

along the rock, a hundred *vivas* filled the air, and white handkerchiefs were waved, whilst answering cries and signals greeted them, by Dom Pedro's command, from the vessel, which was now rolling in a manner that made many of the spectators thankful they were not of the royal party.

"How the swell increases," said Madame de Vasconcellos; "one cannot trust the sea for half an hour."

"It is as deceitful as life," said Margarida; "all above looks bright, whilst all below is full of danger and death."

"Ah, how hard you are on life!" exclaimed Carlos gaily; then checking himself, as he looked on her mourning-dress, he added more gently, "do not the worst storms pass away, Senhora Donna Margarida?"

"Perhaps there may be seas they never visit," said Margarida, smiling kindly. "I do not know, for I am no geographer; but I *hope* there are, and that you will launch *your* bark on one of them, Senhor Carlos. But do you know," she added, looking anxiously around her, "this swell makes me uneasy about the children, who went to the

*Praia**—the sea is so strong there. I hope they would not bathe."

"But indeed they all intended to bathe, said the Marchioness turning pale, as she observed that Courtenay started at Margarida's remark. "You do not think it dangerous, do you, Mr. Courtenay?"

"I do not think they can be there yet," answered Courtenay evasively, and beckoning to the boys who held their horses and donkeys, "I heard them talking of resting in some garden, and bathing at noon."

"It is not noon yet," said Carlos, drawing out his watch.

"Not quite," said Courtenay; but Margarida remarked that he was paler than usual, and that his hands moved nervously as he examined the girths of the saddles, whilst without asking a question, he stood prepared to assist them to mount. The peasants of the neighbouring village were already performing their dangerous feat of descending the slanting rock, and the groups of equestrians were still talking and laughing together as they watched the receding

* Beach.

steamer ; but Courtenay seemed unconscious of anything save a desire to leave the spot.

They descended the hill rapidly and in silence, but on getting into the path that leads to the little bay of Colares, Margarida came close to Courtenay and said, " Go on, Mr. Courtenay—I see you are uneasy—do not stay with us."

" I was afraid of alarming the Marchioness," replied Courtenay, in a low voice.

" She is alarmed," returned Margarida ; " but she is afraid to say so."

" Shall I ride on, then ?" asked Courtenay, growing still more pale, and scarcely waiting for Margarida's answer of " Yes—if all be well, our being alarmed will not matter."

He set spurs to his horse, and had not gone a dozen yards when Carlos was at his side.

" The bathing men are very cautious," said the latter in a husky voice, that betrayed how far he shared his companion's fears. But Courtenay made no answer ; his chest laboured with a suffocating dread, which he could not put in words.

There may be some who have never experienced that prophetic agony which seems to leave no interval between a horrible foreboding

and its realisation ; but there are others who will understand the sort of supernatural *clairvoyance* that made Courtenay and young Vasconcellos dash frantically through the deep sand, and comprehend in a moment the miserable sight that awaited them.

The swell had risen so suddenly, that not even the experienced bathing-men felt any misgivings as to the children, who were in high glee at the prospect of this their first sea-bath of that summer ; and the small bay, shut in by high rocks, was not so soon affected by it as the open ocean had been.

The party consisted of Emily, Sophia, Christina, and the youngest child of the Marquis de Vasconcellos, a charming little girl of seven, with two nieces of the Marchioness, children of eleven and twelve years of age.

Christina de Vasconcellos was the only one, except a female servant of her mother, who had not been in the water when Courtenay and Carlos came up. She was sitting on the beach, weeping bitterly, her face buried in her hands, and clothed only in her bathing-dress, as if waiting for her turn ; a stout bather, who had just dragged the servant Josefa out of the

water, was endeavouring to prevent her throwing herself again into it ; two men, evidently nearly exhausted by the huge waves that had broken over them, still held Emily and Sophia by the waist. Two or three other forms, at a distance, seemed to struggle for life ; but Courtenay and Carlos had no time but for one thought—to save the children within their reach ; and it was only hours afterwards they recalled how distinctly they had seen those other sufferers, already far beyond their aid.

To throw off their coats, and rush into the sea, was the work of a moment : both were admirable swimmers, and had performed many feats, that had gained them on each side of the Tagus a name, even amongst the bold fishermen whose lives were passed in perils by water ; but never had they put forth their strength for such a stake as that for which, with straining eyes and loud beating hearts, they struck out into the midst of the rolling waves—never had their spirits quailed as now before the destroying power of that element they had so often braved for the mere love of excitement and success. Heaven, however, seemed to nerve their limbs with a strength unknown till that hour of need,

and the sight of their almost incredible exertions encouraged the men they were endeavouring to reach, to hold fast the children whose eyes were already closed in insensibility.

Courtenay scarcely knew until he laid her on the beach, that the pale, slight form he had snatched from a watery grave was that of his darling Emily. Her image had filled his mind from the moment of his first alarm—her image and that of the widowed mother, who would so soon be watching for the return of her only remaining child,—but that angry sea was no place for recognition; and even whilst he felt that he clasped a living being whom Heaven had sent him to save, a bitter pang had torn his heart, as he doubted whether it was the cherished idol of his home.

“Oh, my God! I thank thee!” was his first exclamation, as, kneeling beside the child, he gazed on her sweet features; then starting to his feet, as his own sense of thankfulness filled his heart with a deeper sympathy for his friends, he looked around on that scene of death, and saw that Carlos had saved his eldest sister; whilst the Marchioness and Christina, with loud cries, and hands wrung in agony, stood

watching the spot where they had last seen the forms they were never to see again.

“Mother! mother!” said Carlos, resigning his sister to the care of Margarida and the attendants, and throwing his arms round the weeping Marchioness, “they are gone! Oh, my God! what will my father feel when he hears that his little Antonia is taken from us!”

“And my sister!” murmured his agonised mother; “she trusted her girls to me, and they are lost! Oh, day of woe; but it *cannot* be—” she exclaimed, starting from the ground, on which she had thrown herself in despair. “Oh, Mr. Courtenay, can nothing be done?”

Courtenay, in deep distress, cast a look at the high black rocks that enclose the narrow bay, and beyond which the children, with their bathers, had been carried. He had already given the order necessary for seeking the bodies, though hopeless of success, for the tide was now quickly receding.

Too well the bereaved mother read in his agitated features what he had not courage to say in words, and again sinking on the sand speechless, and now half-fainting, her son, with Madame de Macedo and Courtenay, rapidly

arranged the manner in which the half-drowned girls and the Marchioness must be conveyed to their homes in Cintra.

During all that night, Mrs. Howard and Courtenay watched again with anxious hearts by the bed of their darling Emily; but a sense of thankfulness predominated over fear; and the doctor who had been called in to attend her, assured them there was no danger to be apprehended.

"Oh, Arthur!" said Mrs. Howard, as they stood at Emily's window, looking out on the rocky heights of Cintra, gradually revealing their pointed outline in the early dawn of the following morning, "Oh! Arthur, God will spare her to us—I feel it—my heart tells me that it was to save her he inspired you with that presentiment of danger; and how can I bless or thank you sufficiently for restoring to me my last treasure at the risk of your life?"

"Let us bless and thank God for giving me strength when I so much required it," said Courtenay, with deep feeling. "I shudder still when I recall the agony of these few minutes, the dread of being too late, and then the fearful

suspense ere I knew which child it was I held in my arms."

He suddenly paused, and pressed his hand over his eyes. Mrs. Howard understood his thoughts; and passing her arm fondly within his, she leant her forehead on his shoulder, but did not speak.

"Alas! how closely is selfishness allied to our best affections," said Arthur, after some minutes had elapsed. "I scarcely know if I could have had the heart to thank God for even the life of an innocent being, had I discovered that it was not hers. I *could not* have come to tell you that I had saved another, and not *your* angel child; and yet, God knows, the remembrance of that scene is very bitter to me; it seems to me now as if I had distinctly seen those poor lost ones, though at the time only one form fixed my attention, and I made towards it from the moment I threw myself into the water."

"My dear Arthur, you must try to banish this painful scene from your memory; let us hope that God pardons whatever there is of human selfishness in our joy. He knows how my heart bleeds for that poor mother who saw

her youngest darling perish yesterday before her eyes ; but, Arthur, she was not her only one ; her sister also, who may ere now have learnt the fate of her two dear girls, has other children still to comfort her, and," added Mrs. Howard, almost in a whisper, "neither of them is a *widow*."

The summer was lingering through its last balmy days, and the autumnal storms had not yet begun, when Cintra again heard sounds of mourning. But it was no private sorrow that now drew groups together in earnest whisperings ; it was not for the death of blooming children that the bells tolled forth their solemn tones ; it was for one whose departure, like his coming, had power to shake men's minds through the length and breadth of the land.

Dom Pedro died. It seemed but a few days since the echoes of the royal salute, that welcomed his return from Oporto, had been heard through the rocky hills of Cintra ; and now the humble village belfry announced, with every church in Lisbon, that the ex-Emperor was gone, and that his place would know him no more.

Death had claimed him who had stood unhurt in the hottest fire, whilst hundreds as brave had fallen near him. There was no shield that might turn the dart of that enemy—no hope that that determined aim might miss its victim ; his days were numbered by Him in whose hand are the issues of life, and all his great projects were to be left unfinished ; another lesson to man that God uses him as an agent, but requires no aid to execute His decrees for each succeeding generation.

CHAPTER V.

“ Let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings.”

SHAKESPEARE.

It is a humbling lesson for the ambitious ones of the earth, to see how fleeting is the impression made by the most startling events, on what is called “ society.” The actors in them, if they die, or if they fall away in strength, are soon forgotten by the generation they have distinguished—they live again in history, but their cotemporaries, their admirers, their followers, even their enemies, forget them, absorbed by new heroes, new leaders, and new enmities.

It is often in family circles and in lonely hearts that those events, called public, form epochs never to be forgotten—a data of disappointed

hopes, of feverish expectations, of buried happiness. And thus it was in Portugal the year Don Pedro died.

The public journals had lamented what was called the untimely removal of the Liberator of his country—the opposing political parties had held their consultations on the possible results of the event—the pomp of the royal funeral had crowded the streets of Lisbon with mourners—and all was over that could yet connect Dom Pedro of Braganza with the scene of his greatest triumphs, and, it may be, of his most serious errors.

And yet there were homes and hearts in which grief for his loss was cherished as a sacred feeling ; and some who were checked in their sanguine expectations of a prosperous career, never thought of the royal patron they had lost without a sigh of deep regret, whilst those who had honestly espoused his cause, as one fitted to restore the glory of their country, looked on the work he had only lived to plan, with despairing hearts now that his commanding spirit was hushed for ever.

Within the palace of his ancestors one fond and faithful heart mourned day and night, the

Prince and the husband—the gentle eyes that had never lost their influence on his heart, shed bitter tears for many weary months, whilst Lisbon welcomed another Prince, the consort of her step-daughter, her own gifted brother ; and political events and State intrigues went on in quick succession ; and how few there were who thought of the sorrow of that royal widow !

But there were some who sympathised with her ; some on whose hearts Dom Pedro's death fell as a private and individual sorrow.

Margarida de Macedo felt as if all the early bitterness of her own widowhood were returned on her after the first agonising interview with the sorrowing Empress.

“ Ah, you are also a widow,” said the latter, as she drew the weeping Margarida near her, and made her repeat every trait she could recollect of Pedro's warmth of heart, not omitting the scene of his tender care of herself, the night the young Macedo died. Every sentence was already well known to her who listened, but it consoled her to hear the praises of him she had loved ; and sympathy is needed in a palace as well as in more humble dwellings.

The Marquis de Vasconcellos was another sincere mourner, who did not easily forget the master he had served through so many dangers; and the Empress knew, when she admitted him to his first audience after the sad event, that he was one whom Pedro had loved as a brother.

"My friend," she said, as she extended her hand for him to kiss, "you understood all his noble schemes; in serving your country you will still serve him who well appreciated your attachment;" and with moistened eyes the Marquis bent over the gracious hand, murmuring in a broken voice, that her royal husband had left no one who could fill his place.

The Marchioness's grief was as sincere, but less disinterested. To her Dom Pedro was chiefly important as the triumphant leader with whom her husband was a distinguished favourite, as the powerful patron, who had promised honours to him and to their children; and the cloud that shaded her features with anxiety, was caused far more by a fear lest her favourite schemes should fail for lack of his protection, than lest the country should relapse into despotism or civil war. Even the tears she

had shed for the loss of her little Antonia, and the children who had perished with her, were almost forgotten in the disappointed ambition that now agitated her heart.

"It is indeed wonderful, my dear Margarida," said Mrs. Howard, a few days after their return to Lisbon, early in October, as she entered her own house, after a visit she and Madame de Macedo had paid to the Marchioness of Vasconcellos, "it is wonderful to me to see how soon Madame de Vasconcellos has forgotten that precious child. Not three months are gone, and already her heart is full of lamentations for all the evils anticipated from Dom Pedro's death; and yet she has warm affections. I have always thought she had a loving heart."

"She has a kind and affectionate nature," said Margarida, with a quiet emphasis, as they slowly ascended the staircase; "but her heart has never yet been sent to school; she has never had time to learn its language; but, my dear friend," she added smiling, "you who have lived many more years than I have, know less than I do how this world's interests become interlaced with the best feelings of some hearts that are neither cold nor selfish. The objects

that all around us are eagerly pursuing, assume at last the garb of duties in our eyes ; it is more the triumph of habit than any want of sensibility that enables some to walk on mechanically through all the vain show of a Court life."

Mrs. Howard did not answer ; hers was indeed the charity that "hopeth all things ;" but Margarida had learnt to read her thoughts, and after a few moments she said, as they seated themselves in the verandah :

"It has never yet entered into Madame de Vasconcellos' mind to conceive sorrow such as you have felt, or such as would have been yours now, had Emily perished with her Antonia ; but her day may come ; there are sorrows that might break even her elastic spirit : it requires a death-wound with some to make the heart turn from the broken cisterns in which healing waters once seemed to sparkle."

"A death wound !" repeated Mrs. Howard, gently pressing her companion's hand. "Do not say a death wound, my poor Margarida ; Heaven does not intend its chastisements to kill."

"Yet still in one sense I may say a death

wound," returned Margarida; "for it is the commencement of a new life in which the soul sickens at all for which it once craved most ardently; but our good friend the Marchioness has no desire as yet for any such novelty; she is thoroughly satisfied with her external position, and is full of ambitious plans for her husband and her children, whilst perfectly unconscious that self-gratification has anything to do with her schemes. In her mind, sorrow for the child she has lost only increases her anxiety for the aggrandisement of those who are left to her; and the secret of the feverish interest she displays in politics lies in certain appointments promised to her husband, which may affect certain alliances for their children."

"Those innocent girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Howard; "are they already promised away ere they or their parents can know what will make them happy?"

"And my favourite Carlos," said Margarida, "do spare some sympathy for him; for he also must give his hand where it is promised, no matter where he gives his heart."

"That is a hard fate you describe, Madame," said Courtenay, who had entered the room

unperceived with Emily, and caught the last few words Margarida had spoken, as he joined her and Mrs. Howard in the verandah: "I hope it is not that of any one in whom you are interested."

"I hope it may not be the fate of him of whom I spoke," answered Margarida; we were talking of the Vasconcellos family, and the marriages, people say, the parents are already negotiating for their children."

Emily drew nearer Courtenay, and pressed her little head fondly against his arm; and he, stooping to kiss her brow, said smilingly:

"Thank Heaven, my little rosebud cannot be bartered for in that unfeeling manner, and I am mistaken if Sophia de Vasconcellos submits to it very quietly a few years hence."

Emily looked up inquiringly, first at Courtenay, and then at her mother and Margarida.

"What will they do to Sophia?" she asked in a frightened tone; "what do you mean, Arthur?"

"Only that they intend to marry her, my darling," answered Courtenay. "What will my sweet one do without her companion?"

"I shall have you, brother Arthur," an-

swered the child ; " shall I not always have you ?" she added, as the word " marry " recalled Sophia's prophecy in the Pombal Quinta.

" Our mother says not, my angel," said Arthur, shaking his head with a half smile at Mrs. Howard ; " she says I must go away, and not waste my time in this dear, beautiful place."

" Mamma ! mamma !" exclaimed the child, " you do not wish Arthur to go away ; you love Arthur—do you not, mamma ?"

" I do indeed," said her mother, smiling ; " and because I love him, I wish him to be useful and happy."

" He is happy—he says he is," pleaded Emily ; but tears choked her voice, and filled her eyes, and Arthur, who could not bear to see a cloud on her spirits, seized her in his arms, and clasping her to his heart, carried her to a distant part of the room, there to explain to her that he would not remain away for ever, and cheer her with stories of all he would one day take her to see in England, when she was no longer a child, and had no more lessons to learn.

Even in this family, who were only foreign

sojourners in the land, Dom Pedro's death had an influence that, perhaps, affected the whole life of one unknown to him, long after many of his companions and followers had ceased to remember him.

In Emily's memory his name was long associated with the chief events of her childhood—the loss of her father, Arthur's return to them, her own escape from death at the risk of that dear brother's life, and then his departure again for an indefinite period, which had seemed to her equivalent to losing him for ever.

No one had known, for children do not easily express their keenest sensations, no one ever knew the full effect produced on Emily's mind by the thought that, had Arthur not saved her, she must have perished with Antonia and her cousins. Even her mother did not understand the feeling with which she asked again and again, "Are you sure it was Arthur who saved me? is Carlos certain it was Sophia he brought out of the water?" And it seemed no more than any other child would have done, when she added to her daily prayer the words, "Bless my brother Arthur, who saved my life."

But whilst Emily remembered long the great

event of the year, in common with many others, only as it related to some dear and personal interest, with Courtenay it caused an actual change of purpose that, in so far as it strengthened an evil habit, drew him more deeply into the snare that wrought at last the chief regret of his life.

He had resolved, whilst still at Cintra, to sail for England before the winter set in, and had announced to Mrs. Howard his decision to apply at once through every possible channel, for a diplomatic appointment, that being the career he felt best suited his education and his natural tastes.

But the state of Lisbon afforded him from month to month an excuse for lingering there, which sufficed for a mind living always in the present moment ; and Mrs. Howard had ample opportunity to sigh over that indecision of character, which she feared might lay up a store of regrets for the amiable young man she loved so truly, though it could not injure his integrity, nor chill his warm and generous affections.

He found in the Vasconcellos' palace all he required of refinement, of education, and domes-

tic luxury ; and as day by day he met there men who had fought for liberty, and were now full of noble schemes for securing it to their country for ever, he persuaded himself that it would be losing a golden opportunity of acquiring valuable information, were he to tear himself away from the place where he was so thoroughly enjoying himself.

It could not signify whether he applied for employment a few months later ; then he wished to wait for the Queen's marriage ; he should be sorry to miss seeing the Duke de Leuchtenberg, her consort—the son of Eugène Beauharnais, the brother of Dom Pedro's widow ; it would be interesting to mark how he would commence his difficult task in Portugal—what line he would adopt with the Queen, with the ministers, and with the people. At last it was decided that he must wait until the period for conveying the Emperor's heart to Oporto, and in company with those appointed to deliver this sacred pledge of grateful remembrance, take the opportunity of visiting a city of which he had heard so much.

Meanwhile the habit of living without a definite occupation was more and more confirmed,

whilst on Emily the impression produced by that one winter, was more deep and lasting than could have been anticipated even by her watchful mother.

The sensitive child lived in an atmosphere of love, no word of harshness ever fell upon her ear, no look of anger ever alarmed her heart, her mother was her governess, and Arthur was her tutor—it was Arthur who now taught her French and gave her lessons in drawing; it was Arthur who first placed her on a poney he had ordered for her from England, and taught her to manage the spirited little animal, and day after day walked by her side, until her mother's fears were so far overcome as to allow his accompanying her also on horseback. And with what fond devotion the child repaid him for all his tenderness! Her love for him, child-like and innocent as herself, was already a passion that was to colour her life; and as his departure was deferred from week to week, she came at last to hope that such a calamity would never really befall her.

Her quick intelligence soon comprehended all that was so interesting to him in the state of the country, and Sophia and Christina told her

much in their childish manner of what took place in their home, and of praises they overheard lavished on Courtenay by their father and his guests.

"I heard papa talking of Mr. Courtenay this morning," said Sophia one day at the end of February, as the children were busy dressing a magnificent doll Emily wished to send to a little cousin in England: "he says it is a pity he could not make himself a Portuguese, because he is so clever and would be so useful to them."

Sophia always spoke on such topics with a little dignified air, being the eldest of the trio, and feeling conscious of having acquired a little more information than the others.

"How could he make himself a Portuguese?" asked Emily eagerly. "He is English and cannot change that?"

"Yes," returned Sophia trying to look very wise; "but the Visconde d'Almeida said something of its being a pity, and wishing he could be naturalized."

"What can that be?" exclaimed Emily; "do you know, Sophia?"

"No, I do not quite know," said Sophia hesitating, "but it means something which

the country near it," said Sophia, in a soothing manner. "And everybody says he ought to see the city that endured so long a siege, and that it is very beautiful besides."

But no such arguments could reconcile her to the dreaded separation.

The day at last came, cloudless and bright as that summer's day had been when he to whose mortal remains so much respect was shown, had embarked on board that same steamer to pay his visit of triumph to the city, now waiting to celebrate his funeral obsequies. All looked as smiling as it had done that very hour, but now as then there were hearts filled with anguish beneath that brilliant sky, and in no home in all Lisbon were tears of more passionate sorrow shed that day than in Mrs. Howard's.

Emily seemed incapable of putting any check on her tears and lamentations. She had cried herself to sleep the evening before, and when the last moment came on the morning of Arthur's departure, it was with difficulty her arms were unclasped from his neck.

Arthur had his eyes full of tears as he laid her gently on a sofa ; he embraced Mrs. Howard, who blessed him fervently, and then turning

again to look at the child, of whom he had almost made an idol, he clasped her in his arms, and whispered an affectionate assurance of his return. The next moment the door was closed—he was gone.

Years rolled on, summers and winters succeeded each other, but Arthur returned not until “his angel” sister had ceased to be a child.

He had made a feeble attempt to be employed in some foreign legation, and then having gone to pass a few months on the Continent, he had lingered there from season to season, passing the winters in the gayest cities, and the summers in visiting all that was beautiful or remarkable in scenery, until the wish for an appointment that would deprive him of his independence, faint as it had ever been, ceased to exist at all, and even Mrs. Howard gave up alluding to the subject.

His letters were written with unvarying tenderness and respect, whilst at the same time they were full of interesting details of all he saw, and reflections on men and manners that often made her sigh to think how little his mental powers were likely to be turned to account for himself or others.

But with Emily no such regrets marred her enjoyment of his correspondence ; and the only disappointment he ever caused her, was in deferring, from year to year, his return to Portugal. Companionship and sympathy had been amply supplied by her mother and a few dear and intimate friends, but no one had ever taken the place Arthur had filled in her young imagination.

Her childhood passed away, and every one with whom she held intercourse ministered to her happiness—her young companions, her fond mother, and her mother's friends. It may afford matter for surprise that one so caressed was not spoilt by an indulgence few could bear uninjured. But though her character could not easily have been rendered selfish or exacting, there were other evils that followed the dangerous system both parents had pursued towards her.

Mrs. Howard's sound principles and sense of duty had led her to insist on a promptitude of obedience to which her husband had never accustomed Emily, and to train her carefully in the knowledge of her religious duties ; but the child grew to womanhood in an ideal world of her

own, breathing from year to year an atmosphere of poetry and tenderness. The sorrows she sometimes heard of, or witnessed amongst her friends, excited only a sympathy that brought with it its own charm ; and the public troubles that often distracted the land she lived in, were always accompanied by a sufficiency of excitement and romance to counterbalance all the anxiety they produced.

She even escaped that wholesome opposition to the natural will, which children in the happiest homes encounter through the discipline and regularity of school-room life, and when she reached her eighteenth year, with a face and form of singular interest and grace, a manner full of fascination, a sanguine joyful spirit, and a heart overflowing with benevolence and tenderness, she was as unfitted to meet the storms of life as any hot-house plant to endure the nipping frost of a winter's night.

CHAPTER VI.

"O, gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord!"

SHAKESPEARE.

NEARLY six years had passed away, and again the month of July found our heroine and her young companions established in their respective homes to pass the summer at Cintra.

Much had taken place during that period in that ever-struggling country. Rebellions had been suppressed, battles had been fought, conspiracies had been thwarted, governments had fallen, families had been ruined, but no new sorrows had touched the little band of friends amongst whom death had been so busy a few years before, and the hand of time seemed to have moved lightly over their heads in a labour that was all of love.

Prosperity still reigned in the Vasconcellos family ; respect and confidence followed the steps of the brave and patriotic Marquis ; his wife still held her place as the handsomest and most agreeable woman in Lisbon ; their girls more than fulfilled in beauty and accomplishments the promises of their childhood ; and Carlos, the hope of that ancient family, was already dintinguished as a young soldier, with whom the foibles and gaiety of boyhood had suddenly ceased, leaving him, as some thought, perhaps too soon, an earnest thoughtful man.

In Mrs. Howard's more humble but luxurious home, these years had also passed undisturbed by any trial ; and in the society of her child and her friends, her simple faith and pious submission had brought her a peace which youth and more ardent hopes had denied.

With their dear Margarida de Macedo time had dealt less gently, as some might think, than with those whom she now loved best on earth. An alarming cough had more than once made them fear for her life, and her feeble step and fragile form often reminded them by what a slight hold they retained one, whose low voice and kind smile were so pleasant and so familiar

in their domestic circles. But whilst outwardly the widowed Margarida had seemed to contend with a new trial, her heart had found its rest; she had resigned the feverish hopes, regrets, and wishes of her youth, and now walked calmly along her allotted path, her spirit rejoicing in the Christian's hope, and lavishing its tenderness on all who sought her sympathy.

To this number an addition had been made a year or two after Courtenay left Lisbon, by the arrival of a family of the name of Lonsdale, who brought very particular introductions to Mrs. Howard from relations of her own and her husband's in England. Courtenay also had written that their home had been one of those in which he had received hospitality during his college days, and expressed satisfaction at the idea of the friendship which, he was convinced, must soon spring up between beings so congenial. He described Lady Lonsdale and her daughter as intellectual and interesting, adding that they now combined with their attractions of mind and appearance, the strong appeal of sorrow, which he knew would bind to them the affection of his dear Emily and her mother, and briefly detailing, as others had done also in their

letters, the trials that had rapidly accumulated on them during a short space of time, of which one had been a reverse of fortune as complete as it had been unexpected.

When they first landed at Lisbon they were merely accompanied by two servants, but in a few months they had been joined by Sir Frederick, Lady Lonsdale's only son, who came to pass the summer with his mother and sister.

Grace Lonsdale was the last of three daughters; she was nineteen when her sisters died, and had shown so many symptoms of delicacy that her mother, resolving to try the effects of a prolonged residence in a mild climate, Portugal had been selected merely because easier of access to her son than either Italy or Madeira.

Everything was done by Mrs. Howard that the most delicate sympathy could suggest, to cheer the existence of these new friends; she procured for them a small house near her own—flowers and fruit were sent daily to the invalid Grace, and Emily watched over her as if she were a newly-found sister—sang to her, read to her, drove out with her. In summer, the Lonsdales

inhabited a little cottage at Cintra, the garden of which communicated with Mrs. Howard's, and the most confidential friendship soon existed between the two widowed mothers.

"Why do you look at me so earnestly this morning, Sophia?" asked Emily one day as she sat with Christina and her sister in the Regaleira Gardens, their mothers at a little distance with Margarida, and all of them engaged with some small piece of needlework. "You scarcely spoke too, as we came here, and yet this walk was your own proposal; what is come over my Sophia?" and Emily caressingly threw her arms round her waist.

Sophia, usually so full of gaiety and conversation, had indeed been strangely silent; and yet there was nothing of sorrow in her speaking countenance as she met Emily's questioning gaze with a smile of much sweetness, but her dark brilliant eyes gave forth a softened light, as if a deep emotion had subdued their wonted fire, and her whole appearance and manner betrayed that some dear and powerful influence was at work within.

"Nay, now I feel quite curious," exclaimed

Emily ; "you certainly have something to tell me—I see it in your eyes."

"Yes, I have something to tell you," said Sophia ; "and I do not know why I find it so difficult, because it is a subject we have spoken on before. I am to be married, Emily, in a few months."

Her manner was calm, but there was a tremour in her voice unlike her usual steady tones. Emily drew her fondly within her arms, kissed her, and wished her joy with affectionate warmth ; then, struck by these changes in her friend, she suddenly asked :

"Are you happy, my own Sophia ? do you love the husband they are going to give you to ?"

Sophia pressed her hands over her eyes for a moment, then looking up, she said, in a low, earnest voice :

"Am I happy ? Oh, Emily, I fear I am too happy."

"Nay, that cannot be," said Emily, smiling ; "but now tell me, is your intended that son of the Count de Souza, whom I have seen so often this summer at your house ?"

"The same," answered Sophia ; "it has been

a settled thing between our families for a year ; but, you know, he only returned lately from France. I had not seen him since I was a child."

"And you love him?" repeated Emily, "you love him, Sophia?"

"I love him," answered Sophia, again covering her eyes with her hands; then turning to look at Emily, it seemed to strike her that she might not understand her emotion and those broken sentences, and, taking her friend's hand within both of hers, she said, "I love him so much, Emily, that I cannot speak of him. You remember we used to say to each other that, whenever we were to be married, we should continue to confide in each other, and talk as freely of all our thoughts and feelings as we had done before; but I cannot—at least not to-day—perhaps later I may be more able. It is not that I would not trust you, dearest, but everything is so changed with me, that I scarcely know myself. You know I had no romance about marrying—I never expected to love my husband better than half the wives we see, who yet seem very contented; but now every day has made him more and more dear,

and I marvel at myself how I could ever have thought of being happy without such a love as this."

"And he—does he love in this way?" asked Emily, with some hesitation.

"He says he does," answered Sophia, blushing, yet with a smile of perfect security.

"Oh yes, he does," said Christina, who had as yet kept silence; "but you must come to us this evening, Emily, and judge for yourself—you will see how devoted he looks."

"I wish to know him, rather than to look at him," said Emily, smiling. "I have already seen that he is very handsome at all events—I think him very like my brother Arthur; but is he grave or gay—what are his tastes?"

"You must find this out for yourself, dear Emily," answered her friend; "but I am certain you will like him, because he is so fond of all English customs, and he met Mr. Courtenay two years ago in Paris, and admired him so much."

Emily blushed deeply for a moment at these words—the sudden mention of Arthur's name by others had often of late agitated her; his return, so often delayed, was becoming a source

of excitement; but she did not pause to analyse her feelings.

"He met Arthur—dear Arthur," she exclaimed. "Oh, then there will be a topic with which to commence our acquaintance. But what is become of Christina's marriage? Did you not tell me you were both to be married at the same time? is *she* falling in love also without giving me any notice?"

"Oh, no," said Christina, laughing, "I am to be left at liberty a little longer; I do not know who my intended may be, and I have heard nothing of him; but Carlos is to be married at the same time with Sophia—he is to marry Bernarda de Mello, the great heiress."

"Bernarda de Mello!" exclaimed Emily. "Your brother! oh what a contrast they will be!"

"Papa says he will be the richest noble in Portugal," said Christina.

"Poor Carlos!" sighed Sophia. "He looks so miserable about it, and I did not pity him until now. Ah, how selfish we often are unconsciously—I did not pity him when he told me it would break his heart, because I did not know then how much happiness he was resigning."

"But why does he submit to resign it?" asked Emily with some vehemence.

"Ah, you know in our country we must submit to these arrangements," said Christina. "No one ever dreams of opposing these long established rules. Mamma says it is the only way to preserve the nobles from forming such *mésalliances* as they do in England."

"And is it not better to have one *mésalliance* where there is love, than to have ten broken hearts?" exclaimed Emily, with indignation.

"Hush, hush, dearest," said Sophia, looking with some alarm towards the spot where her mother sat. "Our parents generally do try to obtain a marriage that will make their children happy. I, at least, can only bless mine for what they have done for me; and, as to darling Carlos, I hope he may be happier than he expects. Bernarda is a good girl, and certainly must love him at all events; perhaps he will love her also some day."

"No, I do not think he will," said Christina, quietly but decidedly. "Carlos does not talk much, but he feels a great deal, and does not change easily."

"Then you think he will always be miserable? Oh, how can you bear it?" cried Emily. "I could not have a moment's joy if I thought Arthur was unhappy."

"He will not always be so miserable as now," said Christina. "He will be very rich and you know he is full of schemes for improving the country. Mamma says he will give himself up to business, and forget love."

"Forget love!" repeated Sophia, in a low voice. "My poor Carlos, is that thy only hope?"

"There he is on horseback," said Emily, looking into the road below the garden at the sound of a horse's feet.

"Come up to us, Carlos," exclaimed both his sisters; "it is deliciously cool in the shade."

The young man looked up at the charming trio, and bowed low and gracefully when he perceived who was with his sisters, but Emily remarked that he was very pale; then, as he raised his head again, a deep flush gathered over his features, and he seemed to hesitate whether or not to accept the invitation so cordially given.

"Come, Carlos," urged Sophia, bending as far

as she could over the wall, "our company will be better for you than a solitary ride."

"That certainly cannot be doubted," answered Carlos, with another graceful bend, and a smile that made Emily involuntarily sigh, it was so full of sadness. Unconsciously she looked at him with more than her usual interest, and he met her sympathizing eye. The colour left his cheek, and he was pale as before; but without waiting for further invitation, he threw himself from his horse, and calling a boy who stood near to hold it, he was in a few moments in the summer-house with the young girls.

"I have just spoken to Sir Frederick Lonsdale," said Carlos, addressing himself to Emily; "he landed this morning: they have been only four days from England."

"I did not think he was coming this week," said Emily. "Lady Lonsdale and Grace did not expect him when I saw them last night: how glad they will be!"

"What very nice people these Lonsdales are," said Christina. "Mamma says she never saw English women, brought up in England, fall so easily into all our customs."

"I have never yet clearly understood their

history," said Carlos. "How is it they became so poor, and why did Sir Frederick sell his old family property? He looks too grave and good to have been guilty of extravagance."

"Oh, it was not his fault," said Emily, eagerly. "When his father died, and every one thought, as he himself had done, that he was heir to a large fortune, it was discovered that the estates were so loaded with debt, and everything was in such confusion, that the great wonder was, how his father had contrived to conceal it all so long, even from his nearest relations."

"What a shameful thing it was to deceive his poor son in such a way," said Sophia; "it must have been dreadful for him to find all his prospects so ruined; but surely they had something left?"

"Sir Frederick had only about three hundred pounds a-year, after he had paid his father's debts; and his mother had, what in England is called, her jointure: her *dot* as you would say in Portugal."

"Then she is as well off as her husband ever intended her to be?" said Carlos.

"No," said Emily, "there turned out to be

some mistake in the settlements, and the creditors claimed the money, so she remained with only a very small sum left by her own father, and something as small that belongs to Grace. Lady Lonsdale told mamma that they owed all the luxuries of their home to the generosity of her son, who had insisted on giving up all he had to them, and had accepted the situation he now holds in London, though it is so unsuited to all his tastes and habits, merely that he might be enabled to do this for them."

"What a very generous thing that was in him," said Christina; "but I almost wonder Lady Lonsdale allowed it."

"It was all settled and done before he told her anything," said Emily; "and then he persuaded her that he preferred living in London with them to any appointment he could get abroad. Some friends wished him to try for something more suitable to his talents and his position in society; but, as his mother says, he is one who never sacrifices a present duty to an uncertain future."

"I have no doubt they were happier in their poverty than many are in their wealth," said Carlos with a sigh. "Gold does not buy happiness."

“ Ah, but they were no sooner settled comfortably in their small but pretty London house,” said Emily, “ a year after Sir Charles Lonsdale’s death, than the two elder girls, Maria and Fanny, were taken ill, and they died of rapid consumption, the latter only one month after the other. Lady Lonsdale says that nothing that had occurred before affected her son as this did. You know how calm he always is, and yet she says he sobbed almost as a child the day he buried his second sister ; and when Grace began to droop and cough, he was half distracted, and hurried them out of England, though he himself had to remain in a poor, small lodging, and never spends a farthing, except what his office in London gives him.”

“ It seems really as if fortune had been bent on persecuting them,” said Sophia. “ Only imagine a few years ago they were rich and prosperous as we are.”

“ Perhaps, in spite of all these sorrows, some of us may yet envy them,” said Carlos, sadly.

“ Oh, what nonsense, dear Carlos,” said Christina ; “ I should be very sorry indeed to see you working for your bread as Sir Frederick Lonsdale is obliged to do.”

“ And he, I dare say, would not change places

with me," answered Carlos, with a melancholy smile, as he gently stroked back his sister's curls from her brow; "he is at least independent in his actions."

"Independent! no, indeed he is not," said Emily; "if he were independent he would not pass nine months of every year in a dark lodging and dull office in London; he who was accustomed to live as the heir of many thousands a year."

"Well, but he is an Englishman," urged Carlos; "and there are certain things in which all Englishmen are independent."

"And you would wish to be an Englishman, Carlos!" exclaimed Christina, indignantly. "I am ashamed of you."

"I should like at least to be as noble a character as Sir Frederick Lonsdale," said Carlos, again smiling at his sister's eagerness; "that cannot surely offend you, Christina?"

"But you are so already," said Christina. "I suppose it is not necessary that your sisters should die, and your father ruin you, in order to prove this; and you are certainly much handsomer and more pleasing—is he not Emily?"

Emily laughed and coloured slightly at this

appeal, but Carlos did not look at her; he began to form some letters on the gravel with his cane, and she answered with some hesitation :

“ I do not think Sir Frederick handsome at all.”

“ Don’t you !” said Carlos, looking suddenly up into her face. “ Ladies do differ very much from us in taste, for he is thought very handsome by men.”

“ He is so old !” said Sophia.

“ Old !” said Carlos, laughing. “ What strange ideas of old age you have, my sister. Do you happen to know Sir Frederick’s age, Miss Howard ?”

“ Yes ; Grace told me on his last birthday that he was thirty.”

“ I shall be thirty in nine years, if I live so long,” said Carlos. “ Well, I dare say I shall feel very old by that time—old and wearied,” he added, in a low voice, again tracing figures on the ground before him.

“ How old is Mr. Comtenay ?” asked Sophia, laying down her work, as if she wished to rouse herself from her own thoughts, and putting her hand on Emily’s, to stop her also in her occupation.

Carlos again looked suddenly up in Emily's face, but she was unconscious of his scrutiny, and answered calmly :

" Arthur is twenty-eight : he is eleven years older than I am."

" Ah ! he is another of those independent Englishmen," said Carlos ; " and he, at all events, Christina, is handsome and rich enough too."

" And would you like to pass your life as he does, wandering over the world ?" asked Sophia ; " it is surely much more useful to stay at home, and serve one's country, as you do. I beg your pardon, Emily, but you know Mr. Courtenay has hitherto done nothing, except amuse himself. Papa says he is throwing himself away."

Emily changed colour rapidly ; she could not bear the most distant hint that Arthur was not all perfection in his deeds as well as character ; yet she had often heard her mother say, " How I wish Arthur had a profession !" and she knew not how to reply to Sophia's unvarnished assertion.

Carlos watched her hesitation and emotion for a few seconds, and then said, kindly :

" He is gaining much knowledge, I do not

doubt; and all that he is seeing of mankind, and various governments, will enable him to be far more useful than if he had been all these years confined to one unchanging circle of associations and ideas."

"Is he never coming here again?" asked Christina.

"Yes; we expect him in a very few months," said Emily; "certainly before Christmas, mamma thinks."

Her tone of voice was sad; she was hardly aware how little she could endure to hear Arthur spoken of as a common individual, and she felt a passing impatience without knowing why.

But Carlos seemed to understand her, and smothered a sigh, as he turned his gaze from her face.

"It is a great mistake to think," he said, "that all persons are missing the object of life, who are not engaged in war or politics, or in growing rich. You and my mother have some idea of this kind, Sophia."

"I!" exclaimed Sophia. "I am sure, my ideas do not run on war or politics, nor yet on wealth."

"Perhaps not *now*," said her brother, smil-

ing affectionately; "but you seem to think every man unworthy of respect, who has no ambition."

"Not quite that," answered Sophia; "but I think all those men whom heaven has gifted with talents, ought to have an ambition to use them well."

"What a very sensible speech!" said Christina, laughing. "Well, Carlos, you can say nothing against that; but tell us what are *your* ideas as to the object of life. What would you do now, if papa had never put you into the army, and you were as free as Mr. Courtenay?"

"As free as Mr. Courtenay?" repeated Carlos, then fixed his eyes on Emily, who was leaning with her elbow on the low wall, gazing at the distant view, and perplexing herself with thoughts as to what profession Arthur *could* embrace, that would not separate him from *them*. Carlos seemed to forget as he looked at her, the question his sister had asked; his whole soul was written in the dark eyes that had never been seen to rest thus on her before, and the noble sweetness of his features was disturbed by an emotion he could not at once master. But Emily saw nothing; she was

trying to forget what had ruffled her spirit a few minutes before. Not so his sisters—a pang shot through Sophia’s heart as she watched him—*she* could pity now, as she had never done before—but Christina had not yet learnt indulgence for what could only lead to difficulty and sorrow ; and seizing her brother’s arm, she shook it slightly, and exclaimed :

“ Are you fallen asleep, Carlos ? did you hear what I asked you ? ”

Carlos slowly turned his head towards her, and said :

“ Yes ; I heard you ask what I would do now if I were free to choose my life ? I would first do what Henrique de Souza is going to do : I would marry a woman I loved.”

“ Oh, I did not mean about marriage,” said Christina ; “ and you know Henrique could not marry Sophia, unless his father and hers had settled it : don’t look angry, Sophia, you know it is true.”

“ Well, but you said, if I were as free as Mr. Courtenay, and I answer, I would do what Henrique is going to do, who is not free. You see, Sophia, what a lucky man I think him,” added Carlos, playfully taking his sister’s hands in his.

"And you see freedom is no such great advantage after all," said Christina, "as Henrique has gained all he desires without it."

"Very poor reasoning that, my fair philosopher," said her brother. "Suppose our father and his were suddenly to change their minds. Nay, Sophia, I am only jesting," he continued, as he felt the hands he held turn icy cold, and saw his sister tremble and grow pale. "Dearest, you are growing quite nervous under Henrique's care. Come, we must change the subject to something less exciting than love. What say you, Sophia, to fixing now our long talked of excursion to Alcobaca? We promised Sir Frederick Lonsdale, last year, that we would wait for him; and now he is come, we cannot do better than go without delay."

"We must consult mamma," said Sophia.

"Perhaps papa will not be able to get away from Lisbon at present," added Christina.

"Oh, yes he can, and he will be only too glad of an excuse," said Carlos. "He told me yesterday he was tired of the heat and glare, and longed for a week's change of scene. As to my mother, I undertake to persuade her, provided she is allowed to go in a litter, and

not forced to ride, or go into raptures at fine views."

"And who are to be our party?" asked Christina.

"Mrs. and Miss Howard have long promised to join us," said Carlos, looking at Emily; "and I hope they will not desert us now."

"Oh, we shall be delighted to go!" said Emily. "It is an excursion mamma has so often promised me, and she is so well at present, I am certain she will enjoy it."

"How strange it is of you, Carlos, to think of this now, without having breathed a word of it for months to any of us," said Sophia, who felt no great inclination to exchange her quiet intercourse with her lover at home, for a week's ride along dusty roads with a large party.

"Darling Sophia, do not say a word against it," said her brother, caressingly; "I will take care that you at least are happy; you shall have a *cavaliero* all devoted to yourself, dearest. I have set my heart on this ride; and I wish to enjoy myself thoroughly for one week. You will not grudge me one week of pleasure—you who are so very happy."

"One week, Carlos," said his sister, looking

fondly into his eyes. "It would be strange if I grudged you anything—you who once saved my life, but I hope to see you enjoy many years rather than weeks of pleasure."

"The present only is ours," answered Carlos, with a slight shiver, though he tried to smile. "We can reckon on nothing that is future. I feel oppressed this year by the air of Cintra; the hills and rocks weigh me down; I have a longing to be away—to be free!" And as he uttered the last words with some vehemence, he started from his seat, and drew a long breath, as if to relieve the oppression of which he spoke.

"You know, Carlos," said Christina, "it will never do for a party of seven ladies to set out with only four gentlemen. Of course Sophia will keep Henrique close to her bridle, and we must ask all the Mellos. Papa will never permit you to set out without *them*."

Carlos turned so deadly pale, and his eyes flashed so angrily, that even Christina, whose placid feelings seldom permitted her to form an estimate of the sufferings of others, regretted she had mentioned the family of the affianced Bernarda. Emily, alarmed and sorrowful, turned away, that he might not think himself

observed, and began to gather her work into her basket; but Sophia, with a soothing tenderness, drew his arm round her waist, and then said to Christina, as if Carlos had no concern in the matter:

"Bernarda de Mello hates riding, and she has been so often to Alcobaça, she told me she hoped never to go again. But we can settle about our numbers another time. We may safely leave it all to Carlos, who will arrange everything with mamma; and if it will make matters easier," she added, smiling, as she looked up to her brother's face, "I will even consent not to have a cavaliero entirely to myself; I will share him with any other lady."

Her brother bent down and kissed her, then said with an effort to be gay:

"Thanks, dearest, for such a magnanimous offer; I shall feel that I owe my week of pleasure to your smoothing of difficulties, but I will not go back from my promise; I will not take your own true knight from you."

"Sophia," said Christina, as they walked home an hour after this conversation, Carlos and their mother a little way behind them; "did you observe how Carlos looked at Emily

to-day? It is most extraordinary that it has never struck any one he might fall in love with her; I think we ought to warn mamma."

"Oh, no, Christina," said Sophia, "it will only create mischief and difficulties. Emily is so good, there is no danger of her encouraging any imprudence on his part; besides, I do not believe she observed his manner to-day."

"No, not to-day; she was thinking of other things to-day," answered Christina; "but do you think this week's ride will pass without his betraying himself? You saw how eager he was about it, and how he disliked the thought of Bernarda going with us."

"Yes; but I believe the whole thing is new to Carlos himself, and that it is all caused by their forcing him into a marriage he dislikes. At present he feels reckless with his misery, but he will become more calm; he has known Emily since she was a baby, and never did he look at her till to-day as if he cared about her."

"All very true," answered her sister; "but he has always spoken of her with admiration, and I have remarked, that he treats her with more reverence of manner than any other person. He has always said that hers is the loveliest

face in Lisbon ; and I see nothing strange in his suddenly discovering he would rather marry her than Bernarda de Mello. You know Carlos does not care about money."

Sophia looked grave and perplexed, then said :

"Still, I could not put it into mamma's mind—it would make her so fidgety. Depend on it, Carlos has no intention of amusing the world with any affair of his, and he is too honourable to try to make Emily love him, when he could not marry her."

"Oh, as to that," answered her sister, "I never yet read or heard of a man, who did not try to do what would gratify himself."

"Then you have yet to hear and read a great deal, Christina," said Sophia a little indignantly. "And at all events you might think better of Carlos, who would not be much gratified by the selfish character you ascribe to him."

"I don't think him selfish," said Christina eagerly ; "but I have heard even papa say, and he seldom speaks of such things, that men never think of consequences when they are in love."

"Still there are exceptions," urged Sophia, "and Carlos is not a common young man."

"Certainly not," said Christina; "but though I do not understand love affairs, I think Carlos will be more than human if he rides for a week beside Emily and does not show her that he loves her, now that he has ascertained the fact himself."

"I have more confidence in his self-control," said Sophia; "and you know as he and Emily are both going to live in the same place, he must get accustomed to see her without making love to her."

"Well," said Christina with a little saucy toss of her head, in which she sometimes indulged herself, "I have not yet been in love, therefore you ought to know better than I, whether it is so easy to become accustomed to such things."

Sophia sighed, but at this moment they reached the Vasconcellos quinta, and a voice in the verandah making her look up, her face was suddenly suffused by a rich colour, and a smile played on her lips.

Henrique de Souza, her betrothed lover, stood there awaiting her return; and as he bent his graceful form over the verandah, and in low

tones expressed his joy at seeing her, Sophia's heart thrilled.

"No," she said to herself as she entered the house, "it would not be easy—it would not be possible—I would rather die. Oh! my poor Carlos, did I feel less for you than for myself?"

CHAPTER VII.

“A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown.”

WORDSWORTH.

THE annual visit of Sir Frederick Lonsdale, which formed the short period of his re-union with the beings so dear to him, was indeed the summer time of his altered life. He had always fondly loved his home, and now in his solitude “the blessed household voices” haunted him with such keen longings, that the moment when he clasped again to his heart the two dear ones whom Heaven had yet spared to his affections, caused an extacy that was almost painful in its first intenseness.

Emily had said truly that he was grave and calm in manner, but the calmness was all external, and no heart ever trembled with more of solicitude than his for its earthly treasures, or panted with more eager fondness to be with them—it seemed as if all he had renounced of youthful ambition, that they might never know the harsh cares of extreme poverty, had only bound him to them with a more tender tie; and yet they had not guessed, and no foreboding had yet warned his spirit that there was still a sacrifice far more bitter, which he might resolve to make, rather than they should ever know the extent of his self-denial.

“You cannot imagine, dear Frederick,” said his sister on the first morning after his arrival, as they lingered over a late breakfast, “how very pretty Emily Howard is become.”

“I always thought her very pretty,” answered Lonsdale. “I scarcely know in what her face could improve, it was so perfect in its own style.”

“Yes,” said Lady Lonsdale, “it seemed quite perfect: and yet, as Grace says, she is so improved that one fancies her prettier than before. I believe, however, it is only that she has lost

her very childish expression. You must remember she is now past seventeen, but I never saw a girl alter more in character in one year than she has done."

"It always amused me to watch her," said Lonsdale: "she is so thoroughly an English girl, though she has never set foot in England—so different from her young Portuguese companions, who are, however, very charming also. It shows that national characteristics do not depend altogether on association, but are hereditary."

"You forget," said Grace, "that her mother has been her chief companion, and therefore her manner has been formed on an English model."

"No," said Lonsdale, "her manner has been formed on no model at all—her charm was that what you call her manner seemed always the spontaneous expression of her passing thoughts and feelings—that it chanced to be so engaging was merely the result of the simple beauty of her character, combined with a graceful form and a happy spirit. I don't think she resembles her mother at all."

"Except in goodness of heart," said Lady

Lonsdale, "and in kindness to us; her little devices for giving my poor Grace pleasure, are really touching in their ingenuity."

"For *that* she must always be charming in my eyes," said Lonsdale, "even were she less pretty than she is." And he fondly laid his hand on his sister's long slender fingers.

At this moment the door opened, and Emily entered. In her hand she carried a small basket filled with green-house plants. She had walked through the two gardens, and over her long brown curls she had merely thrown a lace scarf, beneath the light folds of which smiled the beautiful face, on which indeed an almost angelic sweetness and innocence seemed imprinted, whilst the "happy spirit" Lonsdale had spoken of, gave animation to features as eloquent as they were regular.

As he advanced to meet her, and she held out her hand with a frank and cordial welcome, he was struck by the improvement Grace had mentioned. Every trace of the *child* was gone—only a year before he had treated her as one almost too young to sympathise with his sister, five years her senior; and now she appeared before him with all the claims of womanhood to companionship with himself. He had been

in the habit of addressing her with a familiar tenderness, gratified by all her artless marks of kindness to his mother and Grace; but as he now took her proffered hand, and answered her warm greeting with a few earnest words, his look and voice were more grave than they had ever been to her before, and a feeling of depression stole over his heart. But she knew nothing yet of the charm with which Heaven had gifted her, nor did Lonsdale dream, as he involuntarily turned his eyes from her face, that the fair being before him was destined to cast a spell over him which even his heart would have no strength to resist.

“What dissipated hours!” said Emily laughing, as she kissed Lady Lonsdale and Grace. “I did not think I should find you at breakfast, or I should not have ventured to intrude on you—at least not on this morning,” she added, smiling at Lonsdale; “but I had two apologies for interrupting all you must have to speak of; one was to bring you these beauties,” placing her basket on the table, “as they are nearly the last we shall have this year; and the other was to deliver a message Madame de Vasconcellos intrusted me with last night.”

"Two apologies for coming here !" exclaimed Grace playfully ; " what have we done to deserve that ?"

"I heard Sir Frederick was come," commenced Emily.

"Oh, worse and worse," said he, smiling ; " what have *I* done to deserve that ?"

"Well, then, I retract my apologies," returned Emily, gaily. "The simple truth is, I wished to come here early, because I promised to go early to Sophia de Vasconcellos ; and hearing that Sir Frederick came yesterday, I thought he would not consider any visitor welcome this morning, though I do not mean to stay long."

"My dear Emily, you are only getting more and more into a scrape," said Lady Lonsdale, smiling. "You are making Frederick look quite dismal at the idea of your being on such ceremony with him."

"What shall I do ?" said Emily laughing and blushing, for in her heart she entertained a slight feeling of awe for the "grave Lonsdale," as she called him, kind as she had always found and seen him to herself and others. "I ask everybody's pardon for everything I have said ;" and then, turning to Lonsdale with a smile that

might have bewitched one more truly a stoic than he was, she said, "I hope you understood that it was out of consideration to Lady Lonsdale and Grace, mamma and I did not pay our usual visit to them yesterday; we knew they were quite happy after we heard of your arrival."

"I know that you are always full of kind thoughts about them," answered Lonsdale, as he filled with water a vase his sister had placed before Emily for the flowers she had brought; "but I hope you will never again give a proof of this by absenting yourself, even when I am here. I must beg to have your charity extended to myself."

"How pleasant it is to be praised for doing what one likes," said Emily, with a light musical laugh. "And now I must tell you the message with which I was charged by Madame de Vasconcellos. It is proposed that the long talked-of trip to Alcobaça should take place the week after next, and the most earnest desire is felt by every one of the party that you should all join it. Carlos declares he did not propose it in May, solely because Sir Frederick wished to accompany us."

"But surely it is now too hot for such an excursion," said Lady Lonsdale; "some of us will have a stroke or the sun or an ague fever. My dear Emily, the mere thought of it fatigues me."

"Oh, dear mamma, do not say that," said Grace. "Only think how delightful it will be to see these places we have so often talked of visiting; besides, Frederick is never here at a cooler season, and we have seen nothing as yet of the country, though we have been in it nearly four years."

"But I am afraid even for you, my child," said her mother. "The doctors have all warned you not to over-fatigue yourself."

"Grace can go in a liteira,"* said Emily; "there are to be two in attendance, one for Madame de Vasconcellos, in which she hopes Lady Lonsdale will keep her company, and the other goes for Margarida de Macedo, who means to ride on horseback, and only go in the liteira when tired. She said she thought it would be a good thing for Grace also to go in it whenever it was very warm."

* Sort of double sedan-chair, carried by mules. It holds two persons.

"In this way I think it might be very possible for Grace to go," said Lonsdale. "We certainly must not expose her to fatigue, but as certainly I shall not go without her. If she must not come, I prefer giving up the excursion."

"Oh! that would be a great pity," said his mother. "I always grudge keeping you tied to us when you come here, seeing nothing of the country, except the neighbourhood of Cintra. But could they not wait until the end of August, when the weather is cooler?"

"They talk of riding very early in the morning, from six till nine, and in the evening from five till nine, which will make it very easy," said Emily; "and besides that, the weather-wise think we shall have a few cool cloudy days just between the new moon and her first quarter. You know, we think the moon a very safe guide in this country, in spite of all the charges against her which poets have been pleased to make."

"And now tell me something of these Vasconcellos' marriages, of which we only heard last night," said Lady Lonsdale: "did you pass the evening there yesterday?"

"Yes, we were asked to tea, to be introduced to Sophia's intended; we knew him slightly before, but she wished us to meet him as *her* friends."

"Well," asked Grace, "is Sophia happy? I do not think she would be easily satisfied."

"But she is both satisfied and happy," answered Emily, "she seems quite a changed being."

"How so?" asked Lonsdale, as he sat watching half unconsciously her soft white fingers, as she lightly handled the delicate flowers she was arranging in the vase before her. "She always appeared very happy and free from care."

"Did you think so?" said Emily. "We never thought her satisfied: she always talked as if every one must perform a certain part in life, and bear it as they best might, if it chanced to be disagreeable."

"And now," asked Lonsdale, "and now, what is the change?"

Emily hesitated and coloured, she did not know why; but in a moment she felt that she could not repeat to him what Sophia had said of her love.

"Why, Frederick," said Grace laughing, "how very dull you are; can you not guess that if she is now happy, it is because she is in love with her intended husband, and if she is in love she cannot be exactly what she was before. Did you ever see any one, man or woman, in whom love did not cause a change that looked like a miracle? Are we not told that even 'things base and vile, holding no quantity, love can transpose to form and dignity?'"

"Well done, Grace," said Lonsdale, "you speak like one full of experience, though your quotation is not quite correctly applied; but I do not yet understand the nature of the change which Miss Howard says is so visible in *Mademoiselle de Vasconcellos*."

"You will see her very soon," said Emily, "and then you can judge for yourself; perhaps she may not appear so different except to those who know her very well."

"I rejoice to think she is so happy, poor girl," said Lady Lonsdale, whose heart was completely a motherly one, and who felt inclined to caress and counsel every young person who came near her. "I have often wondered

what her fate would be; I used to fear they meant to give her to that old wounded soldier, Monsieur de Mascarenhas, who is so much at the house."

"Oh, that would have been dreadful," exclaimed Emily: "why he is fifty, I believe, and he looks like sixty with that scar on his face, and the want of his left arm."

"But it would not have been thought a bad marriage, Margarida says, only that he has no title, and I suppose poor Sophia must have submitted if they desired her to marry him."

"Perhaps she might have done so a little time ago," said Emily; "but I do not think she would submit now so easily."

"Oh, now she is all safe," said Grace. "And what do you think of Monsieur de Souza?"

"It is not easy to judge in one evening; he does not seem to me so clever as Sophia, but then at present he appears to have but one thought—and that is herself; certainly he is as much devoted to her as she is to him."

"That is all right then," said Lady Lonsdale; "but Margarida gave me a wretched account of poor Carlos—are they really going

to sell that fine young man for gold, when already he has more than enough?"

"Bernarda de Mello is of a very ancient family," said Emily, "and so amiable, that I fancy they expect him to be happy when he is married."

"But he never will," said Grace, indignantly, "he will hate her because she is forced upon him; and at all events they have no right to expect anything else."

"I don't believe Carlos could hate any one," said Emily. "I am sure he will at least be kind, because he is too generous to punish her for what is no fault of her own. *She* also is forced to marry him out of obedience."

"But do you not pity him, if he is so unhappy?" asked Lonsdale.

"Oh, I do, I do extremely," exclaimed Emily. "Only yesterday I heard him speak so despondingly of life, it was wretched to listen to him; he said he quite envied you and all Englishmen, because of your freedom."

"Poor fellow!" said Lonsdale. "Yet you might tell him that freedom is but a name after all, when it cannot be used for happiness,

and—since Grace has reminded us of Shakespeare—that ‘the web of life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.’ ”

“ But of course every one hopes in his own case that he could thus use it,” said his mother, looking at him with a tender sadness. “ Now tell me, Emily, you who know this country, what would happen if Carlos de Vasconcellos refused this marriage ? ”

“ My dear mother, are you going to advocate filial disobedience ? ” asked Lonsdale, with a smile.

“ No ; but I would not sacrifice my son’s happiness to my own selfish plans,” answered his mother.

“ Because you have no selfish plans,” said Lonsdale affectionately. “ But what would happen, Miss Howard, as my mother said, if Carlos were positively to rebel ? ”

“ Oh, the whole of Lisbon would be against him,” said Emily. “ It would be considered an outrage on national custom and propriety. Then his parents would be miserable and angry, and his home would be in confusion.”

“ Would no one pity him ? ” asked Grace. “ Surely Henrique de Souza, and all men who

are themselves happy, would have some compassion on him?"

"I don't know," said Emily hesitating. "They would perhaps think him very foolish. I do not know how men judge about each other; but I am certain Sophia pities him, and yet she will perhaps think it right to conceal this. I don't believe Carlos himself, though his own case is so very unhappy, would think it right to alter the old custom, with regard to marriage; he thinks it better for the country."

"Oh, then I shall waste no more pity on him," said Grace, "since he would not give to others all the freedom he covets himself."

"Ah! I do pity him still," said Emily, "because—"

She stopped abruptly, and bent her head over the flowers before her, uncertain what it was exactly that made her feel so sorry for Carlos.

"Pray go on," said Lonsdale, looking at her with much interest. "Do you think he loves any one else?"

"Oh, no!" said Emily. "I think his sisters would have told me that; oh, no! that would indeed be a great addition to his sorrow; but without that, it seems so sad, so chilling, to give

up all hope—so very young—to feel it a duty to—” again Emily hesitated, and ashamed of this unusual difficulty in expressing herself, which also she could not account for, she seemed suddenly to perceive some withered leaves amongst the flowers she had been arranging, and busied herself in cutting them off; then raising her eyes, she fixed them on Lonsdale with a look of much sweetness and feeling, and said: “Is it not enough that any one should suffer in order to pity him; it is so melancholy that *all* should not be happy in this beautiful, bright, happy world.”

“Beautiful, bright, happy world!” repeated each of her auditors, and each looked at her with an expression of interest and admiration, yet the heart of each made a different response to her words.

She certainly looked beautiful, bright, and happy, and each wondered inwardly if a time would come when life would be arrayed in mourning for her, who had been so little trained to bear any harsh experience. Lonsdale looked from her to Grace, and then again at Emily, and he thought he would do much were it in his power to preserve to that trusting spirit its

ignorance of sorrow ; he felt his heart drawn towards her as if she were a younger sister, and said kindly though gravely, " It is refreshing to hear any one speak so gratefully of the world ; we are too much accustomed to hear complaints, as if Heaven treated us unjustly."

But the exclamation of her friends had reminded Emily of all they had suffered, which might well make them look on life with a very different eye from hers ; and feeling as if she had been guilty of great want of consideration, her face was in a moment suffused by a deep blush, and starting from her seat, she threw her arms round Lady Lonsdale and murmured : " Oh, I ought not to call this world bright, when it has been dark to those I love "

Lady Lonsdale fondly returned her embrace, and said with a smile : " No, dearest, you are quite right—enjoy the sunshine Heaven sheds upon your path,—yours is not a heart that will grow hard under prosperity. Besides you must not pity *us* too much, we are far happier than many on whom fortune *seems* to smile. There is Frederick, too, who will not allow us even to pity *him*, though his is indeed a hard lot."

"Nay, mother," said Lonsdale, "I thought you had promised never to say that again; but you will only confirm Miss Howard in her opinion of the happiness of this world, when you quote me as an example of misfortune."

"I wish you would teach poor Carlos to bear his trials as you do yours," said Emily, with some timidity of manner, for she had never before ventured to allude, before Lonsdale himself, to any of his own private feelings, although perfectly at her ease with his mother and sister; "at present he looks as if he would not try to be happy."

"He is one whom I should hardly know how to comfort," said Lonsdale; "his position is so trying. I could not say that I should ever have submitted to it myself with any patience. Yet, if it is his duty to obey, there must be peace for him in so doing; the most sorrowful have still much for which to thank Heaven."

Emily now rose reluctantly, saying: "I must now return home; it is near the hour when I promised to go to Sophia. Good-bye, dear Lady Lonsdale! Mamma desired me to say she hoped to see you all this evening to tea."

You will meet the Vasconcellos' party, and all the arrangements for our excursion can be discussed in detail."

Lonsdale accompanied her through his mother's garden, and when he had closed the little gate that divided the two quintas, and turned back to join his mother and Grace, he almost unconsciously lingered beneath the shade of the trees, and as he slowly sauntered along the garden path, his thoughts dwelt on the young girl from whom he had just parted. He thought of her beauty and innocent cheerfulness.

"What will be her fate?" he asked himself, with an almost depressing sensation of interest; "she cannot remain always as she is; how will it be with that hopeful, warm heart five years hence?" Then he thought how dependent she was on her mother's life; then recalled all her tender kindness to his beloved ones, and he fervently murmured: "May God bless her."

"Well, Frederick," said Grace as he returned, "was I wrong in saying Emily was improved? is she not much prettier than last year?"

"You were quite right," he replied; "I have never seen any one more beautiful—at

least I have never seen any one more engaging. It is not her beauty that one thinks of when she is present, it is the soul, the deep feeling of her expression of face."

"Oh, I am so glad you think this!" said Grace; "I thought you would admire her, and I wished you so much to think as I do about her."

But it never struck Grace or her mother, that Lonsdale might admire Emily too much for his happiness, and that admiring her thus, he might also covet the charming being whom till now he had only looked on as a sweet and pleasant child.

Lady Lonsdale had years before anticipated, with pride and pleasure, the day when her only son would present to her his bride; but she had become accustomed to the idea that marriage would not add to his happiness.

He had so often told his mother and Grace, with a laugh, that he was not a marrying man; he had been so perfectly self-possessed in the society of many women who were objects of general admiration; and he had so studiously avoided uttering any sentiment that might imply a wish to have any home but the one shared

with them, that although Lady Lonsdale had at first sighed over the poverty that must make his selection of a wife more difficult, she had at last ceased to think on the subject.

It was true that he had never yet seen any one, to whom he felt tempted to offer his heart's allegiance ; his affections had been engrossed for the last six years of his life by the sorrows of his family, and the care of those whom death had spared to him. Adversity had also effected a change in him, that made it more difficult to find a character responding to his own ; yet it was strange how completely those who knew his affectionate nature had accustomed themselves to consider him invulnerable to any warmer feeling than his love for them.

"Dear mamma," said Emily, as she joined her mother in her favourite arbour, "Sir Frederick Lonsdale has been speaking of poor Carlos, and he pities him so much, that he made me feel quite low."

Her mother smiled. "That was not probably the effect he intended to produce by his sympathy, my love."

"No ; but it seemed as if he thought his case so very hard."

"So it is," said Mrs. Howard.

"Do you think so, mamma?"

"What do you think yourself, Emily?"

Emily did not answer for a few moments; she was thinking of Lonsdale and all he had been deprived of.

"Most people would pity Sir Frederick more than Carlos," she said at last.

"Because most people prize wealth and station, more than the affections and sympathies of domestic life," answered her mother.

"Why, Emily, you were yourself full of lamentations this morning about Carlos."

"Oh, yes! I do indeed pity him, poor fellow! I only wished some one to tell me that he would not be so very unhappy. Perhaps he may come at last to be as resigned as Sir Frederick is. I don't think *him* unhappy, mamma—at least not now."

"Perhaps he would not call himself unhappy," said her mother; "but it is not easy to know what the hearts around us are enduring. What were those lines you read to me yesterday, which took your fancy, though you did not know half their truth:—

"A glittering volume may cover
A story of sorrow and woe!"

"Oh, mamma, now *you* are desponding!" exclaimed Emily. "What shall I do if every one is unhappy? But Sir Frederick could never suffer as acutely as Carlos, I think. And now I must fly off to Sophia, who expects me."

"Why could Sir Frederick never suffer as acutely as Carlos?" asked her mother, laying her hand on her child's arm as she rose, to arrest her for a moment.

Emily hesitated.

"He looks so serious," she began, then paused.

"Ah, Emily," said her mother, "many a serious countenance has been furrowed by scalding tears."

"Carlos would not be so patient as Sir Frederick," continued Emily.

"But why is this?" urged Mrs. Howard, who wished her to perceive in what consisted the real difference between the two characters. "Carlos is so amiable; why should he not be as resigned to the will of Heaven as Sir Frederick Lonsdale?"

"Ah, mamma, I do not think he believes it is the will of Heaven; he thinks it is the will of his parents that he should suffer this sorrow.

But Sir Frederick—I do not quite know what I feel about him—I think he resembles you, mamma, more than any one I know.”

“ You pay me a very high compliment there, Emily,” said her mother ; “ I fear, however, I have not always been so submissive to sorrow as he is. But you have unconsciously hit on the secret cause of poor Carlos’ present restless impatience ; it is that he sees only second causes in all that is so painful. If you wish to serve him, poor fellow ! take an opportunity to suggest this to him ; he has a noble nature, and if he had Sir Frederick Lonsdale’s principle he would be almost perfect.”

“ Sir Frederick Lonsdale’s principle,” repeated Emily to herself, as she turned away towards the house. “ I wonder what Arthur would say about it all ; I wonder what he would advise Carlos to do ; what would he do himself ? ” And it was with an undefined sensation of depression that Emily, usually so free from care, set out to visit her happy friend Sophia.

The same train of thought still pursued her, until she reached the house.

“ Arthur never could be in poor Carlos’ position,” she said ; “ he has neither parents

nor guardians to fetter him : he is quite free."

But the thought even of his perfect freedom did not cheer her, and an unspeakable longing to see him again was the prevailing sensation of her mind during the rest of the day.

After much discussion and arrangement, the expedition to Alcobaça was fixed for the time originally proposed by Carlos de Vasconcellos, who, as the time approached, seemed to become more and more impatient to set out. A restlessness of manner, quite unusual in him, had struck even his mother, who said one evening to Sophia :

"What can be the matter with Carlos? he flies from place to place like an insane person."

"Ah, mamma," answered Sophia, "he is so miserable about his marriage."

"Oh nonsense, my love," replied the Marchioness, "he is much too sensible, I hope, for that; but I fear he may be ill; his hand felt burning when I touched it just now. Surely, Sophia," continued her mother, with some severity, "you have been too well educated not to know that your father would choose no alliance for a child of his, except one that must be happy."

"If Carlos is unwell," said Sophia, evading all reply to the latter part of her mother's speech; "perhaps this journey may do him good."

"I hope so," said her mother, "it may be that he requires some change of air; but, at all events, you will show him real kindness, Sophia, by discouraging any foolish discontent in his mind. Let him take example from Henrique de Souza, who never dreamt of objecting to the alliance his father had settled for him."

The colour fled from her daughter's lips, but the Marchioness had turned away, and saw not the emotion her words had caused. A chilling sense of mortification seemed to wither the young girl's heart, and she murmured—"Take example by Henrique! Was it then cold obedience? yes—yes, it was; but he would not obey now, were he commanded to give himself to another."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay."

CHILDE HAROLD.

"A sudden storm their plumage toss'd,
A flash of lightning o'er them crossed,
And all again was gloom!"

CAMPBELL.

THE party of travellers consisted of the Vasconcellos family, with the young Henrique de Souza, the Lonsdales, the Howards, Margarida de Macedo, and Monsieur de Mascarenhas, to whom Lady Lonsdale had alluded, when she expressed the fear she had had, lest Sophia's parents might have married their blooming daughter to him.

He was a brave and distinguished general in Dom Pedro's army, and a much-loved companion in arms of the Marquis de Vasconcellos, with whose children he had been a favourite from their cradles. His tall and soldier-like form, with a certain reserve of manner, and the fire of his commanding eye, inspired a respect even in strangers who knew nothing of the courage, firmness, and integrity of the man; but a severe wound in his face which marred the expression of his features, and a constitution that had suffered through hard service, gave him the appearance of being ten years older than he was.

It had been whispered in Lisbon during the last year, that his love for Sophia was no longer merely the feeling of interest inspired by the beautiful child of an old friend; there was something in her character that appeared to harmonise with his own, in spite of the disparity of their years, and some had even gone so far as to say that he had asked her father to give her to him, but that the latter had said,—“No, no, my dear Mascarenhas, my lively Sophia must have a companion who may hope to go through life by her side. If you could

take twenty years from your age, there is no man in Portugal whom I would with more pride call my son."

And it was true, the cold, unsympathising whispers were for once literally true. General de Mascarenhas wrung his friend's hand, as he heard the refusal of the boon he had asked, and after a few moments said: "You are right; so I should feel also, were I the father of such a daughter. I have been a fool to indulge in such a dream."

But Sophia knew nothing of what had passed concerning her in the heart of the brave soldier, and treated the rumours that reached her as mere idle gossip; for although her mother had whispered the facts to one or two talkative friends, she had obeyed her husband's strict injunction to conceal the whole from Sophia. The Marquis felt a delicate concern for the pride of his friend, and could not bear that he should be treated as a rejected lover by the young happy girl, to whom he had shown such uniform kindness.

With unsuspecting frankness, therefore, Sophia continued to treat Monsieur de Mascarenhas with the confiding familiarity so naturally.

inspired by one who seemed to have all the affection without the authority, of a father, and whom from childhood she had considered more in the light of one who had been born to give pleasure to herself and her sister, than as one who had himself capacities to enjoy and to suffer keenly.

The cavalcade of tourists started early on a brilliant morning; the baggage-mules had been despatched an hour earlier, and now the liteiras, the muleteers, and the equestrians set forth amidst a confusion of sounds, such as those only can understand whose heads have ached under the infliction; jingling bells of every size that covered the necks of the liteira mules, loud shouts from the muleteers, varied by a sort of groan as they touched the heavily-laden animals with their long poles, the shrill directions of the Portuguese servants to each other, the hum of voices, native and foreign, with the occasional addition of a merry peal of laughter—all this combined to create a noise that was almost distracting.

But some measure of peace was restored, as soon as they had all got clear of the village market-place; and when they had fallen into

their places on the Mafra road, and the equestrian ladies had recovered the agitation of their first mounting, the only annoyance that threatened to disturb the pleasure of the day, was the dust that rose in clouds around them. The liteiras, with their unceasing jingle, were soon left considerably in the rear; but the Marquis reined in his steed to keep pace with the lagging mules, and seemed to consider this detachment of the party under his especial care. Mrs. Howard also, who had preferred riding one of that sure-footed breed, and a Spanish chair, to the smarter paraphernalia of a horse and side-saddle, was obliged to reconcile herself to seeing her daughter with her companions, getting always more and more in advance, and to be satisfied with the Marquis's assurances that the horses were quiet, and all the gentlemen very prudent and careful. And the party rode on, and every peasant who passed them on his way to his daily labour, turned his head to look after those who were talking and laughing so gaily, wondering, it may be, if the rich and the great knew the meaning of sorrow and trouble.

Lonsdale had been requested by Mrs. Howard to take some charge of her daughter,

for although the latter was an experienced horsewoman, these excursions, with a number of hired animals, and over rough, narrow roads, always made her mother nervous about her.

Grace had said :

“ Oh, do not be timid about Emily, dear Mrs. Howard. As mamma and I are to swing lazily in a liteira, Frederick will take care of Emily, and he is a most safe person : he will watch her as anxiously as you could do.”

But Carlos seemed inclined to dispute this office with him, and though Sophia said something in a prudent tone of voice, of his looking after Christina, he placed himself, from the first starting, close to Emily, and laying his hand on her bridle, as if to claim a right to assist her, he said :

“ You are a skilful horsewoman, I know, and our road to-day is not amiss ; but as my sisters are each provided with a guide, I offer my services to you, Miss Howard.”

Emily laughed, as she declared her perfect independence of all help, adding :

“ I feel my horsemanship quite insulted to-day. I have just overheard mamma giving me in charge to Sir Frederick, as if I were a baby : and

now you seem to meditate leading me, as if I could not manage my bridle."

"Well, then," said Sir Frederick, as he took his place on her other side, and heard her last words, "we must hope that between us you will be well taken care of, and that we shall bring you back to Cintra without hurt or mischance."

"Bring you back to Cintra!" repeated Carlos; "oh, do not talk of our return, when we are only setting out. I should not be sorry never to return."

"Never to return!" exclaimed Emily. "Now, Senor Carlos," she continued, whilst a smile of sweetness and playfulness irradiated her face, "in return for any care you may take of my person during this journey, allow me to tell you, I mean to assume an authority over your mind, which is getting, I observe, into a rather rebellious condition; and my first command is, that you shall, during these days we are to pass together, lay aside all dark and gloomy thoughts, and pay the present company the compliment of appearing completely to enjoy yourself."

"I intend to do so," answered Carlos, with

an effort to catch her tone of gaiety ; " and it is for that reason I do not wish to anticipate the period when my enjoyment will be over."

" But as some one says, ' that the continuance of even the best things is wearisome,' perhaps you would not like to pass the remainder of your life in riding over a very bad road, even though it were in such pleasant company as ours," said Emily. " I think one of the pleasures of our excursion will be our return home, and the telling all our adventures to the friends who have not accompanied us. What do you say, Sir Frederick ?"

" I shall answer that when we return ;" said Lonsdale, " it may depend not a little on the nature of our adventures."

" Oh ! they will all be agreeable," said Emily, who was anxious to arouse Carlos from his despondency, and whose sanguine nature led her always to expect what she desired. " At all events, in retrospect they will be amusing, though we may have to reckon a tumble or two amongst them, or a night's encampment in the open air, or even a slight alarm from a robber."

Our tourists reached Mafra so early that it

was decided they were to go through the church and convent, whilst preparations were made at the inn for the forenoon meal, that was to serve as a sort of second breakfast and early dinner.

Any of my readers who have been at Mafra will feel that there would have been more wisdom in fortifying themselves for such an undertaking by some previous refreshment, but something must be done whilst the Marquis's cook exerted his genius in making out a meal fit for his master and his friends—the house looked uninviting, and every one voted for going at once to the church, and resting afterwards during the hours when the sun was hottest.

But after the church, whose colossal columns and panels of red and black marbles claim the admiration of all travellers, there were still the palace, the monastery with its three hundred cells, the library, and the residence of the canons to go through—a work that required no small strength as well as time to perform it, seeing that the whole number of apartments in this vast pile amounts to eight hundred and sixty-six, the doors and windows being five thousand two hundred.

At last the wearied party found themselves

on the flat paved roof, and the ladies cast themselves with thankfulness on the seats afforded by the low parapet.

Emily had seated herself a little apart from the rest, and Lonsdale stood near her, looking in silence down on the bleak country that surrounds the village. In a few minutes they were joined by Carlos, who exclaimed :

"How melancholy you are, Miss Howard ; are you already wearied of our expedition ?"

"No," said Emily, "I am not wearied ; but I do feel rather melancholy when I look at this deserted building, and think of the fate of those to whom only a few years ago it was a peaceful home."

"Ah ! you are going to lament over your beloved monks," said Carlos, smiling. "Well, for once I also could wish they were here, for they would have shown us more hospitality than we are likely to meet with at that wretched inn. But I never can understand, Miss Howard, how a Protestant can mourn as you do over the suppression of the convents."

"I do not speak of the *suppression*," answered Emily, "that is perhaps too deep a part of the subject for me ; but I am not the only

Protestant who feels indignant at the injustice of the *manner* in which it was done. Am I not right, Sir Frederick ? Do come to my aid, and tell Senhor Carlos, that some of Dom Pedro's best admirers thought him wrong in this."

Lonsdale smiled.

"I fear it is hopeless to dream of persuading Monsieur de Vasconcellos that Dom Pedro could be wrong in anything. But it is indeed true that even Protestants, who condemn the whole monastic system, have deeply deplored the cruelty with which it was put down in this country and in Spain, where many of the monks have been left to starve, in spite of the stipend that was promised when their lands were confiscated. Lord Carnarvon, whose Protestantism is undoubted, has borne a strong testimony against this injustice."

"But you would not for this restore the convents?" said Carlos, "which, I believe, is what Miss Howard in her heart thinks ought to be done."

"It would be a difficult thing to do," said Lonsdale, laughing; "I suspect the Government would be rather embarrassed were it called on to refund all it got from Church

As he said this, he fixed his eyes on her face with the same look which had already revealed his feelings to his sisters ; and as Emily met that expressive gaze, a deep crimson flushed her cheek and brow, and she rose as if to move away.

"Nay, do not go, Miss Howard," said Carlos with a pleading look, as he read her discomfort in her face, and perceived also that Lonsdale was watching him with a grave curiosity that looked almost stern : "do stay a little longer, and let us banish all visions of sad monks in dark cowl. We might picture a very stirring scene outside these walls : troops drawn up in battle array, an engagement, and a victory," and the young soldier's eyes flashed for an instant.

"And the monks praying inside for the combatants," said Emily, smiling. "But Monsieur de Vasconcellos reminds me," she said, turning to Lonsdale, "that you have probably never heard of one curious fact connected with this building : that ten thousand troops were once drawn up on this very roof to be inspected !"

"Is it possible ?" said Lonsdale. "That does indeed give me an idea of its real size. Lord Carnarvon suggests that the palace might

accommodate all the courts of Europe, but a military review on the roof is a novel idea, quite in keeping, however, with the strange confusion of purposes for which the building was originally intended."

As the party passed again through the church on their way to the inn, the organist was practising one of Mozart's masses, and all paused to listen to the solemn chords that seem ever to breathe deep inspirations, and never so much as when listened to in a house of prayer.

Emily had stood as if rapt in extasy, as the swelling tones seemed to roll above and around them; and when they ceased she cast a look all round that once favoured chapel, and sighed when the hum of comment and light talk recommenced.

Lonsdale had been half-unconsciously watching the emotions expressed on her speaking countenance, and as she caught his eye he advanced towards her, and she slowly led the way to the entrance door.

"You will think me, I fear, very foolish and sentimental," she said, "but I do not like to chatter and laugh in a church, as if it were any common place; and that music seems to invite us to prayer, instead of idleness."

"Nay, do not accuse me of daring to think you foolish, Miss Howard," said Lonsdale. "I have been wishing for some time to tell you how much I sympathised with a remark you made to Carlos de Vasconcellos about his Church."

"What was that?" asked Emily, colouring with pleasure.

"When you told him there was more of holy teaching in it than many were inclined to follow—enough to edify those who are willing to learn in humility—I felt that this reproof might have applied to every one of us, when we cavil at imperfections and faults that yet fall far short of our own."

Her sweet confiding eyes were fixed for a moment with a pleased smile on Lonsdale's face, and as he descended the steps by her side, he murmured to himself, "Most beautiful! most dear!" then, with a sharp pang, repeated the words, "most dear! yes—dear to all who know her, and why not to me?"

It is not necessary to lead our readers step by step along the often described route from Mafra and Torres Vedras to Alcobaca and Batalha—these places and the intervening country have formed the subject of many a

published journal—and our travellers retired to rest on the fourth evening after their departure from home, without having met with any adventures so serious as those Emily had declared herself ready to bear with fortitude. The party had generally disposed of themselves much in the manner in which they had set out—Sophia and her lover leading the equestrian portion, and seldom having their *tête-à-tête* disturbed, except at the different resting-places; whilst Christina, only half satisfied with her circumstances, fell almost daily to the charge of Monsieur de Mascarenhas, and had several times complained to Carlos of the unusual stupidity and silence of her kind “old soldier,” as she always called her father’s friend.

She could not guess the busy thoughts that made it such an effort to him to listen to the prattle of the young girl who had so often amused him in former days, and her surprise would have been great had she been told that it was the sight of her sister and her lover that was thus disturbing the calm veteran with a jealousy well nigh intolerable.

He had fancied himself more indifferent, and was irritated by his own emotions, as visions of

his youth rose unbidden before him ; and he asked himself with bitterness, why it was he found himself a lonely being, without ties more dear than those of friendship—without hopes more fond than those of a patriot. He had wasted his years in the pursuits of an ambitious public life, and now when it seemed too late, he longed for a companionship that could satisfy the warm affections which Time had not chilled, though it had laid a withering hand upon his brow. There had even been a moment during that journey, when he had thought it hard in his friend to refuse him the bride he had coveted, and who had been, when he asked her hand, free as himself.

Emily meanwhile had been experiencing a growing sense of discomfort in the society of Carlos, whose manner had become more and more marked and tender to herself ; and she invariably looked to Lonsdale as the protector her mother had given her, and who was to ride beside her, place her on her horse, and perform the numberless small attentions which such a journey on horseback must call forth.

It had been agreed, that instead of going on to Coimbra, for which Carlos pleaded earnestly,

but which was negatived most decidedly by his parents, the journey home should be varied by coming round by Leiria and Santarem, boating down the Tagus from Villa Nova, and sending their steeds and baggage by land under the care of the muleteers. They had started on a Monday—Friday night was to be passed at Santarem—Saturday would find them once more either at Lisbon or at Cintra.

Hitherto the weather had been comparatively cool, the breeze, slight as it was, had blown steadily from the sea, and the morning and evening rides were not oppressive to those brought up in that climate, whilst Lonsdale, the only one of the riders not accustomed to it, had a frame well fitted to bear extremes either of heat or cold. But on Friday morning a change had taken place that brought our party together with grave, discouraged looks. An east wind had set in during the night, and was blowing as if from a hot furnace, when six o'clock sounded, the hour agreed on the previous evening for starting.

“Alas! we have a sirocco!” exclaimed in turn each individual as they entered the room, where chocolate stood prepared for the early

breakfast. "How are we to get through this long day's ride?"

The Marchioness and Mrs. Howard, uneasy for their daughters who had no *liteira* to take shelter in, proposed their remaining for a day at Leiria; but the Marquis strongly opposed this, on the plea that, as this land-breeze seldom blows for less than three days together, and often for six and nine, each day they lingered would only find the air heated to a more intolerable degree.

This argument sounded so convincing that even those who had felt most inclined to remain under any shelter, rather than face that withering sultry wind, said no more; the ladies, with a sigh of weariness gathered up the folds of their riding-habits, and moved towards the door; whilst the gentlemen, instead of their usual alacrity to meet the horses and examine bridles and girths to see if all were right, lingered till the last moment under the shelter of the doorway.

But the Marquis had a secret reason for opposing delay. There was much in Carlos's look and manner that had more than once during the previous days alarmed him; and the suspicion that had slowly dawned upon his

mind, had been confirmed by Monsieur de Mascarenhas, to whom he imparted it, and who had seen enough during those many hours passed in their company, to convince him that Carlos had a stronger reason than mere indifference to Bernarda for disliking his intended marriage, and that Emily herself was becoming aware of the nature of his attentions.

It would have been difficult for the Marquis to hold any private communication with his wife on the subject, accompanied as she was by Lady Lonsdale during the day, and sharing at night some apartment with her or with Emily's mother, nor had this seemed necessary to him; when restored to the conventionalities of society at home, he had no fear that a girl he respected as he did Emily, would permit his son to forget his duty to his parents; but he became very impatient to put an end to their present hourly intercourse, under circumstances that particularly favoured familiarity, and banished the recollection of a world that claims observance of its rules.

There mingled also with his colder calculations of earthly interest a passing emotion of pity for the son who must so soon be aroused from the

one fond dream of his youth to face a hard reality. The stately soldier, who, as his daughter had said, so seldom spoke of love, or betrayed a consciousness that such a feeling existed, looked back to a distant period when life had been fresh with him as it was now with Carlos, and his eye moistened as he reflected that the heart itself must be sorely bruised, ere feelings like those he was so madly cherishing could be crushed within it. But the Marquis, though a kind-hearted man, and a fond parent, was thoroughly national in all his prejudices; and though he would have sacrificed much of personal gratification to secure happiness to his children, he would not for a moment weigh that happiness against the long-established laws of his proud class, or the customs by which every aristocrat in Portugal had for generations been guided in the government of his family.

For a few moments that fifth morning of their journey, the Marquis rode past the liteiras and riders, and joined Sophia and Henrique de Souza, the former of whom felt a sudden apprehension, as she saw the troubled expression of her father's face.

"Sophia," he said, with a faint smile, "I do

not wish to disturb your *tête-à-tête*, my child ; but I must ask you to look a little after your brother, who is most thoughtlessly annoying your friend Miss Howard, and laying up a store of distress for himself."

"What can I do, papa?" asked Sophia, with a sort of foreboding that this breaking in of other cares on her hitherto uninterrupted enjoyment was an omen of evil.

"Have you remarked what I allude to?" asked her father.

"I have feared it," answered Sophia, in a low voice; then added earnestly, "but Emily does not encourage it, I am certain."

"I know that," said her father; "but it must be put a stop to, nevertheless, and that before we return to the sharp-eyed gossips of Cintra. Try to get your brother away as much as possible from the position he has taken up close to Miss Howard, and if an opportunity offer, you might remonstrate with him on his folly—perhaps it would annoy him less from you than from me."

"Ah, papa," said Sophia, "it will be very difficult." But her father was gone ere she had finished her sentence, and Henrique and

she looked at each other in disappointment and some perplexity.

"Do you think papa expected us now to go back and ride with them at once?" asked Sophia in a melancholy voice.

"I fear he did," said Henrique; "or at least that he will not be pleased if we do nothing to promote his wishes."

Half an hour afterwards, Sophia, on some slight pretence, permitted the rest of the party to come up with her; and joining her brother, she said with an attempt at gaiety:

"Come, Carlos, for a variety I mean to have a ride with you," whilst Henrique rode by the side of Christina and her elderly cavaliero, both of whom looked surprised at this sudden movement; and Christina even said with a sly smile, "Is it to a lover's quarrel we owe this rare honour, Senhor Henrique?"

Wearied in spirits, exhausted by the suffocating heat, and fatigued by a ride of four long leagues, the travellers found themselves at noon, taking shelter in a common wayside tavern, a house boasting of only two apartments, one of which was the large kitchen, used as the public eating-room, and beneath which was the stable,

scarcely divided from the room above by the thin and badly joined flooring, between the seams of which came sounds and odours not calculated to invite repose. The mules jingled their bells at every movement of their heads—for only the heavier part of their trappings was removed during the daylight halt—and the monotonous sound of the animals chewing their food, the snoring of some of the muleteers, the deep, harsh tones in which the rest conversed together, varied occasionally by a long, loud yawn, formed altogether a not very pleasing combination of sounds for a set of half-fainting ladies, whose nerves were rendered more sensitive by the fact of the thermometer being upwards of ninety in the shade.

A very broad verandah running the whole length of the building, formed, as is usual in these taverns, a sort of ante-room before entering the kitchen, and a narrow wooden stair at one end led to this species of gallery, which was in fact the only entrance to the house; beneath the verandah were the doors of the stable, and the shade afforded by its projecting floor attracted groups of children, who wished to look the *fidal-*

guia,* content to loiter there during many hours, merely to see the fine ladies mount, and their attendants load the baggage mules.

In this verandah most of the party had established themselves, preferring its comparative purity of atmosphere to the accumulated odours of the stable and of the kitchen, in the latter of which it was difficult to say whether salt fish or garlic predominated. Margarida, Emily and Grace, had, however, preferred stretching their wearied limbs on two apparently clean beds, over which the woman of the house spread sheets of the finest linen, and white as snow; and here in a darkened room they managed to obtain an hour or two of sound sleep, an achievement which baffled the attempts of those who sought it in the verandah, where no couch was to be had more soft than wooden benches, and swarming flies seemed to vie with the sickening sirocco to complete the discomfort of our tourists.

Carlos had thrown a cloak over two chairs, and placing them at one end of the verandah, removed from all his companions. He had lain so long with his eyes closed, and his head

* Gentry.

reclining against a corner of the wall, that his sisters, who had been watching him, fancied from his motionless appearance that he was asleep. At last he opened his eyes, and looking around, caught Sophia's anxious look; she was hesitating whether now to go and give him the warning their father had spoken of, but he himself made a signal that he wished to speak to her.

"Sophia," he said, in a voice so low and wearied, that his sister laid her hand lovingly on his shoulder, and looked into his face with a tender anxiety, "Sophia, do you think it would be impossible to persuade my father not to go farther to-day?"

"He appears very anxious to get home," answered his sister; "and you know, Carlos, if we do not reach Lisbon to-morrow, we should have to pass Sunday at Santarem. Mrs. Howard and Lady Lonsdale, dislike travelling on Sunday; indeed Margarida dislikes it also, unless it be an absolute necessity."

"But there is no hurry to get home," said Carlos, "there would be no great hardship in passing Sunday at Santarem, would there? Ah, Sophia," he added, looking up into her

face with an expression of deep misery, "I hate the thought of home now, its beauty seems all vanished; and when Henrique has taken you away—" he paused, and leaning back his head against the wall, he again closed his eyes, whilst his lip curled with some strong emotion.

Sophia knew he was thinking, that when that event occurred, he also was expected to fulfil his engagement; and that it had been proposed the two marriages should take place on the same day. Tears filled her eyes as she stood gazing at the beautiful countenance of her only brother, and memories of their childhood, of his bright boyhood, his unvarying tenderness, of the day when he had saved her from drowning at the risk of his life, all swelled within her heart, and she felt with bitterness, that she was powerless to give him in return one hour of joy.

Carlos opened his eyes in a few moments, and saw her look of sorrow:

"My sister," he said fondly, "do you pity me?"

"Oh, Carlos, from my heart!" exclaimed Sophia, tears now chasing each other down her cheeks.

"But you must not weep, my sweet one,"

he said: "you at all events must be happy; I would not disturb your happiness for worlds."

"But I cannot be happy if you are so wretched," said Sophia. "Ah, Carlos, could you not try to be more—more contented? Papa is so troubled about you."

"My father!" exclaimed Carlos. "Has he remarked anything? does he know how unhappy I am—and will he not set me free?"

"Carlos, I fear every one has remarked it; every one knows," said Sophia; "and it is not fair to Emily: people will talk of her, and you know she is most innocent."

"As an angel," said Carlos, fervently; "but tell me now what my father said."

Sophia repeated all that had passed, and for some moments her brother made no remark. An expression of bitterness passed across his face, then succeeded one of a softer character, yet of great distress.

"It seems so strange to me," he said at last, "that no one should have thought before, how impossible it must be for me to live as we did with that most exquisite of human beings, and not love her. Even when she was still a child, she was to me a most lovely dream; and now,"

he added, looking upwards for a moment, "God alone can know how great is my love for her."

"But, dearest Carlos," said Sophia, with some timidity, "even if papa were to consent, which he never would, perhaps you might not win her."

"Oh, do not talk to me of chances," said Carlos bitterly. "It is enough that I must not try to win her; and you were right Sophia, to remind me people might blame her; that at least must not be. No, dear, beautiful being, not even to enjoy the one poor consolation yet left me, would I expose your name to one breath of reproach."

"Dear Carlos," said his sister affectionately, "I knew you would do what is right; but you do not know how sad it is to think I cannot help you, that there is nothing I can do for you."

"No one can help me," said Carlos. "And perhaps no one but yourself will feel even pity for me. What does it matter to any one, whether one heart, more or less, is broken in this world of ours? If I were to *disgrace* my family by some crime, then all would feel privileged to cast a stone at me. My *shame*

might be contagious, but my *misery* is my own, with which no one will concern himself."

His tone was so bitter, that Sophia bent to kiss him, as if she would soothe the wounded spirit. And she was right; the silent caress brought tears to his eyes, and he drew her with much fondness close to him.

"My sister," he said, after a pause, "some people talk of life being short—to me it seems so despairingly long."

"Ah, Carlos," said Sophia, reproachfully, "we do not know how short or how long it may be. But it is wrong to wish for death."

"I do not know that," said Carlos; "with our sins forgiven, can we too soon wish to be where we can sin no more?"

"Your confessor would tell you it was wrong to have any wish, except what is God's will," answered his sister.

"My dear Sophia," said her mother, who came up to them at that instant, "why are you standing here, preaching a sermon to Carlos, when you ought to be resting; you look fearfully tired. How foolish you are!"

"I do not think I am so tired as Carlos is," said Sophia; "but this day will knock us all

up. Carlos was proposing to stay here till to-morrow."

"Impossible!" said her mother. "Why, there is only one small sleeping room in the place, and that is filled up with the two beds belonging to the people. We could not put up our own beds; and where could the gentlemen sleep, even if it were possible for all the ladies to be in that room?"

"It is true," said Sophia, looking at Carlos: "you see it would not be possible."

"Then we must go on," said her brother, with a sigh.

"Are you ill, Carlos?" asked his mother, looking earnestly in his face, which was unusually pale, "or are you only lazy?"

"I do not know," he answered, with a faint smile, "perhaps a little of both; but I would give a great deal to ride no farther to-day. I would rather pass the night on these two chairs than ride another league."

"But to-morrow will be still hotter than to-day," said his mother.

"So my father says," answered Carlos; "and, therefore, we must go. I hope none of us may be the worse for it to-morrow."

"Mamma," said Sophia, as they turned away, "I hope Carlos is not ill; it is quite an uncommon thing for him to dread fatigue, or to complain of heat."

"He is tired, as we all are," said her mother; "he will be himself again when he has slept, and when the sun is lower."

But Sophia had caught a foreboding sensation from Carlos's desponding manner; she knew not what she dreaded, yet her mother's careless tone, as she spoke of his being *himself again*, grated on her ear, and she remembered how bitterly he had said "my misery is my own."

The sun was already low ere the exhausted party could resolve to mount their steeds again; the Marquis had made several fruitless efforts to hasten their preparations, but every one seemed disinclined to move, and one excuse after another delayed their setting forth.

"We are too late," he said to General Mascarenhas, "it will be midnight before we reach Santarem."

"There is a moon that will last till then," said his friend. "Do the men know the way?"

"They say they do," answered the Marquis; "but I heard them making some inquiries that

did not sound much like knowledge, and there are some heavy clouds rising. I wish they may not come between us and our moon."

His fear turned out to have been well founded. The sun went down blazing fiercely to the last moment, whilst a hot yellow vapour seemed to fill the atmosphere, and gave an angry lurid appearance to the sky. The sunset brought no diminution of heat; the land-breeze fell, but the air, in its stillness, seemed more suffocating than it had been by day, and a dark, heavy bank of clouds hid the moon, which had befriended them so kindly all the previous evenings.

"I fear we shall have a storm," said Lonsdale, riding close to the Marquis. "What shall we do with the ladies?"

"It will probably pass away towards the hills," said the Marquis; "we are often threatened in this manner during our siroccos; but the storm does not always burst where it gathers. At all events, we can do nothing but go on now; we are probably as near some shelter in front of us, as if we were to return to that miserable tavern where we dined."

"Sophia," said Carlos, beside whom his sister

had remained since they left their last resting-place, "we should have been better off in that kitchen with its detestable smell, than in the storm we shall soon have over our heads."

"Perhaps it will not come," said Sophia, looking nervously around her; "but I think it must be the heavy air that has affected your spirits so much, dear Carlos; you seem to be in such a foreboding humour; you are infecting me also, and making quite a coward of me."

"I do not wish to do that, my sister; perhaps you are right, and it is the suffocating heat that has oppressed me so much. But I have experienced strange things to-day, Sophia; my whole life has passed in review before me. To be sure, it has not been a very long one," he said, with a melancholy smile, "but every little incident has returned to me so vividly, as if I had been trying to recal them all for a confession."

His sister made no answer; her usually high spirits had been already subdued by the influence of the new attachment that filled her heart, and made her more alive to every softening emotion than she had ever been before; and now her brother's sorrow and evident despondency

afflicted her more than she was willing to betray.

After a few minutes, Carlos said :

“ You will think me quite given up to fancies, Sophia, but another strange thing is the way Dom Pedro has haunted me to-day.”

“ Dom Pedro !” exclaimed his sister, “ how do you mean—why do you think of *him* ?”

“ I can hardly explain,” answered Carlos ; “ but I think I have never regretted him as I have done to-day. When he died, I was too young to feel the real magnitude of his loss ; but now, when I look back, the year he died seems as if it had been the last in which I was boyishly carelessly happy. Ah, Sophia ! if he had lived till now there might have been a better chance for me.”

“ How, dear Carlos, how ? I cannot understand that.”

“ Because I remember one day, not long after our little Antonia was drowned, I was at the palace with my father, and Dom Pedro had been asking how it was I learnt to be so strong a swimmer, and about your being rescued, dearest ; and he praised me, and asked what I should like as a reward. I answered that your

life had been sufficient reward, and that I wished nothing else; and then the Emperor smiled and said: 'Well, remember, if there is ever a wish in your heart which I can obtain for you, you must come to me, and it shall be done.' But he is gone now, when I need him most; and, alas, for the selfishness of man! I fear I never truly mourned for him before."

"But, dearest Carlos," said Sophia, "he could not have given you Emily."

"No; but he might have persuaded my father to leave me free."

"How strange it is that you should speak thus," said Sophia: "it was only this morning Margarida said she wondered how many, in this country he loved so well, still missed and mourned for Dom Pedro."

"My regrets have not been altogether selfish, however," said Carlos; "it has seemed to me to-day as if, by some power unseen, my spirit has been strongly drawn to his. I wonder if departed spirits are ever very near us, or if such feelings are a warning of an early death."

"Oh, dear Carlos! do not speak in that way, it makes me feel so nervous—and, ah, Heaven! see, there is a flash of lightning."

"Only sheet lightning as yet," said her brother; "but we must have at least a league of bad road still before us, and the storm is coming at last, my dear Sophia. I fear we have no chance of escaping it."

"I am *so* frightened, Carlos," said his sister, coming close to him and grasping his arm with a nervous pressure.

"Are you, darling? is it the lightning you dread?"

"I hardly know—it often strikes where it is least expected," and Sophia looked anxiously back towards Henrique who rode now beside her sister.

"You are so happy, my sister, and death is terrible to the happy. Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Carlos interrupting himself as the blackened sky seemed to open for one instant only to reveal a blaze of light beyond. "Do not tremble so, dearest," and his mournful tone returned. "Heaven will not let its lightning fall on *you*? Ah, Sophia! the lightning and the thunderbolt are restrained by the loving hand of a Heavenly Friend, it is only the storm that *man* raises over the head of his fellow-sufferer, that is altogether pitiless."

"Carlos, Carlos, do not speak so mournfully," said his sister, almost weeping with sorrow and terror. "Remember that Heaven can restrain the hand of man as well as the lightning—you may be happy yet, as happy as I am."

At this moment the Marquis rode up to them.

"Carlos," he said, "the liteiras cannot go so fast as your horses, I will stay with them and take charge of Mrs. Howard; but for all of you on horseback. it will be best to press on and take any shelter you can find."

A short consultation was held amongst the gentlemen. General Mascarenhas had travelled to Santarem that road before, and undertook to guide the riding party with the assistance of one of the muleteers who was on foot. This man said that part of the direct road was impassable from some accident that had occurred, and that he had got directions at the tavern where they must turn off and take a more circuitous route.

"Well," said the Marquis, "only be careful not to lose your way, and take shelter, if you can find any; we shall do the same; and let those who reach Santarem first, order beds and food for those behind."

A flash of forked lightning, and a distant peal of thunder followed immediately on these words ; and the Marquis rode hastily back to encourage by his presence Mrs. Howard, and the ladies in the liteiras.

The road for the next half-mile was tolerably smooth, and broad enough to permit three to ride abreast, and the tired girls switched their horses into a canter, without uttering a word of the terror that was taking possession of them.

It was now considerably past nine o'clock ; with the exception of one spot, where the sun had disappeared, the whole of the sky was covered with a thick blackness, that looked only more appalling, as flash after flash of forked lightning dazzled the eyes, and made the gloom that succeeded appear more dark. The air, loaded with electricity, seemed to weigh heavily on the aching brows of the sick and frightened girls, but they made no complaint. Henrique was riding between Sophia and Christina, and the former, with her hand clasped in his, felt that there was happiness, even in such an hour as that. Emily rode between Lonsdale and Carlos. General Mascarenhas had ridden on in front to keep close to the man who was professedly their guide.

As yet only an occasional drop of rain had fallen, and the storm was still a few miles distant from them.

"If we can go on at this pace," said Lonsdale, "we shall surely soon come to some dwelling."

"But the difficulty will be to induce any one to open his door to us at this hour on such a night," said Carlos. "And here comes the end of our smooth road; we must pull up now."

The road indeed became now so broken and so narrow, that for a considerable distance the party were obliged to fall into a single line, each lady keeping directly behind the gentleman, who acting as her pioneer, ascertained when there was safe footing for her horse. And now the rain poured in torrents on their unprotected heads; the thunder rolled terrifically, loud peals following every flash of lightning in quick succession. In an instant a rushing wind arose, and the horses, terrified by the noise, and dazzled with the lightning, staggered beneath the sudden violence of the tempest.

No word was spoken during fifteen minutes, that seemed an hour; but at the end of that

period the voice of the guide was heard shouting loudly in a vain attempt to induce the inhabitants of a small cottage to open it, and give them shelter. The ladies, for a moment, felt their courage revive, with the hope of having a roof to cover them ; and the whole party halted close to the dwelling, where they asked admittance. But their hope was a vain one, whispering voices were heard within, a faint light was perceptible between the seams of the window-shutters, but no answer was given to their petition for an hour of shelter.

The guide shouted, and poured forth a volley of remonstrances that sounded as threatening as the loud thunder. General Mascarenhas added some arguments in milder language, offering a reward that would have secured prompt service in the daylight, but it was all in vain. The whispering was occasionally renewed within the house, but no footsteps moved—no answer was given, no bolt was withdrawn.

“ Let us go on,” said Carlos, “ there is no use in standing here ; these cowards will not admit us—they take us for robbers.”

And the party moved on, whilst their guide relieved his mind by consigning the inhospitable

tenants of the house to the tender care of ten thousand fiends, in a voice loud enough to be heard by those of whom he thus took his leave.

The storm was unabated in its violence, and the rain was now dashing against the unfortunate travellers in broad sheets of water, whilst it poured across their path like a mountain torrent. The gentlemen tried occasionally to utter some cheering words to keep up the spirits of their more delicate companions, but suddenly a new dilemma arose on their coming to a point where two roads separated, and an eager discussion commenced between General Mascarenhas and the guide, as to whether they were to keep to the right or the left.

The latter, as is usual with all guides, declared without hesitation that there was no doubt on the question; he was certain they were to turn to the left. Narrowly examined as to his reasons, his answers were so ready that the General reluctantly yielded his own opinion, which was for the right-hand turn. The man declared that the people had told him at the tavern that that road was not safe; there was a bad piece in it—they must keep to the left.

There was no possibility of judging by the

not pardon the despair of a heart that has forgotten all its duties in worshipping yourself?"

She could not answer—a faintness seemed creeping over her, and there was a throbbing in her ears and temples that confused her.

"Emily," urged Carlos, placing his hand again on hers, "only say that you forgive me, and will think kindly of me, and I will leave you, and never, never again, save to Heaven alone, breathe that I love you. Will you not promise this?"

"I do, I do promise!" faltered Emily.

"May Heaven's richest blessings be yours," said Carlos, fervently; for an instant, so brief that she could scarcely afterwards feel certain if it were true or not his arm encircled her waist, and then, with a convulsive sigh, he spurred on his horse, and passing Lonsdale said, "I am going to speak to the guide—pray take charge of Miss Howard."

Lonsdale little guessed what had taken place during those few minutes in a scene so strange and so unsuited to a declaration like that of Carlos; but an undefined uneasiness came over his spirit, as he again rode by Emily's side, and remarked how constantly she shivered, and that

unlike her usual courtesy, she took no notice of him, as he came close to her horse, and spoke a few encouraging words. Her rein was hanging loosely on the animal's neck, and Lonsdale drew it tight, saying :

"Keep up your horse's head, Miss Howard, we are coming on rough ground again."

Emily mechanically obeyed him, but he could not see that she moved her lips in a vain attempt to thank him ; he only again heard her shiver, and then sigh heavily.

"I fear you are ill, Miss Howard," he said ; "oh, tell me if you feel unable to manage your horse ! I will dismount and lead him ; I fear you are very, very cold."

"I am," she answered, in a low voice ; "I felt a little giddy a few minutes ago, but I am better. Do not dismount," she added, earnestly, "I am better I assure you, and quite able to manage my horse."

Her sweet, mournful tones sank into Lonsdale's heart, and though he could not see her blanched cheeks and agitated features, something in her air and manner assured him she was suffering much. Her long hair hung in wet masses over her shoulders, and her riding-

habit clung tightly, with its weight of water, to her shivering limbs.

"I would have given years of life to have saved you this storm!" he exclaimed, involuntarily. "God grant you may not have a serious illness after it!"

"Oh, no!" said Emily, "I am very strong, and feel thankful Grace and Margarida are sheltered from the rain; they are our two delicate ones. Poor mamma! I wish she also were in a liteira; but she does not easily take cold, and you must not be uneasy about me."

And Lonsdale said no more, for his heart was labouring with heavy thoughts, and he could not trust himself to speak.

The worst of the storm was over; the peals of thunder were more distant, the flashes of lightning less frequent; but the pitiless rain continued to descend in torrents, and not a break in the blackened sky gave hope of any improvement, or sign that the moon was high above their heads, looking coldly down, behind that heavy veil, on the storms of earth and the sufferings of its children.

The whole party rode nearly half an hour in silence, and nothing was heard save the tread

of the horses and the splashing of the rain, which was, however, gradually abating.

"I wonder," at last said Emily, "how far the liteiras are behind us?"

"Not far," said Lonsdale, "probably not half a mile; for we have come very slowly."

"But I do not hear the bells; at half a mile's distance we ought to hear the bells of so many mules."

At this moment there was a halt among those in front. General Mascarenhas had a strong impression they had missed the right road; but their guide was considerably in front, and though they shouted, he did not return.

"We must ride on till we come up with him," said Lonsdale.

"Where is Carlos?" asked Sophia, coming up to Emily; "I thought he was with you."

"He rode on to speak to the guide half an hour ago," answered Lonsdale.

"We must be near Santarem," said Henrique de Souza; "I recommend our riding on."

In a few minutes they made up with the guide. The moon was now struggling to burst through a cloud, and the storm was evidently past.

"Where is Senhor Carlos?" asked Monsieur de Mascarenhas.

"There he is," answered the man, pointing in front.

"I can see nothing, the moonlight is still so dim," said Sophia; "but do call him, Monsieur de Mascarenhas. 'I want to have him with us.'"

The General called as she requested, but no answer came.

"How long is it since you saw him?" asked Henrique, angrily, of the guide. "How could you point as if you saw him, when he is not there?"

"He cannot be far off," answered the man sulkily. "He was close to me till he heard your horses coming near, and then he put his spurs to his and went faster."

"Very well, we must give him chase," said Henrique. "If we are out of our way, there is no use in letting him go farther."

They hastened their pace into a sort of trot, the guide running in front. Suddenly, a loud wailing cry burst on them with a startling power, and at the same instant, yet fearfully distinct from it, there was a sound of a heavy, crushing fall, then something like a struggle, and a horse's hoof striking on a rock.

Every heart quailed, but no one spoke, till the guide, in a loud voice of horror, shouted an entreaty to halt, which all involuntarily obeyed.

They were close to what had been a bridge of a considerable size—one of those high-arched bridges so common in Portugal, in which there is a steep ascent towards the centre, and they perceived the guide gazing down over a part of the masonry into what seemed the bed of a small stream. The moon had suddenly risen above the heavy bank of clouds, and now shone bright and clear on the group over whose spirits that cry had cast a shuddering terror. For a moment no one ventured to speak. Then General Mascarenhas, threw himself from his horse, and rushing up to the man, exclaimed “What is the matter? Why are we to halt? Where is Senhor Carlos?”

“Madre de Deos!” said the man in a piteous tone, pointing below the bridge; “he is there—the bridge is broken—he is killed!”

CHAPTER IX.

“Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead.”

SHELLEY.

It was too true ! The greater part of the bridge was gone, and yet in the darkness of night, it was only in coming close to the spot where the breach occurred, that it was possible to see it, and even then, a person walking hastily, without any suspicion of danger, could scarcely have perceived it until too late to save himself from falling.

It would be vain to attempt to describe the scenes that followed the discovery of the bruised and senseless form—the arrival at Santarem, where the liteiras, having taken the other road, had preceded them—the cries of the bereaved mother—the sobs that burst from the struggling

breast of the distracted father—the tears and lamentations of the sisters—the sorrow and dismay of their friends.

Had it not been for Sir Frederick Lonsdale and General Mascarenhas, who, with the most heartfelt sympathy for the sufferers, were still calm and self-possessed, the most serious consequences might have ensued to those who, after a day of such fatigue and exposure to such a storm, were now too much stunned with grief and horror to consider what was necessary for the preservation of their health.

Margarida and Lady Lonsdale did all that the tenderest friendship could devise for their suffering companions, and forgetful of their own fatigue, the night was far spent ere they sought the rest they needed so much themselves, whilst Lonsdale and General Mascarenhas watched together in the chamber where the remains of the unfortunate Carlos were laid, and occasionally discussed, in low whispers, the arrangements for the mournful journey of the following day.

The body was severely bruised, and a deep wound in the back of the head had caused instantaneous death—for he had never moved or breathed from the moment he was found—but

his face had escaped even the slightest mark. The stream had been unusually low, owing to the dryness of the season, and there were some large pieces of rock in its bed, below the fatal bridge, amongst which the poor youth had fallen. His limbs were partly underneath the horse, but he was found lying with his face turned upwards, his head resting on a sharp rock. The horse still breathed, though occasional groans proved its agonies; but the immortal spirit of its noble rider was gone from the frail tenement of clay, that an hour before had been the object of so much love and pride, the centre of so many hopes.

A short time after morning dawned, Emily, who had suffered from a secret cause almost as much as those more nearly connected with him, heard a footstep approach her bed, and opening the wearied eyes which no sleep had visited, she beheld Sophia, clothed in a cashmere wrapper and shawl, and pale as death, standing beside her. .

"Emily," she said, in a low, unnatural voice, "will you rise, and come with me? I wish to look on my Carlos once again, and I cannot go alone."

She trembled violently as she spoke, and Emily, sitting up in bed, threw her arms round her, and hiding her face; burst into a passion of tears. But Sophia did not weep—she continued to tremble violently, and Emily felt that her hands were cold, and damp, and powerless.

“Will you come?” she repeated; “I will help you to dress—there is no time to lose: Sir Frederick and General Mascarenhas have left the room, to lie down for a little while, and there is no one there. In an hour they will come,” she added, with a shudder, “to put him in his coffin.”

Emily hurried her toilet, and trembling as much as Sophia, she accompanied her to the chamber of death.

On his own narrow travelling bed lay Carlos de Vasconcellos, already attired for the dark abode to which he was so soon to be consigned. His dark, rich hair clustered over his marble brow, and a noble expression of calm rested on the whole face, whilst almost a smile of tender sweetness gave to the lips some of the eloquence of life.

The two girls stood beside him, and the hearts of both were wrung with anguish.

Sophia mourned an only brother, of whom a Queen might have been proud ; but to Emily, the agony of thinking, that indirectly she might have caused his death, was too painful almost for endurance, and she had as yet had no opportunity of confiding this grief to her mother, and seeking consolation in her sympathy.

The words of passionate sorrow and hopeless love that were the last he had addressed to her, haunted her with something resembling a sensation of delirium ; they came back to her associated with darkness and tempest, and then with heart-sickening self-upbraidings, she would reproach herself for having driven him from her side, where he would have been safe, but for her excessive agitation.

They stood close to the bed, and gazed long on the motionless form ; but suddenly Sophia's pent-up tears burst forth, and sinking on her knees, she cried out in accents that thrilled the heart of her companion,

"Oh, my brother ! — my brother ! — my brother !"

Emily knelt beside her, but she looked almost with terror on the still form—its immovability filled her with awe ; yet still greater was the

nervous fear that increased every moment lest it should move, lest those eyes she had so often met with kindness should open, lest those lips that had so sorrowfully a few hours before besought her prayers, should part again and give forth a sound. She wished to pray, but no petition suggested itself to her confused and wearied mind—only a sickening horror was there, yet she could not withdraw her eyes from the dead companion of her childhood; and her head grew giddy as she knelt beside that mocking semblance of the being now departed from them. If that was Carlos de Vasconcellos, why was it yet *not* Carlos? Then came the dreadful question, had she involuntarily caused his death? what would Sophia feel towards her, could she know what had passed between them?

At last Sophia rose, for she heard the household begin to stir; but seizing Emily's hand with a convulsive pressure, she still lingered by the couch, and gazed on the face she was never to see again.

"Emily," she said, in a hollow voice, "that is *death*! it is the second time you and I have seen it together. I have not *kissed* him," she continued in a still lower whisper, and with a

shiver that passed over her whole frame. "I am *frightened*;" then, after a moment, with a sob she added: "Oh, Carlos! afraid to kiss *thee*!" and bending reverentially over the bed she kissed the cold forehead, the pale marble cheeks, and the folded hands.

Emily stood weeping and looking on, then as Sophia again took her hand she murmured inwardly, "Oh, Carlos, forgive *me*!"

Slowly they moved away, and as they reached the door both involuntarily turned to look again, and breathe a low farewell. Sophia sank for one moment upon her knees, and stretched her arms with her clasped hands towards the bed; then rising hastily, drew Emily, from the room and rushed to her own apartment.

The storm of the previous evening had cleared the atmosphere, and daylight returned with a cool breeze, which induced General Mascarenhas to advise an early departure as soon after the ladies had risen as was possible. The Marquis had spoken of their taking one day of repose, or at least of such repose as their circumstances admitted of, but he yielded to the opinion of his friend, that the sooner they were restored to the comforts of home the better.

Two additional liteiras were hired in Santa-rem, so that Mrs. Howard and the girls, who had endured the full violence of the storm the night before, might be spared the fatigue of the morning's ride. The Marquis and Lonsdale accompanied them on horseback, but Henrique de Souza and General Mascarenhas were to follow more slowly with the coffin that contained the remains of the lamented Carlos, and owing to some difficulties as to its conveyance, they would probably not reach Lisbon till the night was far advanced.

The original plan of going by Villa Nova and descending the Tagus was still adhered to as the least fatiguing, though mournful indeed was now the voyage that had been anticipated with so much pleasure.

A brilliant day was succeeded by an evening as beautiful, and strangely at variance with the feelings of our travellers was the joyful calm that seemed to pervade all nature. The smooth waters had sparkled as if at play beneath the sunshine; and as the glorious orb went down to visit other scenes, its glowing rays seemed to convert the river into a stream of liquid fire, whilst the shore and the sky were alike

dyed in richest colouring; then, as the glare of day faded slowly, a more holy light succeeded, and night came on arrayed in a tender loveliness that spoke to the soul of a land where there is no sun, no darkness, no death, no weeping, and no sin.

Silently the boat flew along, and scarce a sound broke on the stillness save the splash of the oar and its monotonous noise as it turned on the gunwale. The hearts of the mourners were too busy for words, and even the sighs of the Marchioness were hushed—exhausted with weeping and subdued under the mysterious influence of the beauty around her, she ceased to pour forth her sad complaints, whilst her husband and daughters, with minds less concentrated on themselves, thought of him who had so eagerly planned that week's excursion, and whom Heaven had so suddenly torn from their love.

Emily lay with closed eyes resting on her mother's arm, but occasionally she raised her head, and her hand sought Sophia's, as if to assure her by that mute caress of all her love and sympathy. Wearied and ill, she thought not of herself, but Lonsdale had noted her unselfish care for others, and now watched with

dangerous interest her drooping languid form ; he asked no question yet of his spirit why it was that her beauty and her goodness stole over him more and more, with a sense of some still unfathomed woe ; the sweetness of her presence lulled even *his* prudence beneath its spell, and when his mother whispered once in his ear, "Darling Emily, her heart is broken with pity," a tear moistened his eye as he replied, "May Heaven preserve her from all heavier sorrows."

All except the Vasconcellos family proceeded at once to Cintra on landing at Lisbon. Mrs. Howard and Lady Lonsdale were anxious to see their daughters restored to its more healthy atmosphere and the repose of their quiet homes, but the family of Carlos must await in Lisbon the trying ceremonial of his funeral, and with tears and embraces, the friends, who had been companions through scenes so trying, parted, murmuring broken words of sorrow.

The travellers on their return to Cintra, passed some time in complete retirement from general society, and day after day Lonsdale enjoyed the dangerous delight of intimate companionship with Emily ; and it was not until

the period drew near for his return to England, he became aware that, for the first time in his life, a far more severe pang was awaiting him than his parting from his mother and sister.

To marry and incur new expenses, when already these beloved beings required nearly all his reduced income to maintain them in their altered position, was an idea that had always seemed impossible to him ; he had often assured them, he had in their affection all the domestic comfort matrimony could have given him, and he was aware that he had at length succeeded in persuading them that this was true ; he had himself believed it, for never till now had he been tempted to long for a dearer love than theirs, and the conflict he endured was a dreadful one, for Lonsdale, though reserved amongst strangers and calm in manner, had feelings of no ordinary strength, and his daily enjoyment of life depended more on his affections than is the case with many men who yet seem to love more objects than he did, and who are also more demonstrative in their attachments.

He had heard Mrs. Howard, one evening the previous summer, relating to Lady Lonsdale that through a strange oversight of her father's,

Emily had been left entirely unprovided for during her mother's life, and that they owed in great measure the ease of their present circumstances to an annuity that would cease at her death. It made little impression at the time; but now every word of the details returned to him with a cruel distinctness, now when it appeared almost sacrilege to associate the image of Emily with thoughts of cold prudence or expenditure.

With an anguish of mind that made him cruel to himself he dwelt on her charms, and pictured what life would be with one so lovely and so gifted. Then there arose before him the forms of his mother and sister, with the remembrance of the *pittance* he had vowed should suffice for all his personal wants, that they might lack nothing essential to their long-established ideas of comfort.

The storm of passion was severe, for Lonsdale was nothing more than a man, albeit a noble-minded one, but integrity triumphed at last.

"No, sweet Emily," he exclaimed, "I will not even *try* to win your love—I will not try to bind you to one who cannot offer you a

allied to marriage or attachments, there would then be a trouble in her eye, and a rapid, anxious glance at Christina that perplexed her friend, and made her long yet dread to ask an explanation.

One day, about a month after Carlos' death, Emily ventured to ask Christina where Henrique de Souza was, but the only reply to her question was one of those lengthened shrugs of the shoulder so common in every Portuguese, and so inexpressibly significant. It was unaccompanied by a single word; but Emily knew that it meant to convey to her that something was wrong, and that she must ask no question.

The last days of September drew near, and one morning Emily hurried, soon after breakfast, to the Vasconcellos Quinta, to tell Sophia of a letter they had received that morning from Courtenay.

When she reached the house, she found Sophia alone, in a little morning room, that was always given up for her use and Christina's, as a sort of study, where they might sing or draw, free from the interruption of their mother's visitors. She was seated beside an open window, holding in her hand a beautiful piece of em-

broidery, on which an indifferent observer might have fancied her busily engaged, but her fingers moved languidly, and her form was bent low over her work. When her friend entered she looked up, but did not smile, as she extended her hand and offered her a seat, asking her, at the same time, a few trifling questions, as if she could not speak of anything that came near her heart.

"How is your mamma?" she asked in a few minutes.

"Mamma is very well indeed to-day," answered Emily; "she has had a great pleasure this morning, which has done her good, and so have I, dear Sophia," she continued, laying her hand on her friend's with a gentle pressure, that claimed an accustomed sympathy: "Arthur is coming to us—he will be here in a month—he says we may positively expect him, as he has made all his arrangements to come, and will not leave us again for a year at least."

"How very happy you will be, dear Emily," said Sophia in a voice most mournfully sweet, yet without a smile or look of pleasure; and Emily had no heart, as she met her eye, to say anything in confirmation of her words.

To speak of happiness to one who looked so wearied of life, seemed almost a mockery of her sufferings, and Emily began to regret having spoken of Courtenay at all.

"Dear Sophia," she exclaimed at last, "I cannot be happy if you are not so also; oh, when shall I see you smile again—your dear, bright smile?"

"Never," answered Sophia, "never—my happiness is over."

"Oh, do not say that, my own Sophia," said Emily, earnestly. "Remember, although you have lost your brother, Heaven has left you many blessings. When will Henrique come?"

A look of deep misery took possession of Sophia's face at this question. She did not answer, but sat gazing at the scene from the window, and large tears slowly filled her eyes and dropped upon her hands.

Emily hardly knew what she feared as she watched her, but kneeling beside her, and folding her arms round her, she exclaimed:

"Where is Henrique, dearest? why does he not come to comfort you?"

Sophia's tears fell more and more rapidly for a few moments; then in a broken voice she said:

"I do not know where he is ; I do not know when he will come ; I know *nothing* of him."

"But do you not ask?" said her friend.

"Ah, Emily," replied Sophia, "if you knew what it is I dread to hear—and yet I *have* asked ; at first I did so boldly, but I soon saw there was some mystery. My father never names him at all, and even Christina has been forbidden, I can perceive, to talk to me of him."

"Forbidden!" exclaimed Emily. "But why? For what possible reason can this be?"

Sophia shook her head without reply, and then covering her face, Emily saw tears force their way between her fingers.

For some time they sat together in silence ; then Emily asked, gently :

"When did he leave you, dearest? how did he take leave of you?"

Sophia dried her tears, and looking into her friend's face, said, with a mournful calmness :

"He did not take leave of me at all. About a week before we returned here, I was told one morning, that his father had not been very well, and had sent for him into the country, and he had set off at day-break. He had been

with us the evening before, as usual, and I expected to see him that day, but I have never seen him again."

"And where is his father?" asked Emily.

"His father is again in Lisbon," replied Sophia; "but Henrique is not there. This I ascertained through my old nurse; but *where* he is, she could not discover. He has not written to me, and I know not how to obtain any information concerning him. If General Mascarenhas were here, he would, I know, assist me; but he is gone to take command of the troops in the Minho, and in him I have lost the only friend to whom I could apply.

Poor Sophia had not hinted all this time at what was the nature of her fear, but Emily, inexperienced as she was, had heard too many discussions in her mother's house, on the domestic life and customs in Portugal, not to guess at something near the truth, as her mind rapidly went over all the circumstances connected with the death of Carlos, and which might now affect Sophia's engagement to the heir of a family quite as ancient and as proud as his own.

Long did the two girls sit silently gazing at

the scene from the window, and when Emily rose to go away, Sophia took her hand, and said, in a tone that pierced her heart, it was so piteous :

“ You do not try to comfort me !”

“ I will pray for you, dear, dear Sophia,” said Emily, bursting into tears. “ I will pray for you, and you must put your trust in God.”

A fortnight after this visit, Emily received the following lines from Sophia :

“ We are to leave Cintra to-morrow. I have got permission to take a walk with my old nurse. Meet me with yours, dear Emily, near our Quinta gate, at eleven o'clock.”

When Emily obeyed this summons, she found her friend looking so ill that she could not bring herself to ask a question ; she merely pressed her hand in hers, and walked on in the direction Sophia herself took.

They proceeded thus in silence up the hill that leads out of Cintra, and Emily fancied Sophia must intend to go to the Pena Convent, but she continued on the Lisbon road, and her companion, though surprised, felt unwilling to tease her with trifling questions or remarks.

"Are you going to Ramalhão* dearest?" asked Emily at last, feeling uncomfortable at this selection for a morning walk of a road so public.

Sophia shook her head, then suddenly pausing and looking around her, she saw that they were close to the grave† of the two brothers whose tragical fate at that very spot, forms one of the traditions of Cintra. That solitary grave by the wayside, with its simple cross, the story of which she had so often told lightly and carelessly, hardly realising all the suffering its heroine must have endured, now seemed to strike her imagination as if she saw it for the first time, or for the first time had heard its history. She gazed at the mound of earth, the monument of all that human love, that passionate despair; and then, as if she thought the spot well suited for one on whom death had brought such desolation, she seated herself upon

* One of the royal palaces, almost a mile and a half out of Cintra.

† One of the young men saw his betrothed one evening in the dusk walking with another man. In a fit of sudden jealousy he stabbed the latter, and as he fell, recognised his brother. In his agony he instantly destroyed himself, and both were buried on the spot.

it, and leaning her head against the cross, with a gesture invited Emily to sit beside her.

There was something so mournfully wild in her look that Emily obeyed in silence, and their attendants stood at some distance from them.

"Is not this a very public place to sit in?" she said, after a few minutes had elapsed.

"There is no one to be seen," said Sophia. "You forget this is the day of the levee in Lisbon, and every one we know is there; no one will be passing here till evening—unless," she added, in a scarcely audible whisper, "Heaven in its mercy send *one*."

"But it would be cooler in the Ramalhão Gardens," urged her friend.

"Emily," said Sophia, with a sudden vehemence, "I came here this morning only in the almost desperate hope that Henrique, through some blessed inspiration, might escape in the bustle of this morning's ceremony at Lisbon, and come—and come to bid his poor Sophia farewell."

"Farewell!" repeated Emily, almost in a whisper.

"Yes!" continued Sophia, with a look of agony, "to bid me farewell! Have you not heard that, having been ordered first to love each other, we are now ordered to part, and be as if we had never met? Do you not know that the Marquis de Vasconcellos would rather hear his daughter perjure herself before Heaven and men than that his name should be lost in that of the Souzas? do you not know that my mother would rather see the heiress of her family *die*, than infringe one point of heartless etiquette to save her?"

Sophia's pale lips curled in scorn as she spoke these words with passionate rapidity, and her usually sweet voice was harsh and broken.

Emily passed her arm round her in silence; she thought there was *no* comfort for such a sorrow as Sophia's.

"Emily!" exclaimed Sophia, "did you know this? Have you no words—have *you* also no pity?"

"Oh, Sophia, I feared it; I heard them talk of the possibility: but it is too dreadful

—it will kill you !” and Emily burst into tears.

“ Kill !” repeated Sophia, bitterly ; “ ah, if it would *kill*, there would then be hope ; but it is so difficult to die ! Could you know,” she continued, in a softer tone, “ the anguish I have endured, the mortal agony of my first fear, the tears I have shed, that have seemed as if they must flow for ever, the daily-increasing dread, the feverish misery of suspense ; could you know one *half* the suffering of this last month of fasting days and sleepless nights, you would wonder to see me even thus. Life still seems so strong within me, wasted as I am,” and Sophia looked mournfully at her hands, now thin and sickly-looking, which a few weeks before had been to her, in their beauty, a subject of girlish vanity.

Her eyes fell upon a small enamel ring on her third finger, which Henrique had given her as a pledge of their engagement, and fondly pressing it to her lips, she laid her head on Emily’s shoulder, and wept in unchecked emotion.

Raising her face, after a few moments, she pointed to the ring, and said :

"When he placed that upon my finger, I was ordered by my father to look on him as my affianced husband. Can Heaven smile on such acts as these? can they have a right to break now the bond we entered into then with their full consent?"

"Perhaps they may yet relent," said Emily, though hardly feeling the hope she suggested; "surely some of your friends will plead for you—the Empress, who has always loved you—"

Sophia shook her head, almost impatiently.

"Emily," she said, "you know my country too well to believe there is hope for me in that. What friend would plead for me, when *my* happiness would be considered a bad precedent for others, an evil example for every daughter of Portugal? even Christina hardly pities me; and, as for the dear Empress, she does love me, I believe, but she is a foreigner, and dares not counsel anything opposed to Portuguese prejudices. Had Dom Pedro lived, her influence with him might—alas! alas!" she exclaimed, suddenly interrupting herself, "had Dom Pedro lived! oh, my Carlos! these were almost the last words I heard *thee* say, and how little did we dream of all that has befallen us since."

She buried her face in her hands, and for a long time the two girls sat in silence. Emily remembered that Lonsdale had one day said, "Does her religion give her no comfort?" but to her ardent romantic mind, submission to such a trial presented not one cheering thought, and she was too ingenuous to utter common-places which her heart denied.

Suddenly a horse's gallop was heard, and Sophia starting up, shaded her eyes from the sun, and strained them in the direction whence the sound came. For an instant even Emily hoped the rider might be Henrique, as he rapidly approached the place where they were seated; but another moment destroyed that hope, and a young English midshipman, who had got leave of absence for a day, galloped past them to spend it at Cintra.

Sophia wrung her hands despairingly, and groaned aloud:

"He will not come, he will not come!" she exclaimed, sinking again upon the grave from which she had risen. "Alas! could he not feel certain I would try to meet him? Oh, Henrique, come to me!"

Again a long silence. Sophia sat with her

face buried in her hands, and Emily, with her arm round her waist, occasionally pressed her fondly to her heart, and gazed along the unusually deserted road. Sometimes a little child ran past them, sometimes a peasant with his donkey came near the spot, and pausing in his song as he saw the two young ladies with their attendants, raised his hat in a mute salutation, and went on his way in silence; there was something in the attitude of Sophia and in Emily's face that checked even the usual words that might have claimed an answer.

At last Sophia raised her head, and looking around her with an expression of despair, she burst into a fit of passionate weeping.

"My poor Sophia," said Emily, "he could not guess that you would be here at this very hour."

"But *I* should have guessed it had *he* been here!" exclaimed Sophia. "Oh, Emily! is it only women whose hearts inspire them thus? Can it be that he will give me up without an effort? I know, I know that if I do not see him to-day we shall never, never meet again."

"What is it they propose to you besides this separation?" asked Emily, who had as yet no

very distinct idea of all that was awaiting her friend. "You *must* meet Henrique in Lisbon: they cannot shut you up like a prisoner."

"They have told me nothing," said Sophia; "but that I must think of *him* no more. Ah, Emily! do you remember how poor Carlos longed for freedom? and now I know how heart-breaking that longing must have been. Oh! my brother, how often have I blessed thee for saving me from a watery grave, and now it seems but as if I had been preserved for a death more slow and cruel."

"Nay, dearest," said Emily, "do not yet despair, there is still a hope whilst you and Henrique are free."

"Do you call us free, merely because they have not yet promised us elsewhere? because a bargain has not yet been concluded which shall give Sophia de Vasconcellos to some man who will *consent* to take her with all her lands and honours, and bear her name in preference to his own?"

An angry scorn flashed for an instant from Sophia's eyes, but it was quickly succeeded by a look of hopeless misery, and turning gently to Emily, she said:

"Am I keeping you here too long, dearest? I fear you may be tired."

"Oh no, do not think of that," she exclaimed, "my only fear is for you."

Sophia gratefully pressed her hand, and again they sat in silence. In about a quarter of an hour Sophia rose with a heavy sigh and looked wistfully along the road, but neither horseman nor pedestrian was there. Her lip curled for a moment, then raising her eyes to heaven she murmured:

"Henrique, farewell—farewell!"

They retraced their steps homewards, slowly and silently. Emily made no attempt to console one whose grief almost filled her with awe, but when they reached the gate of Sophia's home, the latter fixed her mournful eyes upon her face, and taking both her hands, said with a sweetness Emily long remembered:

"May *you* be happy, and when it will not distress you too much, remember me, and pray that I may have patience to endure what has been appointed for me."

Emily tried to speak, but tears choked her voice, and she could only wind her arms round Sophia, and hold her closely to her breast.

CHAPTER X.

"A record of the path which leads through life—bitter from love, bitter from hate—the very truth is strange."

ARTHUR COURTENAY returned to Lisbon in the month of October, and Mrs. Howard left Cintra a fortnight sooner than she intended, to indulge Emily in a fancy she had conceived, to alter the furniture of his apartment, and remodel it according to her own taste.

Her mother smiled with some anxiety as she saw the trembling eagerness with which she looked forward to his coming, and yet with all the romantic devotion that made her colour come and go whenever he was named, there was still a childish unconsciousness that enabled her to speak as freely of him and of her own joyful anticipations as she had ever done in the

without diminishing their affection and confidence.

At first Emily felt this change as a painful restraint, and a great contrast to all she remembered of earlier days; and though she felt, at the same time, that Courtenay's tact had not erred in thus considering her with so much delicacy, she almost wished herself again a child, so difficult did she find it to be at once the loving sister, the lively companion, and the sedate and distant maiden.

Yet her own pure mind and womanly dignity, would have sufficed to effect that for which her inexperience had so little prepared her; and after a few days she ceased to regret the past, confessing to herself that there was a far greater charm in being treated by a man like Courtenay as one whose years entitled her to respect, than if he had still considered her as a mere plaything.

Courtenay was, in fact, nearly as much altered as Emily. His tall form had a greater look of strength, his cheek was darker from exposure to various climates; his manner was more formed, and his conversation, whether grave or gay, gave the idea of one who had

seen, and thought, and felt much. The gay youth was now a man nearly twenty-nine years of age, gentle yet dignified in his deportment, experienced in the world, well read in every species of literature, and gifted with no common talent for imparting to others all that might interest them out of the rich stores of his own mind.

Emily thought the world could not contain another being so accomplished, or so noble-minded, and her veneration for his sentiments soon equalled her affection for himself.

They were indeed well met as companions, and Courtenay had not been many days in Lisbon ere he thought Emily the most fascinating being he had seen since he left it. They read, they sang, they painted together. Their intimate companionship, under such altered circumstances, had all the charm and excitement of a new interest; and Mrs. Howard, who was alike the object of the tenderest care to each, began to watch with an anxious heart, the progress of feelings which she saw from their commencement, whilst the two so deeply interested were yet unconscious of them.

An undefined presentiment of evil came over her, whenever she saw Courtenay gazing on her

with one who had known and loved her from her cradle, added to the natural shyness of a young girl who involuntarily seeks to veil the very feelings she is longing to pour forth, led to perpetual misunderstandings on his part, of which she was herself the innocent cause. Thus it frequently occurred, that when Arthur's manner had caused an emotion, which must in another have called forth either a word or a look, that would have betrayed it to him who was watching daily for some such signs of hope, he was chilled by some playful expression that seemed to mark so plainly the old sisterly affection, and nothing more, that by degrees he came to suspect that it was in gentle consideration for himself, she had adopted this mode of showing him her wishes.

It was a very bitter thought to him, and the relinquishing hopes that had become most dear, was not a task that could be accomplished in a few days, whilst he still daily and hourly lived with the captivating girl who had inspired them. No feeling of resentment, however, for a moment dwelt in his generous heart; he felt only too deeply the exquisite sweetness and truth of Emily's character, and he simply thought that,

having been accustomed all her life to love him as a brother much older than herself, she had not the power to view him in any other light.

Another suspicion had suggested itself to him at this period. It was caused partly by her devotion to Sophia, partly by her own manner whenever Carlos' death was named. He had asked himself, once or twice, if it was possible that she had loved that unfortunate young man; and when this idea dwelt in his mind, even for an hour, he no longer marvelled at what he fancied her indifference to himself.

Yet he could not altogether reconcile this suspicion with her cheerfulness of spirits; he could imagine her, in her strong sense of duty, making an effort for her mother's sake, or from womanly delicacy, if, as he believed, there had been no engagement or explanation between her and Carlos; but her keen enjoyment of all the pleasures of her home implied a freedom from regret, inconsistent with the idea of such a disappointment.

"Must you indeed leave us again this evening, Emily?" he asked, about five months after his return to Lisbon. "I begin to feel quite jealous of Sophia de Vasconcellos, she mono-

polizes you so completely, surely it cannot be necessary that you should go there every evening."

This was said in a low tone, with his eyes fixed scrutinisingly on her face, as she sat working after dinner near the fire, for it was now the month of March, and the evenings were cold even in Lisbon; her mother and Margarida de Macedo sat on the other side of the fireplace, but they were engaged in an earnest conversation carried on almost in a whisper, and Emily was thus left to a species of *tête-à-tête* with Arthur. An undisturbed conversation with him alone was a happiness she always coveted, and yet whenever it occurred, a trembling nervousness took possession of her that caused a restraint of manner so opposed to the affectionate frankness with which she treated him at other times, that Courtenay had more than once been deeply wounded by it, and had at length begun to suspect that, having discovered the altered nature of his love for her, she wished to mark in this way the exact limit of her own affection.

It was true that *she* had discovered *his* love, and day by day her heart had throbbed

more wildly as she fearlessly yielded it all to him, and lived now only in a blissful dream of a future passed by the side of one who had been since her infancy her ideal of perfection.

She understood his low thrilling voice now, as he addressed these few words of remonstrance to her, and his earnest gaze—all spoke a language her own heart had taught her to read, but it had never entered her imagination, that there was anything in herself which he might misinterpret.

Her eye fell beneath his look ; she longed to tell him, that for her there was no enjoyment excepting in his presence, that to her it was a sacrifice greater than she could express, to leave him ; but maiden delicacy checked the words truth would have dictated, and Emily took refuge in a manner which Arthur often found almost more painful than the silent reserve which had sometimes veiled an agitation, about to betray itself in tears.

She laughed—a light, careless laugh—and then said :

“ You cannot expect me to think that my presence is absolutely needful *here*, when you

have Madame de Macedo and mamma, to keep you company."

The words were nothing, if she had only met his eye, and let him read in hers one half of the emotion his own look had caused; but whilst she grew cold, and inwardly trembled with expectation of what he might say next, she seemed entirely absorbed in preparing her work-box for her evening visit.

She did not even see his look of disappointment; but in a few moments she spoke again from mere nervousness.

"Poor Sophia!" she said, "I may not have her long: her father is quite resolved to force this marriage on her."

"I thought from what you told me yesterday," said Arthur, now leaning back in his arm-chair, and fixing his eyes on the ceiling, "that she was equally resolved to resist?"

"Poor Sophia, what a fate!" sighed Emily.

"Is not General Mascarenhas a very good man, and much attached to her?" asked Courtenay.

"But *so* much older than she is," said Emily; "and as to being attached to her, it could only be

like a brother or father ; he used to carry her about when she was a child, and could never have dreamt of marrying her."

"And do you think it is the difference of their years only, that makes this marriage so repugnant to her?" asked Arthur.

"Of course it must have some effect," said Emily; "she respects him, and has a sort of affection for him; but as to love—"

Arthur sighed, and a look of embarrassment that stole over his face, made Emily stop for a moment in what she was saying. She could not guess that he repeated to himself her words, "a sort of affection," adding, "yes, she can distinguish between affection and love," and after a moment's pause, she went on unconscious of all her expression had suggested.

"You must remember also," she said, "that Sophia loves another person, so different from Monsieur de Mascarenhas, that she has hardly a chance of ever being able to reconcile herself to such an exchange."

"You do not mean surely," said Margarida, who had heard these last words, "that Sophia still loves Henrique de Souza? Why, he is absolutely as if dead to her—as much divided

from her as if the grave had closed over him."

"But even death does not kill affection," said Emily, sorrowfully; "it is that which alone resists the slow corruption of the grave, and grows in strength and beauty, whilst everything but itself decays."

Again Arthur sighed, but it was too faintly for Emily to hear it, and Margarida, with tears in her eyes, said:

"You are right, dearest, and yet you are also wrong; there is a moral death that kills respect, and turns the sweetest love to bitterness."

"Is Henrique unworthy?" asked Emily; "do you know anything of him?"

"He has forgotten Sophia," answered Margarida, "he loves her no more."

"It would have been better if he had died," murmured Emily; then raising her eyes to Arthur's face, she met his fixed on her again, with a gaze so earnest that she had hardly uttered the words before a deep blush suffused her face, and Margarida seeing her confusion, and understanding it better than Arthur did, relieved her by continuing the conversation.

"Perhaps," she said, "you may be mistaken in thinking Sophia has less chance of being happy with General Mascarenhas than with a younger man. The marriage is irreproachable, as far as relates to family and fortune. Monsieur de Mascarenhas will bring a large addition to the Vasconcellos' wealth, and his son, if he has one, will bear the title. He proposed for Sophia before her engagement with Henrique de Souza; but her father then hoped to make her happy with a companion more suited to her in years and tastes; now that she declares she will never love again, he thinks she will be in safer keeping with his long tried friend, than with a husband who might treat harshly a bride so unwilling."

"Perhaps he is right in that," said Mrs. Howard; "but, my dear Margarida, the whole system of marriage-making in this dear country of yours is detestable. Such solemn vows should never be taken, except when the heart goes with them."

"That may be true," said Margarida; "but name to me a country where this is the case. Not your free England, my dear friend, where girls boast of their liberty, and where, I believe,

there are more instances of unhappy marriages than here or in any other country, where the parents dispose of their children."

"Oh no, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Howard and Courtenay together; "that is saying too much."

"There may not be avowed unhappiness," said Margarida, "but there is indifference. And how many girls rashly give themselves away, out of mere gratified vanity, or dazzled by some show of qualities which they discover, when too late, to be a deception; nay," she added smiling, as she saw Courtenay about to speak, "I have still more to plead on my side; you will say, that in these cases, the heart might be sincere, though deceived; but what do you say to the daily instances of young girls accepting husbands, voluntarily, and independently for no consideration but the position and establishment they offer. Surely, the Portuguese girl who simply obeys her parents in her marriage, is more respectable, more innocent, more likely to be blest in her home than one who sells herself for so many thousands a-year."

"My dear Margarida, you are quite eloquent," said Mrs. Howard, smiling.

"But am I not right?" asked Margarida,

whose cheek was flushed with the excitement of her defence, and who looked, for the moment, again young and handsome.

"There is a great deal of truth in what you say," answered Courtenay; "but I can see no possible excuse for this cruel separation of two young people like Sophia and her lover, whose parents first of all sanctioned and brought about their attachment."

"Ah, for that I can say nothing," said Margarida, sighing; "all the prejudices of our aristocracy must be destroyed before you could alter the custom that has separated many besides poor Sophia and Henrique. But now that they *are* separated, what would you do? Leave Sophia to break her heart at home, as an English girl would wish to do, or provide for her a noble-minded husband, and give her new duties and interests that may drive the past from her memory?"

"Ah, Margarida," said Emily, rising, "you do not speak now like yourself; but I must go to my poor Sophia, and I think if you saw as much of her as I do, you would wish her to be left to mourn in her own way, not driven into a position she loathes the idea of.

She would soon be very calm and cheerful if they would leave her in peace at home: she would come to consider Henrique really lost to her, and only grieve for him as if he were dead."

She looked in Courtenay's face, as if she expected him to agree with her; but he said nothing, and at this moment a servant announcing the carriage that was to convey her to Sophia, Arthur wrapped her in her shawl with his usual tenderness of manner, and then led her down stairs.

Emily wondered at an unusual gravity in his look; but he pressed her hand kindly as they reached the door, and said:

"Good night, dearest! I shall go to the club, and shall not see you again I suppose this evening."

She threw herself back in the carriage. "What a fool I am whenever he is with me alone; why did I not say I should be home at ten, and *ask* him to return? I should have done so when I was a child. Oh, Sophia, you do not know how much I leave to go to you!"

And Arthur went, as he had said he would, to the club, but he felt in no humour for society,

and he threw himself, in considerable depression of spirit, on a sofa in a retired corner of the saloon.

As he passed his eye carelessly along the columns of various newspapers, he was suddenly startled by hearing two Portuguese, who were seated at a table near him, discussing pretty freely the present state of the Vasconcellos' family. Courtenay's face was from the speakers, and they must have been unconscious of his being the occupant of the high-backed sofa that stood so near them, for in a few minutes one of them named Emily.

"There is no doubt, whatever," he said, "that poor Carlos loved her; and Monsieur de Mascarenhas even thought, that had he lived, the chances were great that he would have rebelled at the last against the *Mello* alliance. He said he never saw a man more madly *épris*."

"I don't wonder," said his companion; "she is as beautiful as an angel, and some say as good also. And did she return this love?"

Courtenay's heart beat quick, and he made a slight movement to rise, then paused for the answer.

"These English girls are more slow and

deliberate in their attachments than our women, at least so it is said, and Mascarenhas declares that he saw no indication of her returning his affection, until the poor youth fell over that fatal bridge. He says, that then her agony was most touching."

"Well, at all events," returned the second speaker, "she is not going to break her heart about him now. She looks perfectly calm and cheerful."

"Yes; but the pride of these Englishwomen would carry them through anything, and they think any betrayal of a softer emotion, indelicate. A Portuguese girl glories in her love, and rarely seeks to disguise it, whilst I believe Miss Howard would rather die than give reason to suspect that she had felt anything warmer than friendship for poor Carlos, and her self-command is wonderful."

"Wonderful, indeed, if this be true—wonderful and hardly to be desired."

The speakers now commenced a game at *écarté*, and when from time to time their dialogue re-commenced, the subject was changed.

Courtenay sat until long after eleven on the sofa, where he had heard so much that agitated

his spirit. Nearly every one in the room but himself was engaged at cards, and to all appearance he was absorbed by the English papers brought by the last packet; but many bitter, mortifying thoughts were crowding on his mind, and small was the attention he gave to the Parliamentary debates on which his eyes were fixed.

"She had then loved another—a man so much his junior, so much more suited to her! Why had he not returned to Lisbon the previous year?—it had been his own fault—he might have won her then. Was there now no hope? He must endeavour to ascertain this. He could not *bear* to think she could have loved another better than himself."

Such were the thoughts that now hurried through his mind, recurring again and again, and keeping him spell-bound for some hours to the spot where he had heard the remarks that had been so painful.

The *écarté* players went on with their amusement, game after game, little guessing the excitement they had caused; and when at last Courtenay rose to go home, and his movement made them look round to see who was near

them, one said to the other, "When did Mr. Courtenay come in?" and the answer was, "I don't know. What were we saying about Miss Howard? I hope we have not done any mischief."

He was relieved to find the family had retired to rest before he reached home. He did not wish to see Emily that night, and the following morning she did not appear at breakfast. Her mother said she had been much distressed the evening before by a scene with Sophia, who was half distracted, and that she had persuaded her to remain some hours later than usual in her room. Courtenay remembered the dialogue he had overheard at the club, and tried to read Mrs. Howard's face, but she, unconscious of all that was passing in his mind, only strengthened his suspicions by every remark she made.

Had he witnessed the storm of agony and passion at which Emily had been present, he would not have wondered to find her unnerved by it, and could hardly have thought it necessary to seek any other explanation for her indisposition of that morning.

When Emily reached the Vasconcellos' palace the previous evening, she was asked by the

servant to proceed at once to Sophia's apartment, instead of joining the family in the drawing-room. On entering that well-known room, which had been the children's nursery, and where Emily had spent many of the merriest days of her life, she started back with alarm as her eye fell on her friend, who lay stretched on the sofa, her dark hair covering her neck and face in rough confusion, her arms extended, and her whole form having that peculiar appearance that accompanies insensibility.

Emily's first impulse was to call back the servant who had just closed the door—her next to rush to the sofa, and throwing herself on her knees beside her friend, to call to her with every endearing epithet, clasping her hands in hers, and trying to turn her face, which was buried in the pillows.

A long piteous moan broke now from Sophia's lips, and in a few moments she raised her head. Pale, ghastly, beyond all Emily had ever witnessed in a human face, it seemed as if every drop of blood must have fled from the sunken cheeks and quivering lips, whilst her eyes blazed as if a hot flame were burning behind their dilated pupils.

"Sophia! Sophia!" exclaimed Emily in terror, and hid her face in her hands.

For a few seconds she sat thus, trembling—then Sophia gently drew away her hands and said:

"I am not mad, Emily—would to God I were."

"Oh, Sophia, what do you say? Ah, do not tempt Heaven by such words, my dear, dear Sophia."

"Tempt Heaven!" she repeated with a tone of scorn. "It is *I* that am tempted of Heaven."

"Oh, Sophia, you terrify me," exclaimed her friend, "I cannot stay if you utter such wicked things. Oh, dearest, ask Heaven to pardon you that dreadful sentence."

"Pardon," murmured Sophia bitterly, "ah, what may I not have to ask pardon for yet—I, who so short a time ago—but no—I will not look back on what I *was*, and thus make what I *am* more intolerable." And with a low, hysterical laugh, she laid her head again upon the pillow of the sofa, and long sighs and heavy groans shook her slight wasted form.

Emily waited in silence until she raised her

head ; she only clasped in hers one of Sophia's hands, and pressed it tenderly in token of her sympathy.

" Ah, Emily," exclaimed Sophia, looking at her almost reproachfully, " it is very easy to blame those, who, when sorely tried, behave like human beings, and not like angels ; and eternal woe indeed is ours, if God judge us as we judge each other."

" Nay, dearest," said Emily, with tears streaming from her eyes, " I did not mean to judge you ; but do not say that Heaven is tempting you to *sin*."

Sophia cast up her eyes for a moment, in silence, as if to appeal to the Divine Power she had offended.

" But some one must be to blame," she said, " for all this miserable wrong they are doing ; and I ask myself, again and again, ' Is it I ? ' What have I done to deserve this sorrow ? Was it a fault of mine that made them bring Henrique to me, and bid me love him ? Was it through fault of mine, that Carlos died ? Oh, Carlos, Carlos, would that I had died for thee, my brother !"

Tears now burst from her eyes, and Emily

rejoiced to see what she hoped was a more gentle feeling; but she did not guess all that Sophia had yet to tell her, and which had caused this unusual demonstration of passion.

After a few moments had elapsed, she said :

“Are they hurrying you about Monsieur de Mascarenhas? I do think, that if you appealed to him, he is too generous—”

She stopped abruptly, terrified at the look of anguish, mingled with hatred and anger, that suddenly convulsed the features of her companion. Sophia made an effort to speak, and then burst into a loud, wild laugh, that grew more loud and more violent each moment, and Emily was starting from her seat to ring the bell, when Sophia grasped her dress with both hands, and held her so tightly, that she could not stir. At last, the unhappy girl fell back exhausted, and gasping out the word, “water,” Emily poured out some that stood on a table near, and when Sophia had taken a long draught, she knelt by her side, and threw her arms round her, as had been a favourite habit of hers in happier days.

“My poor Emily, I have frightened you—have patience with me.”

Emily tenderly kissed her hands, and wept. Then she asked, in a low voice, "Has anything new occurred?"

Sophia shrank, as if suddenly stung to the quick, and closing her eyes, said :

"I wish to be more calm ; in a few minutes I will tell you all ; I do not wish to frighten you again."

She drew her hands from Emily's grasp, and tried to smooth back her long hair from her face and forehead. Emily rose, and taking a comb from the toilet-table, she gently and lovingly began to gather together the long, black wavy locks, which had been the glory of Sophia's days of vanity. Her heart was full of grief, as she looked down upon the faded countenance, that had been, a few months before, so brilliant ; and as she finished her work, and fastened the thick roll of hair in the simple Grecian knot that Sophia had always admired, she drew that aching, graceful head fondly to her heart, and murmured, "Oh, may God help thee !"

Sophia tried to smile ; but the smile spoke more misery than all the tears had done ; she then bathed her face and temples, and walked

once or twice across the room, as if to prepare herself for all that she must yet speak of.

When she seated herself again on the sofa, she made a sign to Emily to sit beside her, and then turning her face away from her, as if she had only wished, by this movement, to avoid her eye, she said in a forced unnatural voice, and with much rapidity :

“ I have resolved to be married to Monsieur de Mascarenhas immediately after Easter. The marriage will be by proxy, and my father will take me to Oporto, where he will meet us. He cannot leave the army for more than three days, and I do not wish a longer delay.”

Emily stared at her, half stupified with surprise. Hearing no reply, Sophia turned towards her, and looking in her face, she said :

“ Why do you not congratulate me on my happy prospects ? Is it that you feel too much pity for my intended husband ? Truly, he is to be pitied, to receive such a wreck as I am for a bride. Perhaps if he could see me, he might repent of the rash contract. Ah, it is well, it is all well !”

And Sophia again alarmed Emily, by a low,

wild laugh, whilst her words made her, indeed, think her mind was wandering.

"Is not this all very sudden?" she asked trembling. "Why must you marry by proxy; why not wait until Monsieur de Mascarenhas can come?"

Again a low, convulsive laugh.

"Ah, there are reasons," said Sophia, "which you must be told. Reasons, apart from my own impatience to meet a lover to whom I am so tenderly attached," she spoke in a tone of bitter irony. "You have not yet been informed that there is another marriage to take place in this house; but that will not be a marriage by *proxy*. Christina is to be married in May."

"Christina!" exclaimed Emily. "I had not heard it; but why must this force you away so soon? Why not wait until that, at least, is over?"

A look of death seemed to come over Sophia's face, and pressing her hand to her heart, she gasped for breath.

"You have not asked who Christina's lover is, kind Emily—you think first of the unhappy; but in a few weeks all thoughts in this house will be absorbed by the young Madame

EMILY HOWARD.

~~Souza~~ whilst Carlos sleeps in his coffin, and
~~the~~ ~~wretched~~ sister, shall be dying far from
~~her~~ ~~brother's~~ home."

"~~Maria~~ de Souza!" repeated Emily, "Ma-
~~ria~~ ~~de~~ Souza! Sophia, you do not know
~~what~~ ~~we~~ are saying."

Sophia started from her seat, and walked
~~quickly~~ up and down the apartment; her hands
~~were~~ tightly clasped together; once or twice
~~she~~ raised them above her head, with an im-
~~mense~~ gesture, and groaned aloud. After a
~~few~~ turns thus, she paused before Emily, and
~~said~~:

"Christina is to marry Henrique; he is to
~~be~~ my brother! My brother!"

She repeated these last words several times,
in a tone of heart-breaking agony; then her
eyes suddenly blazed again as they had done
when Emily entered, and her features were
violently convulsed.

"What do you think of this?" she said, her
voice growing shrill and loud. "Would you
have me to wait, ~~now~~, for the wedding of my only
sister? Think you I can bless such a brother
as that, or that my presence could do anything but
call down curses on their union? Oh, tender

parents ! oh, loving sister ! how can I sufficiently thank Heaven, and you, for the lot appointed for me ?” She spoke now with bitter sarcasm. “ Our mourning will be turned into joy, and all the world will marvel at our domestic peace. A sister supplanting a sister, who never injured her ; a wife, loathing her ties and duties ; parents commanding their children to perjure themselves. Truly, truly, it is a picture on which devils may smile.”

But this was a tone ill-suited to the usual current of Sophia’s warm, loving feelings. With all her impetuosity of character, gentleness was essential to her happiness ; and now, with a mournful cry, she clasped her hands, and exclaiming : “ Alas ! the Evil One himself seems to dwell within me now,” she burst into a flood of tears, and threw herself on the couch beside her friend.

She wept long and violently, and when she dried her eyes, she said :

“ You do not wonder now that I should no longer dream of appealing to Monsieur de Mascarenhas to set me free. Lisbon can no longer be a home for *me* ; I could not *breathe* in the same city with my sister and *her husband*, I

would put leagues between us — oceans if it were possible ; I would blot their names from my memory ; I would forget them in my prayers ; I would—”

“ Oh, stop ! oh, stop,” cried Emily, “ it is too dreadful. Oh say, dear Sophia, that you forgive all that have made you so miserable.”

“ No,” said Sophia proudly and firmly, “ I do *not* forgive ; and never will I see or speak to my sister more.”

“ Not see her !”

“ Why should I see her ? To pronounce aloud the curse that is burning away my heart ? To invoke Heaven’s wrath and punishment on their baseness ?”

“ Alas ! is it possible that so much love can turn to so much hatred ? Can you wish him, who was so dear to you, to be miserable ?”

“ Him—him !” repeated Sophia with a look of unutterable grief. “ Do I hate *him* ? Oh, would to God I did, for then I should renounce him without a pang, and this dreadful pain that is goading me to madness would cease, and I might, at least, *die* in charity with all mankind.”

Long did Emily try to soothe that troubled

spirit, but in vain. Her anguish was terrible to witness, and the greater, because the hatred and the scorn that were raging in her heart, were at variance with the generous loving confidence of her nature.

She told Emily that her father had come to her that morning to urge the plan for her marriage by proxy, and his taking her to meet her husband; that she had vehemently resisted; that he had then told her of Christina's engagement; that Henrique wished to delay his return to Lisbon until after her departure; that he was now in Paris awaiting his father's summons, and the Marquis had concluded his harangue by an appeal to her generosity not to interfere with the happiness of her only sister, and of a man who *had been* willing to devote himself to her happiness, though now separated from her by the authority of her parents and of his own.

Sophia had disdained to weep during this interview with her father, her whole frame had quivered with agony; but not a tear, as she said, "had disgraced her."

"I asked him," she said to Emily, "to give me some proof that Henrique willingly re-

nounced me, or looked forward with any anticipation of happiness to this new and strange tie between us. He showed me with a calm triumph a letter to the Count de Souza from his son. It spoke simply of a cheerful obedience to his father's wishes. I felt then," continued Sophia, in hoarse broken accents, "that far more than my earthly happiness was at stake—that I might forfeit eternity itself through their cruelty; and I knelt before my father, and prayed him to be merciful."

She paused—her voice, dry and husky with emotion, failed, and she pressed her hands on her bosom as if in pain.

"What did you say to him, dearest, and what did he answer?" asked Emily gently, after a few moments' silence.

"I prayed him not to peril my soul by this act. I told him I could not answer for myself—that I would try to forget Henrique, if only he would spare me this dreadful trial. I even promised to marry the man he had selected for me, to be patient, to be resigned, to be cheerful, if only they would not give me as a brother him who was so lately my own affianced lover. As Christina's husband, I told him I never, *never* could

forget Henrique ; that every thought of home must remind me of him ; and then I prayed him not to turn *all* my affections into bitterness. I reminded him he had now only two who called him father, and told him that if I learnt to hate and curse my only sister, the crime must be on his head. As I spoke, all the misery of the future stared me in the face ; and terrified at my own thoughts, I told him that I could not bear the lot he had appointed for me, and that the wrath of Heaven must fall on parents who drove their child to sin."

" And what did he reply ?" asked Emily again, as Sophia gazed vacantly before her, her hands clenched, her lips tightly compressed.

" He bade me rise, and then he said, as I stood before him : ' Sophia, a day will come when you will look back on this passionate emotion as on a folly of your childhood. I *cannot* grant your request, because my word of honour is pledged that this marriage *shall* take place. I will trust in your own good feelings and the instructions of your excellent confessor for a return to more gentle feelings towards your parents and sister, and I do not doubt that you will deeply regret the unnatural and wicked

feelings you are at present indulging.' I looked at him in silent despair. Oh! how thankful I am I did not weep. He turned away, and then when he had reached the door he came back to the place where I was standing, still stupified with sorrow; he looked into my face, and I fancied a tear moistened his eye—perhaps he pitied me, but he only said, 'Sophia, I shall still hope to see you a happy wife. I am giving you, my eldest and my most gifted daughter, to one of the noblest of men. He loves you too, Sophia, and is far more able to appreciate you than was the youth you are so passionately regretting.' "

Sophia had repeated all this with a wonderful calmness; it was only the tight pressure of her hands, the huskiness of her voice, and the swelling of the veins in her throat, that betrayed how violent was the inward struggle, and Emily began almost to wish that she might weep again, rather than see her thus pale and quiet, with that strange wild flame blazing in her eyes.

"What shall I do without you, my own Sophia?" said Emily, as she prepared an hour later to leave her when her carriage was announced. "I could spare you if you were

happy; but I cannot bear not to be near you when you are sad."

"I shall be with my *husband*," said Sophia, bitterly.

"And he *is* noble and good as your father said, dearest."

"And therefore is to be deceived into the thought that I accept him willingly; deceived until it is too late to save either him or me."

"But you could not hate *him*, Sophia," said Emily anxiously. "*He* is not to blame."

"If he is noble, generous, and merciful, as I have always thought him, he will at least let me *die* in peace."

"In peace! Ah, Sophia!" said Emily, sorrowfully.

"Go, go," said Sophia impatiently, "I know what you would say; but there are injuries no *human* heart can forgive."

Emily bent over her, and as she kissed her a tear fell on her forehead. Sophia looked into her face, and fondly retaining her hand in hers, she said:

"Dear, good Emily, nothing at least can ever divide *our* hearts; and there is a reason I have never yet told you, which makes me cling

to you with a warmer love within these last few months than I ever felt for you before."

"What is that reason, dear Sophia? you make me curious!" continued Emily, as her friend paused and gazed mournfully into her eyes.

"I have often wished to tell you—it can do no harm; I think *he* would have wished you to know,"—Emily began to tremble. "Did you never guess, dearest, that my poor, poor Carlos, loved you too dearly for his happiness?" Emily moved her lips to answer—but seeing her emotion Sophia went on—"He told me this on that fatal day; he spoke of you with such veneration, such tenderness—ah! Emily, how much sorrow there is in this world."

"Do not, do not speak of this," said Emily, earnestly, whilst her tears flowed freely, and her hands trembled violently. She dreaded all questions on this subject; she never could tell Sophia what had passed between her and Carlos, and how she had driven him from her side—the fond sister would look on her as his murderess; and as these thoughts crowded on her mind her agitation increased, and Sophia looked at her in sorrow and compassion.

She began to suspect that Emily had suffered more than any one had dreamt of, and forbearing to ask any questions she drew her fondly to her, and whispered :

“ It almost reconciles me to having lost him, to think how unhappy he would have been now had he lived. It is better that I should be broken-hearted than he, my dear, my noble Carlos.”

And Sophia wept again ; her brother's memory brought a gush of tenderness that melted the stony hardness of despair and hatred ; and Emily left her, thankful even for a sorrow so deep as this, in which there mingled no sin to be repented of hereafter.

When Courtenay and Emily met next day, it was already late in the afternoon. He had gone out soon after breakfast, and when he returned, she was sitting alone in the drawing-room. Her sketch-book was lying before her, and she had a pencil in her hand ; but she was not drawing, she was leaning back in her chair pale and thoughtful. To her sanguine mind, the sorrows of her friend were a sad denial of all her own bright hopes and theories of life. She had been disappointed too on first leaving her room, to find that Arthur was gone out,

and now when she saw him enter, the emotion his presence always caused, made her grow paler than before. But she smiled, and held out her hand as he approached, saying, cheerfully :

“ You were very late last night at the club ; I heard you come in. Whom did you meet there ? ”

“ The usual set,” answered Courtenay, and he looked at her in some surprise, for her pale, harassed countenance was a strange contrast to the cheerfulness of her address.

“ Can it be that she often dissembles thus ? ” he asked himself. Then he remembered the words he had heard at the club, “ her self-command is wonderful,” and, as this crossed his mind, he looked grave, but he seated himself at the table where she was drawing, and said :

“ I cannot tell you, Emily, how grieved I feel for poor Sophia de Vasconcellos. Your mother told me all that you had learnt last evening: it is too dreadful indeed.”

“ I thought you would feel very sorry,” said Emily, in a low voice ; “ and now there is no hope for her.”

“ Her brother’s death has indeed been a cruel

sorrow for her," said Arthur. "You have never told me anything about *him*," he added, suddenly. "He grew up a very delightful being, your mother says; what a fearful shock his death must have been! Tell me about it."

She grew so pale that Arthur half repented his rash experiment; she cast a hasty glance into his face, and moved her white lips in a vain attempt to speak. The next moment the blood rushed to her cheeks and brow, her eyes filled with tears, and she bent over her drawing to hide her face.

But he had watched her earnestly, and now said, in a low kind voice:

"Forgive my having so heedlessly reminded you of a scene so trying; it was foolish of me. My dear Emily, let us forget it."

If she could have read his thoughts at that moment, she would not have remained silent, letting him imagine that she was waiting for composure, to speak of one who had been too dear to her, and when at last she raised her head, she only said:

"I wish I could forget it; but I never can: you must ask some one else to describe that dreadful night. To me it is like a fearful dream;"

and she sighed to think that Sophia might have been happy with Henrique had Carlos lived.

Arthur moved away to the piano, and seating himself there, he sang in an under tone, a little English ballad, which Emily loved; but he did not invite her to go and sing with him, and he still looked grave and thoughtful. When he ceased singing, he turned suddenly towards Emily, and asked with some abruptness, if she ever saw Bernarda de Mello, who had been affianced to Carlos.

"Yes, I do sometimes," she replied; "she is still allowed to visit Sophia."

"She loved him, very truly, I am told," said Courtenay.

"I believe she did most truly."

"And they are going to marry her to some one else?" said Courtenay.

"Poor girl!" said Emily; "in every way she seems doomed to an unhappy lot. Carlos, whom she loved, was indifferent to her, and now she is indifferent to this man who, it is said, loves her."

"Still she may be happy when married."

"She would have a better chance in her present state of mind if they left her unfettered."

Courtenay looked at her earnestly, and her eyes fell beneath his. How little did she guess his thoughts, or how greatly she had misled him as to her own. *She* had no doubts of *him*; how could she dream of the strange suspicion that was now depressing him, and preparing to dispel all the visions of joy she had been indulging for the last few months?

Her mother's entrance now interrupted this *tête-à-tête*, and in a few days he left Lisbon with two English friends, who were about to make a tour through the northern provinces of Portugal and into Gallicia.

Emily felt his departure keenly; and her mother's anxiety increased as she saw how her spirits fell in his absence; but there was nothing in this journey that could not be easily accounted for by each, though they never spoke of it together. They had heard these friends of Arthur's urge him to accompany them, until he had hardly an excuse left for refusing. If Emily had only said, "stay," if she had looked at him, as if grieved for his departure, he would have decided the matter by a point blank refusal; but she smiled only more gaily, as she felt a dread of weeping, and when one of the

intended tourists appealed to her to use her influence with Arthur, she said, laughingly :

“ Oh, he will go ; he is only lazy at the thought of setting out, he will go, you will see.”

And the morning he left Lisbon, she talked only of what he must bring them, as tokens that he had actually visited all the places they had talked of.

“ Remember,” she said, “ that I particularly wish some of the beautiful boxes made by the nuns at Guimarães and Oporto, also rosaries from Braga ; and, dear Arthur, do not forget to bring quantities of sketches.”

Arthur held her hands clasped in his, and looked into her face with an expression of tenderness that made her heart beat fast.

“ I am not likely to forget you, dearest,” he said, “ neither at Braga, nor at Guimarães, nor at Oporto, nor on mountain tops, nor in rich valleys ; I will not ask you to remember me, as often as I shall think of you.”

He raised her hands to his lips, and hastily embracing her mother, the next moment he was gone.

“ Why not ask me to remember him ?” said

Emily to herself. "Ah, he knows I do remember him—he does not need to ask it."

The summer passed, and another winter came, but Courtenay spent the latter at Madrid—he had promised to do so before his return from the former excursion; his friends were to leave him there, and proceed to Granada and Malaga, and thus on to Italy; but Emily knew that he had given his word to accompany them to Madrid. She said nothing of how much she should miss him; years ago she would have hung round his neck, and pleaded with him to stay; but now, all was reserved and womanly. She heard her mother urge him not to leave them long; but *she* only busied herself to finish a new cigar-case and a smoking-cap, which were so beautiful, that she told him, with a smile:

"She felt sure not even the delicate fingers of a Spanish maiden could surpass her workmanship."

Her eyes were not yet opened; she often wondered at his leaving her, but she thought it was the difference between the love of a man and a woman, that the former must have *change* and *action*, and she could not guess

that for a brief space she had been the chosen bride of his heart, and was now once more only the "darling sister."

Too generous to dream of punishing her for what had been at first so keen a mortification to himself, Courtenay's chief endeavour was to maintain in all their intercourse the same cheerful tenderness of manner that had always existed between them; and though it had cost him, wearied as he was with the mere pleasures of the world, a struggle to relinquish all hope of winning this fair and captivating being, the young girl's fancied indifference did much to dispel his dream, and restore him to the open and brotherly fondness of former years.

But his manner deceived more persons than the inexperienced Emily. Her mother, though ~~anxious~~ saw that no one had supplanted her, and still hoped to call him her son; and even Lonsdale, keenly alive to all that concerned her, was misled by his unvarying and admiring devotion. To Lonsdale himself it had been a painful but salutary ordeal, to watch, during his usual summer visit, the signs of ~~her attachment~~ *her attachment* which were all so plain to him. The varying colour in Courtenay's presence—

her languor and depression in his absence—and he acknowledged there was mercy even in this new trial, for now there was no longer a conflict in his mind, and all he had to do was to endure. He *could not* win her now, even were he free to seek her love—it was too late—she was another's.

CHAPTER XI.

How beautiful the scenes of youth
 Awaken to the mind !
 Scenes, like the summer ocean smooth,
 Scene—fairer far, than truth
 On earth shall ever find !

* * * * *

“A green foliage decks the grove ;
 A brighter tint pervades the flower ;
 More azure seems the heaven above ;
 The earth a very bower of love,
 And man within that bower !”

MOIR.

“How glad I am,” exclaimed Emily, one morning, the second summer after Courtenay’s return to them, “how glad I am, sweetest mother, that you and Margarida have finished that dismal conversation. Surely you are too

gloomy in your views, and I felt inclined," she added playfully, "to interrupt you with a homily on gratitude. Oh, yes, indeed—indeed it was too bad in Margarida to say this world was *only* a scene of trial and disappointment—and you almost agreed with her. If you are right, I must have a bold heart to rejoice in such a world." And Emily laughed gaily, and threw her arms round her mother's waist.

Mrs. Howard smiled, and then sighed as she passed her hand caressingly through her child's curls, and said in a low voice: "God grant that trial and disappointment may be very far from you, my beloved one."

"Look here, mother," cried Emily, throwing open the window beside which they stood, and which commanded one of the finest views in Cintra. "Look here, and tell me if this world is indeed so gloomy as you and Margarida would make it. Is not all that," she said, stretching out her arms as if to salute the fair landscape that lay smiling before her, "is not all that a proof that God intends us to be happy? If constant suffering and self-denial were our destiny on earth, would He place within our reach so many sources of enjoyment only to

mock us? Oh, mother," she added, her voice suddenly subdued by emotion, "when I look on so much beauty, it fills my heart with happiness."

"Yet, you must not wonder, Emily," said her mother, looking at her with some surprise in her countenance, "that Margarida's views of life should be different from yours. Though generally so cheerful, you know she has had many sorrows; and she cannot always banish sad recollections, even though her home is in the loveliest spot of this fair scene that fills you with such rapture. Ah, Emily, you have yet to learn that the eyes which have been blinded by tears, may not perceive the beauties on which they rest, and that wounded spirits require to look beyond the scene of their distress ere they can find peace. Would all this beauty, of which you talk, be sufficient for your happiness, if one or two of the objects most precious to your heart were suddenly withdrawn from you?"

"You are right, mother; you are right," said Emily, kissing Mrs. Howard's hand; and then she added, with tears in her eyes, "I forgot how dark this life could be to me were I deprived of your dear presence."

"Ah, Emily, you have forgotten more than

that. It makes me tremble for you, to see how a too sanguine nature triumphs over experience, that was doubtless intended to impart more wisdom. I have seen you pale and weeping over the sorrows of some dear to you, and yet you would still believe that this world is all bright and joyful."

"Oh, mamma, you are thinking of Sophia," said Emily, in a low voice; "but they do say that she is now happy, and I hope it is true."

"I hope so also," said her mother; "but you have still forgotten something else."

"What else, mamma?" asked Emily, anxiously. "Ah, how *could* I forget? It was your sorrows, my own mother—forgive me."

"No, dearest; it was this—that it is the same Divine Hand which has made the earth so beautiful, and filled it with so many sources of delight, which, at the same time, pierces so many hearts with sorrows for which the earth has no cure. And, my child, the beautiful gifts are not greater marks of love, than are the chastening trials. We must acknowledge the Hand of a tender Father in both."

Emily's eyes were again fixed on the beautiful view their window commanded, and an

expression of deep feeling passed across her interesting countenance. "I fear," she said, "that I am very foolish and very thoughtless, and you are so patient, mamma. The truth is, I felt so very happy myself this morning, that I wished every one to share in my feelings. The very air gives me a sensation of joy—the insects, and the fountain, and the gentle breeze seem all united in a song of gladness; and it distressed me to hear dear Margarida speak as if this world were only full of gloom and trouble. I fear I felt almost impatient, and now, perhaps, you think me selfish or cold-hearted, to be so absorbed in my own happiness as to forget that others were less blest."

"No, my child," said Mrs. Howard; "I do not think any one could accuse you of being either selfish or cold-hearted. I only fear that when your own day of trial comes, and come it must, the same sensitiveness that now makes you so alive to emotions of pleasure, may make the suffering almost intolerable; and I often doubt if I have trained you wisely for the harder duties of life, for there are sorrows, Emily, which no summer breeze can bear away on its wing; there is a voice in the heart speaking

ever of regrets which no melody can drown ; there are wounds which no *human* hand, however tender, can bind."

"My own dear mother," said Emily, fondly pressing her hand, for she thought her mother alluded to her own afflictions ; but Mrs. Howard was thinking far more of her child than of herself ; and, after a pause, she fixed a searching look on her face, and said earnestly :

"Examine your own heart—turn a glance inward—forget for a moment all that beauty which so delights your senses, and then tell me how it would be with you, were you suddenly deprived of one bright hope—were you suddenly to lose one being whom you now imagine to be all your own ?"

A deep crimson flushed Emily's cheek for a moment, and then vanishing as quickly as it had risen, left her pale as marble. She pressed her hand against her heart, and drew a long breath, that sounded almost like a sob. Her eyes endeavoured to avoid her mother's gaze, and her lips struggled to frame a smile, but the attempt was vain. It was the first time her mother had hinted at the knowledge of the secret hope whence sprung, in fact, much of her

present exuberance of joy, and there was something now in her voice and look, that struck a chill to the heart she had wished to question.

There was still a momentary struggle, and then Emily, hiding her face on her mother's arm, burst into tears.

Mrs. Howard sighed deeply. Her daughter looked up, and dashing away the tears from her eyes, said :

“ Why is this, mamma ? Why are we both so sad ? Why am I in tears ? Nothing has happened—” she shuddered, then hurriedly added, “ Nothing is about to happen that I know of. You asked me a question. God only knows the answer—God only knows how I might bear a broken heart—but hitherto He has loaded me with blessings, and must I not rejoice and hope ?”

“ Do so, my child ; far be it from me to cast a shadow on your hopeful spirit. I only wish you to examine a little more into the true source of happiness, which most assuredly does not depend on summer breezes and smiling landscapes.”

“ But they are to have a share,” pleaded Emily ; and once more smiling as she drew her mother into the verandah, she added playfully,

"It is not in such a home as this, that one can learn indifference to such influences. Behold! is it not a very Garden of Eden?"

She stopped abruptly—her colour rose—the trampling of a horse's hoof was heard, then a loud ring, a voice, a rapid step, and the door of the drawing-room opened.

It was Arthur Courtenay who entered; his countenance beamed with pleasure, and he had the air of one who felt secure of a welcome.

"Here I am!" he said, in his most melodious voice, as he embraced Mrs. Howard, and with a sort of mock gallantry kissed Emily's extended hand. "Here I am, returned sooner than you expected, and now I want shelter, board, and lodging for a whole week."

"A whole week! a whole year, my dear Arthur, if you will," said Mrs. Howard. "You well know that you are ever welcome under my roof, and to-day you do indeed give us an unexpected pleasure. When you left us yesterday, you seemed full of some mysterious business that was to keep you broiling for three weeks longer in Lisbon, and I do sincerely rejoice at your change of purpose, for I began to fear that I might be summoned to attend you in a brain fever."

"Perhaps my coming here may be one of its first symptoms," said Arthur, with a slight smile.

"And what is become of the trip to Seville?" asked Mrs. Howard. "Is that all at an end?"

"Why, not quite—at least, we still hold to it *nominally*, and *talk* of going in a week; but it has died a natural death, and I am not sorry. The heat at this season would be killing, and I hope it may be deferred till autumn at all events. But what has happened to Emily?" he exclaimed, suddenly looking into her face with a smile; "so silent, so absent—not one word since I entered the room!"

"Is one minute so long to keep silence?" asked Emily, laughing. "Surely I am not such a chatterbox as to make that remarkable; but if I am, I shall become more sedate, and I have been learning much wisdom this very morning."

"I hope you will never think of becoming anything you are not already," said Courtenay, looking at her with much admiration. "You are already perfect, my dear Emily, and to-day at all events you must adopt no new character; for I ventured to promise that you would join a riding-party who are afterwards to take tea at the Condessa de Lima's, and we shall all infi-

nately prefer Emily Howard, her own charming self, to any one else, however wise or learned."

Emily blushed at this flattering praise, but exclaimed immediately :

"The Condessa de Lima! I did not know she was here; I thought they were to pass the summer in Lisbon. When did you see her?"

"The family only came this morning," said Courtenay, with a slight air of embarrassment. "The heat in Lisbon caused a sudden change in their plans; all was settled yesterday, and not only the Condessa but her sister-in-law, Madame de Barros, set out this morning at nine."

"I am so glad they are come," said Emily, "for now I shall become more intimate with Inez de Sampayo, who took my fancy greatly when I saw her at Lisbon. Indeed, I believe the liking was mutual; and had we not been separated so soon, we should ere now have vowed an eternal friendship as is customary with young ladies."

An expression of pleasure appeared in Courtenay's eyes for a moment, and then gave place to one of a more undefined character, as he bent them on Emily's face and said, almost musingly :

"A charming pair, and yet how different in character!"

"How different!" she exclaimed. "What do you mean, Arthur? I assure you there was a wonderful agreement in our opinions."

"It may be so," replied Courtenay; "and yet your dispositions are very different."

"How can you know that?" she asked eagerly. "How can you have had opportunity to judge thus? A month ago you hardly knew Inez; and when I asked you to go with me to her aunt's house, you said you did not care to form an intimacy with any of them, and that they were worldly and artificial."

Courtenay hesitated for a moment; and Mrs. Howard, who was watching him closely, detected some embarrassment even under the self-possession which was in him the mere result of long association in circles where any display of feeling is an outrage on good taste. But when he caught her eye, he said immediately:

"I had an opportunity a few weeks ago of being of some slight service to the Condessa de Lima. It was in returning from a pic-nic given by some of the officers belonging to the flag-

ship, an accident occurred to her carriage, just as I was passing alone on horseback, and I remained to take charge of the Condessa and her niece, whilst the servants went to fetch assistance from a village half a mile off: a thunder-storm came on, the ladies were frightened, and the end of the story was that I rode near the carriage all the way into Lisbon, and accepted the Condessa's invitation to dine with them the following day."

"The end of the story!" repeated Emily, playfully; "that was the beginning of the story you mean: the end was that you discovered I have more penetration into character than you have, and that Inez de Sampayo is worth knowing. Another time you will attach more importance to my judgment."

Again that undefined expression gleamed in Courtenay's eyes; but he answered calmly and with a playful bow:

"It is quite pleasant to be wrong when one is corrected by such a teacher."

"I understand Inez is to be married to that Francisco de Barros, the nephew of the Conde de Lima," said Emily, who, seated at her work, had seen nothing in Courtenay's look or manner

of what was making her mother more uneasy every moment. "What sort of person is he?"

Courtenay coloured deeply, and going towards the window, said :

"Let me close these blinds—the light is quite oppressive;" then returning beside Emily's work-table, he threw himself into a large chair which placed him with his back to the window, and completely in the shade.

"Do you know Monsieur de Barros?" resumed Emily, unconscious of anything embarrassing in her question.

"I have met him at the Condessa's."

"And he is positively engaged to Inez? I hope he is worthy of her."

"By the bye, Arthur," interrupted Mrs. Howard, who wished to spare him the annoyance of replying to what evidently was embarrassing to him, "is there any objection to our asking Margarida de Macedo to accompany us this evening? Our dinner-hour is approaching, and I had intended, before you came, to ask her to walk and take tea with us."

"Oh certainly," said Courtenay; "she is a great favourite with all the party, and it is to

be merely a donkey ride to the Pena Convent to see the sunset."

"Then let me go down now to her cottage, mamma, and bring her with me to dine?" said Emily. "My conscience is not at rest about my impatience this morning, and though dear Margarida knows nothing of my offence, I shall be happier when I have kissed her again."

And without observing that Courtenay's manner was somewhat constrained, and that her mother looked unusually depressed, Emily smilingly kissed her hand to both and left the room.

The expedition to Seville to which Mrs. Howard had alluded was to have taken place in June; it was one of those projects that were constantly growing out of the facilities afforded for locomotion by the weekly steam-packets along the coast, which first bringing parties of tourists from England, left them for one week or more in Lisbon as best suited their convenience, and then conveyed them either to Cadiz or Gibraltar, at which latter place they met the Mediterranean vessels.

Courtenay, whose love of travelling was well

known, was frequently exposed to entreaties from English friends to accompany them into Andalusia; besides his own agreeable qualities as a companion, his knowledge of Spanish and of the manners and customs of the people made him valuable as a guide, and on the present occasion his own wishes had seconded those of some friends who had shown him kindness in England, and he had consented to give up part of the months of June and July to an excursion which seemed to promise no common degree of enjoyment. For this reason, he had not accompanied Mrs. Howard to Cintra on her removal for the summer, but had gone the day of her departure from Lisbon to the same hotel where his intended fellow-travellers were residing, that he might be in readiness to start with them whenever the packet was announced.

But days and even weeks went by, and packet after packet sailed for Cadiz; and Lisbon still held the whole party of tourists spell-bound. An unusual series of summer festivities, greatly assisted by the arrival of a number of foreign ships of war, had formed an excuse for one delay after another; and now nearly each one of the party had his own secret interest in the

present scene, and had ceased to talk of Murillo's paintings or Andalusian beauties, as objects that it was of vital importance to his happiness to become acquainted with.

Courtenay had expressed no small enthusiasm at first about the Spanish trip, but he was also the first who cooled in his ardour for setting out; and it was the same influence that had caused this change of feeling, that brought him also back to Cintra on the morning we have described.

He had become passionately attached to the beautiful Inez de Sampayo, of whom Emily spoke so enthusiastically, the only child of the Baron de Sampayo, the brother of the Condessa de Lima; and the Lisbon society had already begun to gossip as to the conclusion of his attentions to one who, from worldly circumstances, was a person of no small importance—even setting aside all consideration of her own very rare attractions both of person and mind. Her mother had died when she was a child, her father resided in Paris; and Inez had been entrusted a year before the period at which we have introduced her to our readers, to the care of her aunt, the Condessa de Lima, who

with her husband and children had shared for three years the Hotel of the Baron de Sampaio in the Faubourg St. Germain. She had been promised in marriage to a nephew of the Conde de Lima, and it was thought desirable that the young people should meet some time before the ceremony of their union, which was to take place in Portugal.

Francisco de Barros was the only son of the Conde de Lima's only sister, and being the heir of a large fortune he was considered a fit match for the beautiful heiress of the Baron de Sampaio, and had been looked on by herself as her *fiancée*, up to the moment of her acquaintance with Courtenay. He was not handsome, but he had a slight and graceful form, and his sallow complexion, dark eyes, and melancholy expression, always produced on a first acquaintance, a feeling of interest which was not a little increased by the courtesy of his manner, and a certain languor in his air and voice which gave the idea of some sort of suffering, either of body or mind.

His education, like that of most of his countrymen, had been desultory ; but he possessed that tact in society, that readiness in conversation for

which his nation is remarkable, and feelings as impetuous as his usual exterior was calm. His eye generally wandered from one object to another with a glance of indifference, as if it found nothing worth resting on; his voice was low and listless; but, when his passions were roused, his political prejudices, or his private feelings thwarted, the flash of his eye was startling, and his voice could assume a depth that gave to every word a double power.

He was not altogether a stranger to generous impulses, yet made it a rule to distrust all mankind, as those do who have themselves been long practised in deception; young in years, he was old in every kind of intrigue, and although ready to make great sacrifices for those devoted to himself, he hated with bitterness, and punished with all the cruelty in his power, any one who even inadvertently crossed his path, or stood between him and the gratification of a wish.

Such was the man whose rival Courtenay most unintentionally became, during a short absence of De Barros from Lisbon, at which time commenced that intimacy that owed its origin, as Courtenay had truly said, to the

trifling incidents of a broken carriage and a thunder-storm.

In justice to Courtenay, it must be said, that had he been aware of the engagement between Inez and De Barros, when he first felt how powerful was the influence she was exercising over himself, he would have avoided a society that was becoming daily more dangerous to his peace of mind ; but he was completely subdued by a witchery nearly irresistible, ere he learnt that she was intended for another, and even then the intelligence was accompanied by so many expressions of doubt as to whether the marriage would ever be concluded, that he might be pardoned for having thought himself entitled to contest such a prize, even with a rival of her father's own selection.

When Madame de Barros had proposed her son to Monsieur de Sampayo as a husband for her daughter, the young man himself had given his consent merely because it was a suitable alliance ; but his heart had no share in the compact, and he had treated Inez with an indifference that piqued her vanity and wounded all her better feelings of womanly dignity.

He considered her his own without the trouble of wooing her, and Inez resolved that

he should yet feel her power, and languish for her smiles.

They were well matched in all the arts of dissimulation.

Inez seemed satisfied with his indifference, exacted no attentions, made no effort to attract his notice ; but never lost an opportunity to bring forward in his presence, as if for others, all her powers of captivation, and, besides the personal attractions, shared by so many of her countrywomen, she possessed an advantage as yet rare among the ladies of Portugal ; her mind had been carefully cultivated, she had seen foreign lands, and could converse on many topics, with a brilliancy that dazzled, and an enthusiasm that thrilled the hearts of her listeners.

Francisco watched her in silence, struggled against her influence, and then resigned himself to love the being he looked on as his future wife. But Inez half repented the conquest she had made, when, during his absence, she became so intimate with Courtenay, a man so immeasurably superior to De Barros, that she felt as if now, for the first time in her life, she had met with one whom she could alike love and honour.

The more she felt the obstacles that must divide her from him, the more wildly did she desire to bind him to her by a spell he could never break. Accustomed to conquest, yet despising half of those who poured out at her feet their admiration and their complaints, here was one who seemed willing to wear her chain, yet whose esteem was as necessary to her as his love.

For some days after he perceived the state of Courtenay's heart, Francisco de Barros remained an unconcerned spectator of his many proofs of affection, considering it only as the homage due to the rare charms of his Inez. But one day, when Courtenay had been more tender, more interesting than he had ever been before, she allowed herself to forget they were not alone, and to answer a pleading look of his, with one so full of love and softness, that poor Courtenay felt almost dizzy with delight, and De Barros, who saw the look also, drew a long breath, and set his teeth hard together, whilst he fixed his flashing eyes upon the unconscious pair.

That day Courtenay had spoken more openly of his feelings than he had ventured to do before, and Inez, with tears in her eyes, had

hinted at the hated bonds by which, almost without her consent, she was looked on as the betrothed of another. Only a few broken sentences had passed between them, and Inez herself could not have told what it was she most desired in her heart, whether to preserve the love of such a man as Courtenay at the sacrifice of an advantageous establishment in her own country, or to secure the latter, and renounce the only being in whose presence she had ever for a moment forgotten her selfishness and her vanity.

The following morning she was summoned to a consultation held in her uncle's room on the subject of her marriage. Madame de Barros had come to urge in her son's name the immediate arrangement for its celebration, and her aunt announced to her that she had written to her father to advise its taking place before the autumn.

Inez was much agitated. She asked more time, said something of Francisco's indifference, of wishing to await her father's return, and ended by bursting into tears.

Her auditors were surprised. They had seen her admiration of Courtenay, but had never

imagined his influence could make the vain and expensive Inez hesitate for his sake to accept a man with double his fortune, and who could secure a high position for her in her native land.

But Courtenay's name was never mentioned. With the tact of true worldly wisdom, her aunt and Madame de Barros soothed Inez, treating her emotion as a thing of course ; and she heard them settle that the case should be submitted to her father, who would decide the proper period for her marriage.

From that day, until their removal to Cintra, which took place within a week, care was taken, though apparently without design, to prevent any private communication between Inez and Courtenay. He was still cordially welcomed by the master and mistress of the house ; he was daily received as an expected guest, and treated with friendly distinction, for Courtenay was always, more or less, *the fashion* in Lisbon, and his intimacy was courted by many ; but Inez seemed now absolutely haunted by De Barros and his mother. If the former left her side for a moment, the latter came caressingly to take his place ; and even at the piano, where Courtenay had so often joined her in their favourite

duets, Francisco seemed resolved to claim his privilege, and permit no other but himself to address her even there.

And how did Inez comport herself during this trying period?

With matchless art she contrived to deceive both her lovers. To De Barros she seemed daily more kind: to Courtenay she was the unresisting victim, and led him to imagine, by many a sad and pleading look, that she shared his sorrow, and entreated his forbearance.

Had it not been for these looks, he would not have endured his position for a day, but would have fled from the scene of his disappointment.

The evening before his re-appearance at Cintra, he contrived to approach Inez, when only one or two indifferent persons were near her. She was leaning over the front of the verandah, gazing on the Tagus, that looked like a lake of silver beneath the moonlight, and Francisco had only left her a moment before to answer a summons from his uncle.

"For Heaven's sake tell me what has happened!" whispered Courtenay in hurried accents. "Why can I never speak to you now?"



EMILY HOWARD.

—

VOL. II.

EMILY HOWARD.

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. DUNLOP.

" Oh Life ! without thy chequered scene
Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
Success and failure, could a ground
For magnanimity be found ;
For faith, 'mid ruined hopes, serene ?
Or whence could virtue flow ?"

WORDSWORTH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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EMILY HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

“Come, while the gorgeous mysteries of the sky,
Fused in the crimson sea of sunset lie.”

MRS. HEMANS.

THE riding party, alluded to by Courtenay, assembled about an hour before sunset, at the house of the Condessa de Lima. The ladies were all mounted on donkeys, as were most of the gentlemen; but Courtenay, and a young naval officer, of the name of Beaumont, who had ridden with him from Lisbon, preferred displaying their tall forms on horseback, to dragging their boots through the dust, or to the

amusement of one moment twisting their long limbs round a donkey's neck, and the next, sitting sideways on the broad pad used as a saddle, in the fashion of a lady, or a Coimbra student.

Emily thought she had never seen Arthur look so handsome and so noble as when he mounted his horse that evening, and, looking up to her as she stood in a verandah above the door, he smiled affectionately, and bade her make haste to put on the *pretty little bonnet* with his favourite blue flowers, as the whole party would be at the door in a few minutes.

"My Arthur! my Arthur! oh, may Heaven bless thee, my own noble love!"

These were the words whispered to herself, as the fond girl mechanically hurried to obey him; and, as her trembling fingers fastened the strings of the bonnet *he* had praised, her lips murmured his name, and her impatience to be once more at his side amounted almost to a sensation of pain.

And Arthur Courtenay murmured to himself, "Inez, Inez, my beautiful, my own!" as he cantered along the narrow road that led from

Mrs. Howard's house to that of the Condessa de Lima ; and Inez received him with a deep blush and a sweet smile, whilst she looked into his eyes with a look that thrilled to his heart, and asked where her " dear Emily " was, in a tone as earnest as if she had, at that moment, no wish stronger than to meet her friend.

They were soon summoned by the rest of the party to mount their steeds, and, as Courtenay assisted Inez in doing so, she permitted her small hand to rest in his, as if he had forgotten it ; then when she saw him turn pale with emotion, she started, and drawing back her hand, she sighed, and cast down her eyes with an expression of such mingled sorrow and affection, that even a man as practised in the world as Arthur was might be excused for not suspecting that Inez had marked him for conquest the very first day she saw him, and that every look and movement that captivated him, was the result, if not of immediate calculation, at least of *experience* in the *art* of charming, and was intended to have a certain influence on every man present.

They reached Mrs. Howard's door, and there stood Emily, with her mother, and Margarida de Macedo.

"Emily, Emily ! oh, come to me," exclaimed Inez in a beseeching tone, as she let fall her bridle, and bending forward, stretched out her arms in apparent forgetfulness of every human being, save the charming girl whose friendship she had coveted, because she felt certain it could never place her in any but a graceful position, and, because Emily's beauty, though as remarkable as her own, was of so different a character, that, when standing side by side, each attracted admiration to the other, and, without attempting a comparison between them, a stranger's involuntary exclamation was, "What two lovely girls !"

Yet never were two girls more unlike in character and in person. Their height was the same, and neither could be said to surpass the other in beauty, but there the resemblance between them ceased.

Inez was what is called a clear *brunette* ; her features were faultless, her rich black hair, folded in luxuriant bands round her small,

classical head, displayed to advantage her polished brow, and the graceful form of her throat ; but there was a decision in her upper lip, and a shade of haughtiness in her delicately chiselled nostril, that might have destroyed much of the charm of her countenance, had it not been for the matchless beauty of her dark eyes, which seemed to know no language, but that of the softest and happiest feelings. In her moments of gaiety, they sparkled with animation ; but when Inez wished to be interesting, the expression of her eyes was bewitching, and she had a manner of casting down the fringed lids and raising them again, with a look of sweetness that few hearts could resist.

But no one knew their power better than Inez herself, all unconscious as she seemed to be of this or any other charm she possessed. From the period of her mother's death, the care of her education had been consigned chiefly to a vain and worldly-minded governess, selected by her aunt, the Condessa de Lima, whose husband had left Portugal at that time, owing to a political disgust, and lived with all his family in Monsieur de Sampayo's house. An

escaped the miserable fault that tarnished her best feelings. The pernicious training of her Parisian life had indeed given her a knowledge of books and of the world, possessed by few of her countrywomen, but it had also given her a greater knowledge of evil, and a more selfish principle of action ; and it might have been well for Inez had she never left her native land, for it is no small merit in the females of Portugal that they are not only unselfish in their attachments, but that even the daily acts of politeness and courtesy, which in other nations are the result of artificial rules, are produced in them by a natural kindness and delicacy of feeling. They wish to give pleasure rather than to excite admiration, and affectation is a fault seldom seen in a Portuguese girl.

But Inez had the peculiar faults of her countrywomen, their impetuosity and their want of self-discipline, without possessing their peculiar virtues. Self was her idol, to which every other object must be sacrificed, and her whole life was one act of affectation, a profession of ingenuousness and natural impulse, where all was studied and artificial.

Emily Howard's beauty was in no degree

inferior to that of Inez, her skin of dazzling fairness, her brilliant, though varying colour, her long brown ringlets, her dark blue eyes, her smiling lips and open forehead, all gave her a youthfulness of appearance that did not at first prepare those who saw her for the depth of feeling, the cultivation of mind, and earnestness of spirit that were in fact the secret sources of her power over the hearts of all who knew her.

Uninstructed in all *rules*, either in manner or dress, she was a creature all grace and harmony, yet no *artiste* ; and to Inez she was an enigma, for it was nearly as impossible for the latter to believe that the perfection she saw was not the result of study, as it was for Emily to suspect the existence of a character so artificial as that of Inez.

“ Oh ! Mr. Courtenay, bring her to me ! ” she said, in a pleading tone, as a sudden movement of Arthur’s horse made Emily start backwards, and the next moment he was on foot, and his bridle thrown to a servant.

He led Emily forward through the little group of donkeys, and never had Inez looked

so beautiful in his eyes, as when he saw her throw her arms round Emily's waist, and fondly kiss the cheek of the dear girl who had been to himself a beloved object since the day of her birth.

But little time was allowed Inez at that moment to pour forth her apparently artless joy. Arthur turned away to assist Mrs. Howard and Madame de Macedo to mount, and then summoned Emily to do the same; the donkey boys set up their mysterious cries, the obedient animals moved on, and the next ten minutes were occupied by the interchange of salutations and friendly inquiries, after which the party got into something like order, forming itself into divisions of two or three.

It is curious, and sometimes sad, for one who lives behind the scenes, yet is comparatively uninterested in the melodrama of real life that a summer at any watering-place like Cintra represents, to watch the grouping that takes place at a pic-nic, or during one of these evening rides. The formality of *drawing-room* life seems to be forgotten when human beings meet under the "blue canopy of heaven," and nature herself

is the hostess ; under that bright influence, the young, especially, forget to draw the customary veil over their hearts, and we have often found the key to many a secret, by merely observing the ingenuity exercised by some couple to remain together through a long summer's day, or the eagerness of some individual to divide them.

Whatever be the ruling passion, it seems to be brought into active play by that easy sort of intercourse in picturesque scenery ; those who yet love in uncertainty become more tender ; the happy look more radiant with joy ; the disappointed, who can wear the mask of pleasure in the formal saloon or crowded hall, are overwhelmed with sadness at the contrast of the *beautiful* with the darkness of their spirits ; whilst those who are free in heart, and whose thoughts are light, betray their uninteresting condition, by an exuberance of gaiety, and a total unconsciousness that either their laughter or their presence may be extremely *mal-à-propos*, as they flit about from pair to pair, in the good-natured effort to scatter their jests and enliven the whole party.

It was not long before Arthur Courtenay had established himself by the side of Inez de Sampayo, and brought his steed to the measured pace necessary to keep near her. In doing this he had placed himself between her and Emily, but as the latter was seated so as to have her back almost entirely towards him, she could not see the look that passed between him and Inez on his joining them, although she could take part in their conversation.

“Will you ladies allow me to be your attendant?” he asked “and will you continue your conversation as if I were not here?”

“What an unreasonable request!” said Inez, laughing. “We shall rejoice in your society, but really as to forgetting your presence, that would not be easy whilst you tower above us on that great prancing horse, that seems as if it meant to step over us in our humility. And besides that, how do you know that we were not speaking of you?”

“If so, it might do me good to hear,” said Arthur, gaily. “Come, I am prepared for the worst, and promise to try to profit by it.”

"Ah ! deceiver," cried Inez, "we know your sex better ; but you shall not entrap us into telling whether it was good or bad that we were saying of you, or whether we were speaking of you at all."

"Arthur knows we could say no harm of him," said Emily, switching her little donkey at the same moment, so as to urge it a few paces in advance, by which means she could see Courtenay's face, though that of Inez was hidden from her.

"Indeed Arthur does not know that," replied Courtenay, smiling kindly at her, "you might say much harm of him, and with truth ; besides, I cannot expect from every one the indulgence you, my sister, are always so ready to show me."

It was the first time he had called her his sister during many months, and the once cherished name sounded harshly now. She did not, however, pause to ask herself why her heart grew suddenly so heavy, but raising her eyes to his, with an expression that startled even the pre-occupied Courtenay, she said, with a mixture of tenderness and gaiety :

"I suspect that you are perfectly well aware that no one would dare to say an evil word of you in my presence, and also that Inez is the last person who would wish to do so."

"Why is Donna Inez the *last* person?" asked Courtenay, in his lowest and most musical tone, as he bent forward to meet the dark eyes in which he hoped to read his answer.

But the dark eyes were not immediately raised. Inez felt that his were bent on her; her heart beat fast, her cheeks flushed, yet even at that moment she could calculate the exact effect of a downcast look, and its proper duration. The black eyelashes were at last suddenly raised, and the longed-for look spoke volumes; but after meeting Courtenay's gaze for an instant, Inez as quickly turned away her head, and pretended to be extremely occupied with her bridle.

The silence that to these two had said so much, was inexplicable to Emily, whose self-willed steed had again placed her with her back to both, and thinking it necessary to exert herself for the amusement of her companions, lest Inez might find her dull, she resisted the

temptation to think only of Arthur and her love, and with a strong effort commenced a lively conversation about some of their Lisbon acquaintances, that prevented any farther allusion to themselves, and forced Inez and Courtenay to join in the light talk with apparently as much gaiety as herself."

And thus the little party rode on, each mind busy with its own hopes and fears, whilst each lip wore a smile and the tongue spoke of matters that had never reached the heart. Is there a being in this world so happy as never to have practised this innocent hypocrisy? Is there *one* with whom life has dealt so gently, that for himself or for some other dear to him, he has never been compelled to hide a pang and wear a smile? Is there even one with whom the most innocent love has flowed so smoothly, as that the cold rules of society have never forced back the starting tear, and called forth a deceitful smile, when the heart has been oppressed with a hidden anxiety?

Not one of the trio, whose gay laughter and graceful appearance attracted all eyes towards them, had a mind at ease. With Emily her

sudden sadness was altogether undefined in its character ; she loved, but she knew not yet herself why she was dissatisfied ; she knew not yet that the love she longed for was dead to her ; she could not explain her restlessness of spirit.

With Inez it was different ; she also loved, and she knew she was loved in return ; but a worldly sacrifice was demanded by this attachment, and she could not resolve to make it.

And Courtenay, the beloved of these two beautiful girls—why was his mind shaken with doubts and fears ? He knew not that Emily had given him her heart, he knew not that it was by his hand the cup of sorrow was to be presented to the gentle being who had been the charm of his home in youth and manhood ; but he felt assured that bitter opposition would be made to his union with Inez, and sometimes when he looked at her, a doubt crossed his mind whether her was right in exposing he to family persecution for his sake.

The party reached the summit of the rock in time to see a glorious sunset. The Atlantic lay before them, as calm as if no luckless vessel

had ever met its ruin on her bosom. The clouds that had gathered round the setting sun, cast the loveliest shadows on the plain between Cintra and the sea, whilst their "sober colouring" was reflected alike on land and ocean.

The riders had all alighted, and for a few minutes, silence was only broken by short exclamations of admiration. Then were heard again the gay laugh and the small witticisms that usually pass current in such society. All were familiar with the spot. There was no stranger whom it was necessary to guide to the various points of interest, or to remind that once the convent was a *real* convent, where—

"Frugal monks their little relics showed."

But the works since completed were already in progress, by which the house of "Our Lady" has been converted into a sort of miniature castle, in imitation of a castle on the Rhine, *without the river*, and the rock, on which it stands, into very pretty pleasure-grounds; and this transformation was a never-failing topic of discourse affording an ample field for display to all who

piqued themselves in their knowledge of architecture, landscape-gardening, or the general rules of good taste.

Apart from their more talkative companions, Emily and Inez had seated themselves on a low wall, whilst Courtenay stood beside them. The two girls were gazing with apparent earnestness on the scene before them, but Courtenay's eyes had wandered no farther than the graceful throat of Inez, and her faultless profile, both of which were displayed to advantage by the position in which she had placed herself.

At a little distance, sat Mrs. Howard and Madame de Macedo conversing in a low tone, and watching with great interest the trio near them, who were observed by another couple with equal earnestness, though with more of caution ; for these last stood so as to be nearly concealed by a part of the building, whilst, without attracting notice to themselves, they could see all that passed near them.

This pair were Madame de Barros, and her son Francisco. The latter had made no attempt to engage the attention of Inez during their ride up the hill. He was too proud to venture

any advance, in which there was risk of an open failure. Yet success with Inez was becoming every day an object more important to his happiness, and he had endured that evening a fierce conflict between his love and his haughty spirit, that could not brook suspense or dependence on another's will.

"Francisco, my son, this will never do," said Madame de Barros, after they had stood some time in silence, watching the couple who were filling the minds of both with anxiety. "This Englishman must be got rid of, or this foolish girl, who intends to marry you all the time, will make him and all the world believe that she loves him."

"What do you mean, mother, by saying she intends to marry me all the time? You do not think—you do not think that she actually cares for that miserable foreigner?"

Francisco's voice was hoarse with agitation, and his mother, looking at him with something almost like a smile of contempt, shrugged her shoulders.

"What do you mean, mother?" he repeated, impatiently. "You *must* explain yourself. Do

not drive me mad with such words, without telling me exactly how much or how little they are meant to convey."

"Be calm, my dear Francisco. I did not mean to rouse such a feeling as this. Surely, you are not so completely the slave of a mere pretty girl of nineteen, as to talk of going mad, because of her indifference."

"I am *not* her slave," returned Francisco, passionately; "nor is she a *mere pretty girl*. She has the beauty of an angel, and the mind of a man; but though I feel the power of her attractions, I also know what is due to myself. I understand that she has consented of her own free will to our engagement; and she shall not trifle with me, as if I had neither eyes, nor ears, nor sense, to perceive what is going on before me."

"Well, well," said his mother, soothingly, "I dare say I am mistaken."

"Mistaken or not, I must know exactly what you meant by that expression you used."

"I meant," answered his mother, now almost angry at his pertinacity, "that Inez is in-

dulging herself in a fit of sentiment with Mr. Courtenay, who is certainly very handsome, and very clever ; but that she has no intention of giving up all the advantages to be secured by marrying you. All we have to do is to prevent this affair going too far, for Mr. Courtenay is in earnest, whatever she may be."

"All we have to do !" repeated her son, bitterly. "No. There is more than that to be considered."

At that moment his eyes followed the direction of his mother's, as she glanced again towards the spot where Courtenay stood with his two fair companions, and he saw Inez looking up into his rival's face, and talking to him with much animation.

De Barros ground his teeth with rage, and drawing his mother's arm within his own, he led her towards the group, who had been so unsuspicious of their watching.

"What do you say, ladies, to varying the descent by a visit to the Moorish Castle?" he asked, in his usual calm and measured tone. "How beautiful the rocks look in this rosy light !"

"It is too late, I fear," said Inez. "See, the sun, that is clothing all things *couleur de rose*, is just about to leave us. In another moment he will sink behind that sea of glass."

"But another sun is rising there," said De Barros, pointing to the full moon, which had just appeared. "No one knows the magic beauty of this scene, who has only beheld it by day."

"It is true," said Emily. "I have been here at night, and I have felt what you say. The glare of day leaves no field for the imagination, the dark shadows of night look so mysterious, and then the hills look more lofty, and those rocky peaks seem so sharp against the chastened sky."

"Then, why not let us go even now to the ruins?" urged De Barros. "It would be beautiful to watch, from that spot, the appearance of the moon, as she rises above the hill."

"Very beautiful, very romantic, and very cold," said his mother, who was rather surprised, like the rest of his auditors, at such a proposal from the usually indolent and indifferent De

Barros, who scoffed at everything like romance in others. "I suspect some of our party will prefer an easy chair, a cup of tea, and a game of whist."

"Here they all come," said Emily, laughing; "and I see your uncle, Inez, has made the signal to the donkey-boys. But if any one will join me, I should prefer walking down the hill."

Inez and Courtenay immediately assented, and the former looking first, with some anxiety, at De Barros, asked if his mother were able to take so long a walk.

"I do not think she is," said her son; "but if you will permit *me* to attend you, a walk is exactly what I wished, when I proposed our visit to the ruins."

This was anything but what Inez wished, and her countenance fell with disappointment; but there was no remedy.

Mrs. Howard and Margarida joined the walking party. The rest set forth with the usual chorus of wild shouts from the drivers, and laughter from the company; and when they had lingered a little while, and given

ample time for the cloud of dust to fall, Inez found herself slowly descending the hill, with De Barros at her side, and Courtenay in front with Emily.

Every heart was dissatisfied. The sun was gone to other lands, but had left them all their cares, and the softened light in which they moved, poured no balm on wounded spirits.

Ere they had descended half the way, the short twilight was gone. The moon had not yet risen over the hill, and a gloom, dark as the path they trod, seemed to have fallen on those who had just before conversed with such apparent cheerfulness. The various objects they passed assumed fantastic shapes; the projecting rocks cast such dark shadows, that the spaces below looked like the entrances of caverns, and the ladies found themselves glancing nervously on every side with beating hearts, and with some feeling very like regret at having dismissed their donkeys and servants.

But no robber was lurking there that night, although such an incident as an order to "stand and deliver" was by no means improbable in so

retired a place, especially at that hour, when any watching idler must have perceived the division of the party.

They walked almost in silence : only a few whispers had passed between Mrs. Howard and Madame de Macedo, when they reached a turn in the road, that repaid them for the last quarter of an hour of anxiety, and the whole party paused to admire the exquisite beauty of the scene

On one hand there towered above them the rock surmounted by what is now called the Castle of the Pena, once the Convent of Nossa Senhora. The battlemented walls and turrets stood out in bold relief against the grey but cloudless sky, and the full moon had just appeared above the building ; on the other hand, and below the spot on which they stood, lay the village of Cintra with its luxuriant gardens, looking at that hour like thick and extensive woods, whilst twinkling lights marked the various dwellings in that little world ; but the most striking object of the scene was the Moorish Palace, which being the summer residence of the royal family, was already brilliantly lighted up in the long suite of apartments that face the hill.

The casements thrown open to admit the cool evening air, gave a festive appearance to the building—they seemed to invite the spectator to sympathise with what was passing within, and not only were the queen and her company distinctly seen as they moved occasionally to a window, but the painted walls of the famous “saloon of swans,” were visible without any great effort of sight.

“How like a fairy palace it is!” exclaimed Inez, “it does not seem the same building we looked at as we set out this evening.”

“No,” said Emily, “it looks as if a magician had suddenly raised it from the centre of the earth to celebrate the nuptials of some lovely princess. Those tall chimneys and Moorish windows give it such an Eastern air, that it is difficult to fancy its inhabitants speaking the same language and wearing the same costume as ourselves.”

“I remember feeling as you do,” said Margarida, “the first time I saw this place after an absence of some years. I arrived at Cintra on such a night as this, but a little later, for the military band was already playing in the palace-yard, and when that blaze of light from

those Moorish casements burst on me, the band commencing at the same moment a charming air, I was fairly startled into a fit of romance. I had been lying back in the carriage, worn out in body and temper by three hours jolting on the Lisbon road, but now I called to the driver to stop, that I might admire the scene. I could hardly believe that I had ever beheld the place before, never having seen it thus lighted."

"The seeing it from a height adds to its picturesque effect," said De Barros. "But what a sad temptation to worldly mindedness it must have been to the monks who formerly looked down on it from the convent. It must have caused many regrets."

"We must in charity hope it did not," said Margarida; "for only think what a martyrdom that would have been—a long life of regret."

Her last words were uttered in a tone of sadness, and for a moment no one replied.

"Do you not think," said Courtenay, "that the inhabitants of the palace may even more frequently have envied those of the convent, and wished their own lives as uneventful as theirs? Each viewed from the other is a

picturesque object, but does not that," he added, pointing upwards, "does not that seem the more peaceful home of the two? See how calm it looks, how raised above the glitter of the world."

"I fear there are many who do not wish to be so elevated above that same glitter you treat so lightly," said De Barros, in a somewhat sarcastic tone; "and unromantic as it may be, I believe we must now hasten our steps in the direction of that very worldly palace, for the Senhora Condessa will be uneasy if we delay much longer."

More than one of his companions would fain have lingered still, and indulged in fancies more suited to the hour and scene than the light words of De Barros, or the gay drawing-room that awaited them, but no one opposed his wish to return home, and they continued their descent in the same order as before.

"How will that affair end?" asked Margarida de Macedo of Mrs. Howard, pointing to Inez and De Barros, who walked nearest to them.

"How do you mean? I do not quite understand you," said Mrs. Howard, whilst her heart sank within her, for reports had reached

her that evening that warned her of what was coming.

"Is it possible, my dear friend," said Margarida, "that you are not aware of what all Lisbon knows—that Mr. Courtenay and Inez de Sampayo love each other, and that her marriage with Francisco de Barros is fixed to take place in two months?"

Mrs. Howard grasped the arm on which she leant, and her companion felt her tremble violently.

"I have so often known all Lisbon to be wrong," she said, in a faltering voice.

Margarida kindly pressed the hand that rested on her arm, and said:

"I wish I could think it wrong now. I feared this would give you pain, yet hoped I was mistaken. I did not like to name the subject sooner."

"If it were only to me it could give pain," sighed Mrs. Howard, "it would matter little, I am so accustomed to sorrow; but what will become of—"

"Of Emily?" asked Margarida, after waiting a moment for the name the poor mother hesitated to pronounce. "Do you, then, think

she loves Mr. Courtenay so much? You may be mistaken. They speak to each other like a brother and sister."

Mrs. Howard shook her head. She could not command her voice to speculate on her child's love, or on the sorrow that threatened her; and Margarida's tender and delicate heart sympathised with hers too much to press the subject.

Meanwhile, the object of their anxiety was enjoying a short dream of bliss, such as had never yet been hers. She had walked for some time in silence by Courtenay's side, and he had sighed heavily more than once, when Emily, looking up into his face, said, with peculiar softness of manner:

"You are very sad to-night, Arthur—are you well?"

"I do, indeed, feel very sad, Emily; but I am not ill," was the reply.

"And can you not tell me the cause of your sadness?" asked Emily. "Surely," she added, eagerly, again looking into his face, as if to read its expression, "surely, nothing serious has occurred to distress you?"

"My dear Emily, dear kind girl," said

Arthur, in a broken voice, as he pressed to his heart with sudden vehemence the arm of his now trembling companion. "Why should I grieve *you* with my sorrows? Forgive me for having been so dull; I will exert myself more now."

"Nay, Arthur!" she replied; "do not treat me like a stranger—let me share your sorrow: I only spoke of it because I should like to console you."

"You do console me, my sweet precious Emily—your presence and your voice console me; you have always been the joy and poetry of my home. I only feel too deeply my own unworthiness when I am with you."

"Oh! Arthur, do not say that," interrupted Emily, whose heart beat fast as his tender mournful words fell on her ear: "only show me that you think *me* worthy to be your friend, as you used to say long ago I should be. Tell me what I can do for you."

"Ah, Emily, would to God I had never left you! It is now too late,—a love like mine never prospers. I did hope for a brief space—and I have loved so fondly, it is hard to give up such hopes—but something seems to warn me this

evening to prepare for sorrow, to tell me that the joy I dreamt was all my own can never be mine."

Emily's brain seemed to whirl as she listened to these scarcely coherent sentences; she had never doubted that she was the being dearest to him on earth—he had often said nearly as much. Once or twice she had fancied that he doubted the extent of her affection, and that he only dreaded putting an end to their happy intercourse by speaking more plainly; but then again it had seemed impossible to her that he should not at least see that no one else was half so dear as he was. She knew not that the dead Carlos de Vasconcellos had raised a cloud of misunderstanding between them, augmented by her own sensitive timidity and inexperience, and that now the living Inez had placed a barrier to divide their destinies, that could not be removed even by a love like hers.

She made a strong effort to command her voice as she replied; a mingled anxiety and joy made her tremble, and her breathing was oppressed by the violent throbbing of her heart.

"These forebodings of sorrow are almost

always deceitful," she said, in a low voice; "it is that sad pale moon that has given you this sick fancy. Arthur, dear Arthur," she added, more earnestly, and blushing at the tenderness of her own words, "who in this world can be happy if you are not so? You who are so good; you whom every one loves!"

"Every one loves!" repeated Courtenay, sadly. "Ah, Emily, you know indeed little of love, if you think that can console a man for not possessing the being he loves best."

Emily's composure was almost gone, she scarcely knew what she said, as she clasped his arm more tightly, and whispered:

"Dear Arthur, she whom you love will be yours—how can you doubt it?"

"Then I will hope, since you bid me do so, my own dear Emily," said Courtenay, again fondly pressing her arm to his side. "May Heaven bless you for those sweet comforting words! But, dearest, I am not altogether selfish, I do not think of my own happiness alone, it has always been the wish of my heart to see you happy, and I have sometimes feared you might not be so."

Poor Emily ! again she misunderstood him ; she gently placed her hand on his, and said in a low voice :

“ I shall be happy — do not doubt it, Arthur.”

“ You deserve to be so,” he said, with much fondness in his look and manner ; “ and if I might only make you so, how thankful I should be.”

And this was all that passed. Emily made no reply, and in a few minutes, their walk was at an end.

The dialogue that had taken place meanwhile between Inez and De Barros, was much more decided in its result.

“ Inez,” commenced De Barros after some trifling topics had been discussed, “ I wish to speak to you of a matter far more interesting to me than any other. You are aware, I believe, of the arrangements that have been entered into by our respective parents regarding a union between us, and I have understood from my mother that you consented to abide by your father’s decision in this matter. Is it not so ?”

Inez merely bowed her head in silence, and De Barros continued to speak with a serious earnestness, that surprised her, and completely fixed her attention which had till that moment been wandering to Courtenay, from whom she had been so unwillingly divided.

“When our engagement was first spoken of,” he said, “I will confess that I assented to it, merely because I thought it would suit me as well as any other marriage, and if I considered your feelings at all, I believe it was only to take it for granted you would view the matter as I did. I certainly made no effort to win your love, and though I intended to do all I could, or, at least, all I deemed *necessary* for your happiness, I now see that my conduct at that time, would justify any degree of indifference you might feel towards me. But after some weeks of daily intercourse with you, a change came over all my feelings—I loved you—I loved you, Inez, as I have never loved any other. I do not say this lightly—I do not pretend that I have never spoken words of love, or felt a fleeting preference for other women, but I have never loved any one as I love you. I will give you a

proof of this—I could not now marry you, as I would have done three months ago, careless as to how you felt towards me. It is become infinitely more important to me—”

He paused a moment overcome by emotion, and then proceeded in a lower voice, that trembled with earnestness :

“ It is become infinitely more important to me, that you should return my love, than that you should give me your hand without it. I know that your family are hurrying on the preparations for that event, which would give me the woman I love and admire most in the world ; but hints have been thrown out that your heart has made another choice. At first, when I heard this, I vowed vengeance ; even this night I felt angry when I saw you with my rival ; but within this last half hour, since I have walked by your side, a better spirit has struggled with me. Heaven help me ! I have done little good and much evil in my life, but now I will, if I can, perform one right action. Inez, I appeal to your *truth*, if you wish to break off your engagement to me, confide in me, for I acknowledge that I shall have no right to

complain ; but if you can become my wife, without regret, tell me now, tell me if you can accept me with your whole heart."

De Barros ceased ; he had said truly that a better spirit had struggled with him ; one of those generous impulses, so strangely at variance with his general character, as strong too as they were rare and fleeting, had seized on his mind ; his heart was impressed by a virtuous attachment, a crisis in his fate was at hand, and had he been dealt with honestly, who can say, but that that very night, might have been the first of a new career, the commencement of a regeneration of his whole character ?

Inez had been much agitated whilst he spoke, his earnestness had given to his simple words the effect of eloquence, his emotion flattered her, his generosity raised him in her estimation, and doubly interested her from its being unexpected. She could not forget also that his family were of consequence in her native country, powerfully and nobly connected, his wealth too was double that of Courtenay. Such a lover was worth retaining. She could not say the word, that would deprive her of his homage. Alas ! alas !

for poor fallen nature ! Confused thoughts of Courtenay, of his love, of all the encouragement she had given him, of her own feelings for him, passed through Inez's mind, she even cast a hurried glance at his tall form, as he walked some yards in front of her with Emily, and then murmured a few words that made De Barros clasp her hand, and press it to his lips.

"You will ! you will !" he exclaimed with rapture, "oh ! say again you will be my own in heart and hand."

"I will !" said Inez.

A few moments afterwards they reached her aunt's house, few words were exchanged as they all entered, and the ladies were glad of the little interval allowed for the removal of bonnets, and dressing of hair, to recover some composure of spirit before joining the gay tea-table, for each one had been in no slight degree agitated during that moon-light walk.

Inez and Emily entered the drawing-room together, some little time after Mrs. Howard and Madame de Macedo, and a low murmur of admiration rose on their appearance. Emotion

had given a deeper tinge of colour to their cheeks, and a brilliancy to their eyes, that made them look radiant in their beauty.

As they stood side by side for a few minutes near the tea-table, where the Condessa was seated, many of those who had preceded them, or who had joined the party after the ride, gathered round the two beautiful girls with well-turned compliments and admiring looks ; but Courtenay and De Barros held aloof, far too deeply interested to take a part in such light talk.

The latter felt as if his heart had been that night purified from its selfishness, and as he gazed at Inez from a distant seat, he silently vowed to devote his life to her happiness. But Courtenay could hardly bear to look on her ; her brilliant looks disturbed and puzzled him, her gay words and silvery laugh sounded strangely to his sad heart, and he withdrew into a corner, shading his eyes with one hand, whilst he affected to look at some engravings, but listened eagerly the while to every tone of the voice he loved.

Emily was alike the object of deep interest to

more than one person present. Her mother had started with surprise on her entrance. Her heart had been bleeding for her slighted affections, and she now beheld her animated and joyful, as if the very spirit of love and happiness dwelt in her breast. She was again the light-hearted girl, who had that morning called on her to rejoice over the beauty of creation, and as Mrs. Howard noted the expression of her intelligent eye, and the eager movements of her delicate hands, an invariable sign of some pleasureable excitement in her child, a faint hope took possession of her, that all might yet be well, and that she, Margarida, and the whole Lisbon world had been mistaken as to Courtenay's attachment to Inez.

Beside Mrs. Howard sat one who had not been of the riding party, but whose heart had beat more tumultuously, perhaps, than any other heart that night, when Emily and her companion entered the room.

Sir Frederick Lonsdale had arrived that morning from England, and had not till now seen Emily. When he had parted from her the previous year, it was in the firm expectation

that he would soon hear of her marriage to Courtenay, but a few words that had escaped from his mother and sister that afternoon, prepared him for a change in all which had appeared before so certain. They had said little indeed of her feelings, for these were sacred in their eyes, but Lonsdale could see that they were full of anxiety concerning her and they spoke of Courtenay's new attachment as beyond a doubt.

Agitated by all he heard, and by the confusion that reigned in his own heart, where regret still warred against principle, Lonsdale had wandered forth after sunset, to seek composure in the cool night breeze, and meeting the Condessa de Lima she had pressed him to join the party at her house.

When he enquired of Mrs. Howard in the usual terms, how her daughter was, he marked the involuntary sigh and slight hesitation, that accompanied the mother's assurance of her being well, and he was endeavouring to prepare himself for the pain of seeing her, whom he would have wished to shelter from every storm of life, pale and broken in spirits, when the

door opened, and Emily appeared before him, looking as bright as she had ever done in the early days of his acquaintance with her, and as happy as love and hope ever made a girl of nineteen.

His first thought was, "Perhaps after all she does not care for him." Then succeeded the ever despairing reflection, "but even if her heart be free, I must not try to win it," and he closed his eyes for a moment, as if to shut out from him the temptation that most tried his firmness.

When he looked at her again, there was something in her appearance that puzzled him, a restlessness in her eye, and a feverish excitement of manner, that he had never seen before; and he felt as if it were impossible for him to address her, whilst she stood gaily laughing and talking with the circle of idle flatterers that had gathered round her and Inez, ere they had had time to seat themselves. He endeavoured to continue his conversation with Mrs. Howard, but her eyes were fixed with anxiety on her daughter, and she replied to him in so abstracted a manner, that he gave up the attempt.

and leaning back in his chair, resigned himself to the dangerous pleasure of observing her, who was so unconsciously the cause of his deepest sorrow.

At last, Emily approached her mother, and Lonsdale rose to meet her.

"You here, Sir Frederick!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand with frank kindness. "I am so glad to see you—Grace has been longing for you so much, she never looks so strong and well as when you are here."

"I am happy that you think me of some use," answered Lonsdale, "but it seems to me that you must have quite supplied my place to my sister, as I find her looking better this year, than I had ever hoped to see her look again."

"Grace begins to love us all," said Emily, smiling as she placed herself on the chair he offered her between her mother and Margarida, "and nothing is so good for the health as to be with people we love. At first she pined so much for you, that, good and patient as she is, I feared she would never feel at home amongst us."

“But I do not think it fair,” said Lonsdale, “to say that Grace is only *beginning* to love you. Your conquest was a very rapid one, and I think I have been very good, not to feel jealous of the influence you have gained over my mother as well as dear little Grace.”

“Jealous ! jealous !” exclaimed Emily, laughing. “Ah ! don’t try to persuade me that *you* know anything of such a feeling.”

“And why ?” asked Lonsdale, “do you think I set so small a value on the affection of those I love ?”

“Oh no !” said Emily kindly, “you do so much to secure it, that it would appear to be very precious to you, but still I fancy—” she paused abruptly, uncertain how to express her meaning.

Lonsdale smiling said, “What do you fancy Miss Howard ? I fear you think me too matter of fact a personage, for anything so romantic as a fit of jealousy.”

“I think you are too wise—at least, Grace says so. I do not know very well what I meant,” said Emily, blushing and hesitating,

"perhaps it was only that I thought you would bear very philosophically what might disturb very much a person less calm."

"What do you mean by philosophically?" asked Lonsdale.

An expression of sadness stole over his face; he was thinking that had she read his heart, or seen him once or twice, when overwhelmed by his despair regarding herself, her opinion of him would be very different. He saw how completely she misunderstood him, and his look became more grave and even troubled. Emily fearing she had wounded him, hesitated for a moment, and then said with a charming grace of manner:

"I mean that you appear to have so much self command, so little egotism, and to have your mind in so much better discipline than other people have theirs, that if the demon of jealousy dared even to peep into your heart, you would frighten him away with a terrible frown."

"How little we know of each other's hearts!" said Lonsdale, and then as if fearing to say more, he turned away to converse with the

Conde de Lima, who had at that moment seated himself on a sofa near Mrs. Howard.

"That last remark is very true, dearest," said Margarida to Emily. "We have known most of the persons in this room a good many years, and yet how little do we know of their hearts? how little—indeed, can it be said we know anything at all of their private feelings?"

"Of some, I hope, we do," said Emily, and her eye glanced involuntarily round the room, and fixed itself on Courtenay. "But I wonder what Sir Frederick meant by that last remark of his. Do you think he is not so happy and calm as he looks?"

"I think, as he said himself, dearest, that we know little of each other, so how can I guess what is in his heart?"

"I wish all my friends were happy," exclaimed Emily, then seeing that Margarida looked at her with a mournful expression, she added gently, "Even you, Margarida—even you, who perhaps may think it impossible, after all that is past."

"No, Emily; you are mistaken. I do not

think it impossible. One kind of happiness is over for me, but another has taken its place. Another, which has little to do, indeed, with the excitements of this world, but which also cannot be affected by its disappointments. Your mother has this happiness too, Emily ; it was she who first induced me to seek it, and told me that the path to it led through the valley of tears."

"My dear mother!" repeated Emily, fondly, "how sweet and patient she is, and yet she must have suffered much! How can I repay her for all the happiness that has been mine, ever since I can first remember her kind smile?"

"By endeavouring to be as happy as she wishes you to be," said Margarida ; "and when sorrow comes, by enduring it as she has done."

"Sorrow!" said Emily, growing pale, "What sorrow?"

"My poor child," said Margarida, "you do not think that all your life will be sunshine, as your childhood has been. And yet, I believe, if any trial fell on you, Emily, your mother

would feel it more severely than she has felt any of her own. Do you think you could bear it well for her sake?"

Emily trembled as she listened. She did not understand Margarida, yet her words sounded like a prophecy.

"If Arthur were to die," she began in a low voice, "mamma would suffer as much as——"

She stopped, she could not dwell on the possibility of such a calamity, which yet was the only one that presented itself, when she thought of sorrow.

"There are worse trials than death can inflict on us!" said Margarida. "Other sorrows in which we cannot so *directly* recognize the hand of God, and which, therefore, excite more of the spirit of rebellion."

Emily shook her head.

"Whilst God spares to me those I love, I think I could bear those other sorrows."

And Margarida pursued the subject no farther. She had wished to suggest some thought to Emily, that might return to her in the trial she saw hanging over her, but she saw

that the poor girl had no suspicion of her meaning ; and with a silent prayer to Heaven, to strengthen and console her in her hour of need, she passed to other topics, by making some slight remarks on the incidents of the day.

“Who will play at the game of the ‘Traveller?’” suddenly exclaimed the Condessa de Lima, who began to think her *soirée* was hanging heavy, when tea had been removed, and she found half her party star-gazing in the verandah, and the rest divided into groups, who kept up a sort of murmuring conversation, whilst Courtenay and De Barros sat apart; the former pretending to read, and the latter leaning back in an arm-chair, with his eyelids half-closed, yet earnestly watching, through their long black lashes, all that was passing around him.

“Senhora Donna Margarida,” she said, addressing Madame de Macedo, “will you, who have such a talent for narration, act the ‘Traveller,’ and assist me to enliven these sleepy people with your wonderful adventures?”

"I shall be happy to be of any use to you, minha Senhora," replied Margarida, smiling; "but, perhaps, my adventures may only make them more sleepy."

"Oh, no! I will run the risk of that," said the Condessa. "And now," she added, gaily clapping her hands in Portuguese fashion, "I must summon these moon-struck persons from the verandah."

Her signal was immediately answered by one or two heads appearing at the window, and a repetition of it brought most of the verandah party around the lively hostess, to learn her commands.

In a few minutes, with the exception of one whist party, Sir Frederick Lonsdale and the Conde de Lima, the two latter having remained in conversation in the verandah, all were seated in a circle to join in the game selected by the Condessa.

This was a favourite pastime, when any one present had the talent, or the readiness of invention, required to take the lead in it, and Margarida de Macedo was allowed, by general suffrage, to surpass every one, in the interest

she could throw into a game, intended merely for the amusement of a party of young people.

For those of our readers who have never seen this game, we must explain that the person who acts the part of the "Traveller" is entitled, as he proceeds in the story of his adventures, to stop in the middle of a sentence, and summon any one in the circle to give the name of a person, place, or thing, by which the sentence may be continued; and if this is not done without hesitation, a forfeit must be paid. The "Traveller" holds a long stick, with which he or she points to the person who is to speak; and the merit of the game depends on the ready wit of the "Traveller," and the ingenuity of the other players, who, in giving their words, select some that are utterly absurd, and yet must not be rejected by the unfortunate narrator.

Madame de Macedo commenced her task with great spirit, taking for her theme a journey through Hungary, and calling on different individuals, at the most unexpected moments, to supply a word, which she immediately adopted,

continuing her story with as much ease as if the whole had been prepared beforehand.

At first, she appealed frequently for a name, and loud peals of laughter were caused by the extraordinary circumstances her auditors compelled her to relate by their selection of the requisite substantives, but with a graceful liveliness, Margarida proceeded in her tale of wonders, unchecked by the attempts to bring her to a stand, by supplying her with words of which she could not have dreamt, when she commenced the sentence in which they were introduced.

Many forfeits were collected amongst those who could not answer when called on ; but after a little while, Margarida went on with few interruptions, and at length, when she had brought herself into an antiquated castle in Hungary, inhabited by an old and eccentric family, she suddenly changed her tone and manner, assuming one of almost solemn earnestness, and after rapidly describing the mysterious appearance of the building, its vast chambers, and long corridors, she related a ghost adventure which enchained the attention of her auditors so completely, that they forgot they

were engaged in a mere game, and listened as eagerly for the conclusion, as if the whole were not the invention of the moment.

A ghost story was always Margarida's greatest triumph, and with exquisite grace and skill, she related its horrors as if she firmly believed every word she uttered. Her slight form was bent forwards, her slender hands were now clasped together with a shudder, now raised impressively, and now one finger appeared to point with awe to some approaching object; her dark liquid eyes seemed to grow larger, and her whole appearance was singularly interesting.

The whist party had laid down their cards, arrested in their game by the interest of the story, and the melodious voice of the popular Madame de Macedo, now uninterrupted by any other sound; even Lonsdale and the Conde de Lima had left the verandah to learn the reason of the sudden stillness that had fallen on the party, and now stood close to the circle of listeners, as absorbed as they by the mysterious tale of the fair improvisatrice.

When she ceased, a round of applause rewarded her exertions, and then commenced the busi-

of endeavouring to conceal something, that she was instantly called to order, and obliged to hold her own forfeit, and a glove in her hand, whilst the penalty appointed to the owners was that they should sing a duet.

When she raised her hand from beneath the cover, the glove proved to be Courtenay's property, and Inez, with a deep blush, acknowledged the pencil-case to be her own.

A rapid glance at De Barros had shown her that he was displeased, and she half repented what she had done, when, on turning to Courtenay, who had been looking throughout the game, pale and depressed, his eye met hers, and raising himself at once, he asked with a bow and a smile, "If she would select the duet in which he was to be so much honoured."

Inez hesitated. De Barros had said to her two evenings before: "I cannot bear to hear you sing with that man—to hear your voice mingling with his, is a trial for which I have no patience." She now recalled those words, and glanced at him as if to ask his forbearance, but his eyes were now fixed on the floor, and a

slight compression of his upper lip deterred Inez from asking him, as she had intended, to choose what she was to sing.

"Come Inez," exclaimed her aunt, "let us have this duet quickly, that there may be time for a little dancing."

"I do not know whether we *can* sing anything that does not require an accompaniment, and that, I fancy, is against the rules."

"Then ask Miss Howard to be your substitute," said her aunt, "I know that she and Mr. Courtenay are in the habit of singing without the piano. I am sure she will not refuse to do this," added Madame de Lima turning towards Emily, who was seated next Courtenay, and had entered with more than her usual liveliness into all the spirit of the game.

"I shall be very glad to do anything for Inez," answered Emily; "but I have no doubt she can sing something with Arthur herself."

"Inez," whispered De Barros, "if you love me, do not sing."

"Are you inclined?" asked Courtenay, at the same instant, to try that beautiful German

duet ? we managed to get through it without accompaniment one evening on the water."

Courtenay had fixed his pleading eyes on her face—he had often told her how much he liked to sing with her, that to feel his voice blending with hers seemed to transport him from the earth ; and she thought now she could not refuse him this consolation, he looked so sad, so disappointed.

De Barros, his whisper, her word plighted to him only two hours before, all were forgotten, a tear for a moment dimmed her eye, and she longed to kneel at Courtenay's feet, and ask his pardon for having hesitated to brave all for his sake. Nature triumphed for a brief space, and with her heart full of tenderness and self-reproach, she assented to his proposal, and they commenced their duet.

It was one of those German melodies so full of soul stirring pathos, that even when heard without the words, they seem to suggest a theme to each heart, and sung as it was by Courtenay and Inez, both under the influence of such deep emotion, its thrilling beauty hushed every whisper in the room, and inspired

the most worldly spirit there, with a momentary feeling of romance.

De Barros had thrown himself back in his chair, but never took his eyes off Inez's face whilst she sang, and when she ceased, he still kept his look fixed on her, until she turned and met his gaze. Inez grew pale as she did so, for never had she seen De Barros look as he did then ; he seemed as if he had read her soul, yet it was not anger alone, that flushed his sallow cheek and made his eyes gleam with fire ; there were also a firm determination, a haughty resentment expressed in his countenance, and as he slowly raised himself without uttering a word, Inez had no courage to address him, neither could she withdraw her eyes from his, until he relieved her from her embarrassment by turning away and leaving the circle of players still busy discussing the various little incidents that had occurred through the game.

The forfeits all redeemed, with the exception of Francisco's pencil-case, which Inez had managed to secrete within her glove, her aunt requested Madamie de Barros to play a waltz on

the piano, and addressing her niece with a significant coldness of manner, said :

“ Be so kind Inez as to arrange a little dancing, we shall have no more singing to-night.”

A space was cleared, and half a dozen couples were in a few minutes whirling round to the gay measure, but Inez stood irresolutely with her hand leaning against the chair of one of the whist players ; no one had asked her to dance, for all had taken it for granted she must be the partner of De Barros, but he sat at the other side of the whist table, apparently absorbed in the cards, his cheek still flushed, his eye still stern, but giving no sign by look or movement of feeling any interest in her.

Her heart swelled with mortification ; this must not be, what would the world think, if she were thus neglected ?

She drew the little pencil-case from her glove, and calling up one of her sweetest smiles, passed round the table, and stood by Francisco's side.

“ Senhor Francisco de Barros,” she said

gently, as she playfully gave his hand a little touch with the pencil-case; "I must restore your property."

De Barros started, and the blood mantled deeply in his cheek, as he looked up at the beautiful face of his affianced bride; he took the pencil-case with a silent bow, and then seeing that Inez still stood beside him, he rose, and gravely drawing another chair near the table, he asked her to be seated.

Inez mechanically obeyed him, and the next moment regretted that she had approached him, for her situation was more embarrassing than before. She had fully expected that he would ask her to join the dancers, but now, she, who was accustomed to be so eagerly sought for as a partner, sat neglected and silent, neither addressed nor looked at by the man whom all present knew to be her intended husband, and who had so shortly before pressed her hand in rapture to his lips.

De Barros, on his part, was too deeply hurt, too seriously offended to enter into any light conversation with her, and could not immediately resolve what tone to adopt in remon-

that De Barros did not intend to dance, her hand was claimed by others of the party.

Francisco, in fact, left the house before the last waltz was concluded, but Courtenay had danced it with Emily, and it was immediately succeeded by the bustle of refreshments handed about, after which came the cloaks and departures, and even in the confusion of so many 'good night's', Madame De Barros contrived to keep close to Inez, so that Courtenay could say nothing in parting with her, beyond the usual expressions on such occasions.

Emily leant on Arthur's arm as they returned home, and his manner was more tender than usual.

"Good night, dearest," he said, as they entered the house. "You looked absolutely radiant this evening—I felt quite proud of you, and of all the compliments I heard on your beauty."

Poor Emily! she blushed, returned the pressure of his hand, and kissing her mother, hurried to her room, that she might review in peace all the occurrences of that eventful evening. She had no longer a doubt of Arthur's

feelings towards her, and he, whose manner and words had so misled her, retired to his chamber, revolving plans to effect his union with another.

When Emily knelt in prayer that night, before laying her head on her pillow, she asked for strength to bear with a humble and grateful spirit the many blessings of her lot—to ask for patience and resignation in the day of sorrow, had never yet suggested itself to her happy sanguine mind. A light cloud had that very evening cast its shadow on her spirit, but it had quickly passed away, and she now only wondered what strange influence it could have been that had thus depressed her when Arthur was by her side.

CHAPTER II.

“Oh ! what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive.”

SCOTT.

“ Banished from her
Is self from self ; a deadly banishment !
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen ?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by ? ”

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

EARLY next day, a letter was brought to Inez before she left her apartment to join the family at breakfast. It was from De Barros, dated one o'clock that very morning, and contained the following lines :—

“ Inez ! are you deceiving yourself or me ?

Examine your heart closely before you reply to this, as more than *my* fate may depend on your answer.

“ You must have perceived how deeply you wounded me this evening, yet I am anxious you should not misunderstand the source of my annoyance. It arose from no petty desire to prevent your charming the world with your many talents, but I cannot endure that there should exist in the mind of any one, a doubt as to the private feelings of her who promised this night to be my wife.

“ Inez, you *must* be aware that your name has been joined with Mr. Courtenay’s; it is said that you love him—that he loves you, is only too evident—but it is of *your* feelings alone I care to speak. You have promised to be mine—can you then wonder that I should earnestly wish that Mr. Courtenay, and the whole world, should understand you have accepted me with your own free will, and that you cherish no preference for another ?

“ It rests with you, Inez, to produce this impression ; but you have this night utterly disappointed me. I will not now dwell on all the

circumstances that yet madden me to remember—your expression as you met the eye of that Englishman—your song—the *abandon* of your manner—the thrilling tenderness of your voice;—then your dancing with him, when you saw how wretched you had made me; all these things I leave to the decision of your own conscience, but, Inez, reflect well on your position before you answer me. I can make every allowance for mere feminine love of admiration, but if you wish our engagement to continue, you must from this hour adopt such a manner with Mr. Courtenay as will prevent his seeking your society, for *I will not marry* a woman who is supposed to have given her heart to another man.

“*Your* dignity requires this as much as mine—think not then that my motives in thus writing are purely selfish. I love you, Inez, and your honour is become more dear to me than anything else save yourself. Be mine, and I will dedicate my life to you—be at least candid with me, and even now I will shield you from the anger of your family—but if you deceive me, I cannot answer for myself. I have struggled this night with many evil feelings—do not

give me up to the demons of jealousy and revenge."

Inez crushed this letter in her hand with an impatient gesture—her mind was in a tumult—fear, remorse, ambition, love, and indignation, all struggled within her, but she was forced to hurry to the breakfast room, ere she could decide what tone to adopt in the reply that must be sent to De Barros.

Her aunt received her coldly; her uncle, a good-natured man, who seldom interfered with domestic matters, which his wife esteemed her own especial province, looked grave and uneasy, and as he held out his hand for his niece to kiss it, his eyes avoided hers.

Madame de Barros, who was on a visit in her brother's house although her son had apartments at the hotel, offered her cheek for the usual morning salutation, but did not utter a word to the embarrassed and mortified Inez, who felt herself in a sort of disgrace, without having anything of which she could reasonably complain.

An inquiry, addressed by her uncle to

Madame de Barros, informed her that Francisco had ridden into Lisbon, and would not return to Cintra till the evening ; and, after having sat in silence through the most uncomfortable meal she had ever partaken of, Inez retired to her own room, to consider what must be her next step, in her present difficult situation.

All would have been easy, could she have persuaded herself to renounce the pleasure Courtenay's devotion afforded her ; but even the vain and selfish heart of Inez had yielded at length to the mighty influence of a true attachment. She loved him. His noble appearance and fascinating manner satisfied her fastidious taste, his cultivated mind and lofty sentiments inspired her with respect, his frank and manly affection, his almost chivalrous adoration, filled her imagination, and aroused every feeling of feminine tenderness, every aspiration after a life of mutual love and confiding companionship, that had lain so long dormant in her heart under the influence of a mere worldly education.

As the thought of all this now rushed into her mind, Inez buried her face in her hands,

and burst into a passion of tears. Her past life, her future, seemed to pass in review before her ; her many errors, her better feelings, her broken resolutions—even the injudicious treatment of others, all were remembered with startling clearness, and she shuddered, as her soul, for the first time, appeared to her in its naked deformity.

For a brief space, she forgot her personal beauty, her many accomplishments, under the humiliating sense of the presence of sin. A dim consciousness, for the first time, took possession of her mind, of the presence also of an all-seeing God, that could read all her miserable vanity, selfishness, and falsehood ; and had she ever known the value of prayer, she might have sought in that hour of conflict and humiliation, a light from above, to guide her out of the labyrinth into which her self-will had hurried her.

She had been taught to kneel at stated hours for the due performance of those religious duties required by her confessor, and for the decent observance of the forms of her religion, but a habit of self-examination or of prayerful seeking

for strength to conquer any weakness was no part of her governess's system, nor had she ever seen or heard of such a thing in her father's house.

In darkness and dismay, she now, therefore, shrank from the humbling view of herself, which Francisco's letter and the necessity of instant decision had called up; there was a feeling of intolerable shame, without the purifying feeling of contrition, there was the fear of degradation, without the desire to be virtuous, and a sense of the *inconvenience* of having entered on a crooked path, without the slightest perception that the only safeguards for every human mind are a sense of duty, and a strict observance of its dictates.

Alas! for those who are trained from infancy in the path of expediency, and discern in life no higher aim than to pass creditably, or with *éclat* through this lower scene of preparation. Let us then pity, even when condemning the unhappy Inez, and all who, like her, see no object in the acknowledgment of a fault, save the extricating themselves from a present dilemma.

An hour elapsed ere she recovered sufficient

composure to form a resolution, and then, slowly drawing forth Francisco's letter, which she had thrust within her dress, she laid it out on the table at which she sat, and whilst tears still blinded her eyes, and her lips curled with bitterness, she endeavoured to read again that firm remonstrance, the very justice of which wounded her pride, and urged her spirit to rebel.

"Is it my fault," she exclaimed, "that I never till now met a being so noble-minded, so worthy of love, as this gifted Courtenay? Is it my fault that, according to the insane custom of my country, I was promised to De Barros without a spark of affection existing between us? Is it my fault that Courtenay loves me?"

Inez paused. Conscience whispered that, although Courtenay might have admired her, without her being in fault, she had done all she could to fascinate him; and then came the remembrance of Francisco's generous offer the evening before, and her base deliberate deception of both these men.

The thoughts that crowded into her mind were now too painful.

"What is to be done?" she cried, starting from her seat, and throwing open the window to cool her flushed cheek, "what is to be done?" she repeated vehemently, clenching her small hands, as if she would wish to punish those who had yet no power to injure her, could she but resolve to be true to herself.

Her eyes rested on the trees of Mrs. Howard's garden, and she instantly pictured to herself the scene of domestic peace within those walls, which had so long been Arthur's home. Truth, affection, self-denial, intellectual companionship, all dwelt there, and Inez longed to take refuge within those sacred precincts, from all the irritation and weariness she was constantly encountering in her own artificial career.

"Shall I accept Francisco's offer?" she whispered to herself, "shall I confess that I deceived him last night, and ask him to screen me from the anger of my father and aunt?"

To this succeeded a disturbing thought, that not even then could she find the peace she

coveted, as, to retain the good opinion of Courtenay and the Howards, she must never, never appear before them in her real character.

At this moment she heard the sound of voices approaching along the road, on which her window looked out, and Inez drew back, so as not to be seen, whilst she could observe those who were passing by.

It was the royal family on their way to spend the morning in one of the gardens of which the Queen was particularly fond, and in which the owner had erected for her use, a summer-house, in which she could sit screened from public view, and yet enjoy her *dolce far niente*, amusing herself, as all Portuguese and Spanish ladies are so fond of doing, in watching the various groups of passers-by.

They were all on foot, the King and Queen in front, the two little Princes with their attendants, the young and interesting Maids of Honour, and one or two gentlemen of the Court. The pretty Mimi, the pet of the Queen, and of all who knew her, cast up a glance, as she passed, at Inez's open window, and then

turned to address her sister. The King had, also, slightly raised his eyes towards the spot where Inez stood concealed by her white curtain, and seemed immediately after to make some remark on the house to his consort. Inez followed them with her eyes—the party looked unusually cheerful—their smiles were all in unison with the brightness of that summer's day, and she gazed, until a turn in the shady road concealed from her the gay bonnets and white dresses, and she could no longer hear the murmur of their voices.

How little do we reflect on the influence we exercise, even in our slightest actions, over the feelings and destinies of our fellow-creatures! how seldom do we pause to think, as we pass from street to street, of the broken hearts, the despairing spirits, the mental conflicts, concealed from us by a few panes of glass! Little indeed did that royal party deem that their appearance on that road, on which they hardly met that morning a human being, was yet the turning point of an important decision, and drove back a heart with which conscience,

for the first time, had been striving, into the dark stream of selfishness and deceit.

All her early prejudices, worldly ambition, and the natural love of country, asserted again their power in the breast of Inez, as she gazed on her Sovereign, and the familiar forms of her attendants. She thought of her own place in that country, her position at that Court: then came the contrast of her situation as the wife of a foreigner, without rank, and holding no office in his native land, that could supply to her the consequence she would forfeit in her own, the displeasure of her father, the persecutions of her family, the disapproval of the Queen, and of every individual of her own class in Lisbon; and lastly, the almost insurmountable obstacles that oppose the marriage of a Portuguese girl with a Protestant foreigner. As all these reflections forced themselves on her mind, Inez grew suddenly calm; her lips still trembled slightly, but tears no longer dimmed her eye; she had weighed the sacrifices together, and she had made her choice; or at least fancied she had done so.

She seated herself at the table, and without

again reading Francisco's letter, wrote to him the following lines :

“ Forgive me, for having thoughtlessly, though unintentionally wounded you last night. My position was yet too new, and I had not dreamt of the pain I might give. I promise you, however, that you shall not suffer thus again. Mr. Courtenay is nothing, and never can be anything more to me, than an agreeable and accomplished acquaintance. Be then at peace on this subject ; and believe that when I told you last night I would be your wife in heart, as well as hand, it was not with feelings that could so lightly change, as to accept to-day your offer of freedom, which, generous though it be, seems to imply an indifference on your part, little flattering to a woman's dignity. .

“ I will add no more, as we shall soon meet, and I then may prove to you that you misunderstood the affection that is entirely your own.”

Inez folded this note, and sealed it, without

reading what she had written. Her heart seemed to have withered as she wrote it ; and summoning her maid before she had time for more reflection, she desired that the note might be taken immediately to the hotel at which De Barros had his apartments.

“ And now all is over !” said Inez.

With a desperate calmness she bathed her throbbing temples with cold water, and then seated herself at her window, closing the venetian-blind, so as to be concealed from the road, that passed beneath.

She endeavoured to form a plan for her future conduct ; but as some lost one wanders hopelessly over a vast desert without a compass, the heart of Inez, unguided by principle, found no resting-place, on which to plant the standard of its allegiance. To take religion as her stronghold, was an idea that had never been suggested to her. There remained, then, for her, only that refuge of so many noble, though erring spirits—the desire to perform her duties to her fellow-creatures. But Inez had never experienced the pleasure of ministering to the

happiness of others, apart from her own gratification ; and even now in sacrificing the warmest affection she had ever felt, it was from no sense of duty to a parent — no scruples regarding her Church, but simply from a worldly ambition.

In giving up Courtenay, she indulged in no dream of dedicating her life, and all her energies to De Barros ; and her thoughts wandered restlessly from one vain fancy to another, seeking comforts in imagined triumphs, and finding none. She knew not that what her heart required was, to bend itself to a power higher than her own will—to enlist itself in some pure and lofty service ; and there was no one there to tell her, that even that very morning, her spirit had made a feeble effort to free itself from the fetters of selfishness, no friendly voice to warn her that this might be its last struggle, no pitying hand to point out to her the only path she might tread with safety.

As she sat thus in gloomy meditation, she was aroused by a step approaching the house ; it was no heavy tread, yet its sound was clear in

the stillness of a sultry morning, and the heart of Inez beat fast, as something told her that it was Courtenay, who, almost at the same moment, rang at the door.

She did not dare to look out, whilst there was a chance of his perceiving her, for she knew not even yet with what tone she meant to greet him. But she listened eagerly; and when the door was opened, she recognized the familiar voice, as he inquired if her aunt were at home. She heard the reply, that the Senhora Condessa was gone out. Courtenay seemed to hesitate for a moment, and then asked if the Conde de Lima were within, but the reply was the same.

Inez knew that her aunt was at home, and her heart sank, as she felt that this denial was the first step in the system of exclusion, which was henceforth to divide her from Courtenay.

She heard him strike his cane on the gravel, and then he walked away. Her open window seemed to attract his notice, and pausing for an instant he looked up; and Inez, from within

the blind, distinctly saw the faultless features, and saddened expression of the man she loved. But he knew not who was the inhabitant of that room, and passed on, unconscious how near he had been to her who was his heaven on earth.

Inez, with trembling fingers, pressed forward the venetian-blind, and leaning out as far as prudence permitted, she followed him with her eyes, until he stopped at a little private gate, that led him into Mrs. Howard's quinta.

He turned and looked again at the house in which Inez resided. Alarmed, she drew back, and the blind fell into its place. Courtenay's quick eye had, however, caught her form; but her sudden retreat showed him that she did not wish to attract his notice; and when she looked again in a few seconds, he was gone.

Inez could no longer endure the solitude of her own room; and descending into the garden, she there endeavoured to drive away troublesome thoughts and cares, by joining in the

sports of her young cousins, the children of the Conde de Lima.

Two days more passed without Courtenay's having even a glimpse of Inez. At the window, he had discovered to be her's, and underneath which he now passed two or three times a day, she carefully avoided showing herself; the venetian-blind was constantly closed, and not even the eye of Love could penetrate that jealous barrier. But Inez was often seated there, and when she saw him pass, she would press her hands on her bosom, as if to suppress a cry of anguish; and when he was gone, she would fly from her own room, and seek refuge from the stings of conscience, and the pleadings of her heart in the excitement of society, and the gratification of vanity afforded by Francisco's now undisguised and unbounded devotion.

To captivate the senses of this young man, was a task exactly fitted to supply Inez with that interest in life of which Courtenay's absence had otherwise deprived her; and although she never allowed herself to think that she would one day actually be the wife of De

Barros, she conducted herself now towards him, with a mixture of tenderness and reserve, that with her grace and beauty and talent, completely charmed him, and made him vow to himself to spare no effort to secure the happiness of a being so rarely gifted and so dear.

Meanwhile time passed heavily with Courtenay, whose dreams of enjoyment at Cintra, and of almost hourly intercourse with Inez were rapidly vanishing. All seemed to go on in the place as was usual during that gay season, all seemed to be with others as he had anticipated it would be with him; gay pic-nics, cheerful soirées, friends whom the distances and occupations of Lisbon divided in the winter, now meeting at all hours in the most unceremonious companionship, all wore a festive air; and Courtenay asked himself, with a sick heart, how it was that the many plans discussed between him and Inez in the presence of her family had been so suddenly overturned, and if she were to be thus for ever concealed from his sight. It seemed to him impossible that that one ride to the Pena Castle was to be his first and last

evening of happiness during the whole summer.

On the evening of that day on which Inez wrote to De Barros, there was a birthnight party at the Marialva Palace, where her family met the Howards, the Lonsdales, Courtenay, and nearly all the little world of Cintra, but Inez had pleaded a headache as an excuse to avoid a meeting for which she was not yet prepared, and no opposition had been made to her remaining at home; even De Barros himself, who had received her note on his return from Lisbon, and had hurried to her uncle's house to thank her for it, was gratified by her evident disinclination for society, whilst he was disappointed at being compelled to leave her so soon after their first meeting as lovers.

Courtenay's disappointment, as he saw the Condessa de Lima and her sister-in-law appear without Inez, was too severe to admit of his even making an inquiry as to the cause of her absence, and he sought consolation in his depression, by seating himself during the whole evening beside Emily, with whom he conversed in a strain of confidence, that whilst it breathed

chiefly of sadness, still gladdened the heart of the unsuspecting girl by the proof it seemed to give her, that she was still to him dearer than any other on earth. He little dreamt of the error he was fostering in that honest heart, and that Inez, for whom he was ready to sacrifice every other interest in life, had that morning professed her indifference for him, and was now a voluntary absentee from a scene where she had only dreaded to meet himself.

Next day he accompanied Mrs. Howard and her daughter on a morning visit at the Condessa de Lima's, but Inez did not appear. When Emily inquired where she was, and expressed disappointment at not seeing her, she was told that she was gone with the children on a ride to Collares, where they were all to have a cold dinner in the favourite garden of that place.

Another day only brought a fresh disappointment to the unhappy Arthur; the Condessa de Lima and Madame de Barros called early at Mrs. Howard's, and the former made an apology for Inez's non-appearance by saying that she was gone to spend the morning at the

Palace; but, on observing a look of mingled surprise and regret on Emily's speaking countenance, she expressed, with much apparent kindness, a wish, that she and her mother would join their pic-nic dinner the following day, on which was to be held the annual *fête* at the Pena Castle.

The invitation was so eagerly accepted by Emily, that her mother's doubtful air passed unobserved, and on seeing Emily turn with an appealing look to Courtenay, as if wondering at his silence, the Condessa added a few polite words of hope that he also would give them the pleasure of his company.

Courtenay bowed in silence; his pride rebelled against the idea of accepting an invitation which he fancied was given unwillingly, and yet trusting as he did in the affection and honour of Inez, he did not feel that he had a right to refuse what might give him an opportunity for a full and decisive explanation with herself.

He had resolved to seize the first occasion that offered for this, well knowing the difficulties that were in his path, and feeling

reluctant to risk all, by a declaration to Inez's family ere he had consulted her, as to her own wishes, and the most prudent manner of proceeding in an affair that involved their mutual happiness. He therefore exerted himself, when escorting the Condessa and her sister-in-law through the garden, to keep up the usual cheerful tone of every-day talk, and when he parted with them at the little gate, that opened near their own residence, he refrained from accompanying them to the door, where he felt he *might* have caught a glimpse of Inez, and only saying a few words relative to their meeting next day, he took leave of the two ladies with an air as unembarrassed as if his heart were not burdened with a load of care.

"Certainly," said the Condessa de Lima, "that man is singularly handsome, and his air would become a Prince."

"Yes !" answered Madame de Barros, "Inez showed no want of taste in her love for him, but all this is only a reason the more for hurrying on her marriage."

"Ah, do not fear !" said the Condessa, "all is now right between her and Francisco ; Inez

is a sensible girl, and with all her excitability of temperament, she knows what is for her real advantage. Besides, I do not believe that she ever really loved this Englishman."

Madame de Barros laughed.

"I have persuaded my son, with the help of her own assertion, to believe that she never did; but I confess to you, that I am convinced it has cost Inez a bitter struggle to listen to this same good sense of which you speak. Even yet I do not feel quite at ease—I felt much tempted to say a few words that would keep Mr. Courtenay at his distance to-morrow, but there is something in that beautiful face of his and his lordly air, that renders me fearful of rousing the proud spirit of his nation; and yet even this makes me tremble for Inez, if he find an opportunity to address her alone."

"Do not fear," said the Condessa, "I have watched Inez these last two days, and she is perfectly satisfied with Francisco's devotion—depend upon it she has no desire now to become a topic for scandal in Lisbon—she has taken her line, and she will do very well, provided

From Margarida de Macedo, she knew pretty well how matters stood at the Conde de Lima's, and of the line that had been adopted to exclude Courtenay from their intimate circle, without doing anything that could excite gossip; but she was compelled to keep all these things within her own heart, and only sighed deeply as she heard her darling Emily uttering anticipations of great enjoyment at the morrow's *fête*.

"Poor child," whispered her mother to herself; "what may not to-morrow's *fête* bring of sorrow to thee!"

CHAPTER III.

"But how stood she, the forsaken, there,
Struck by the lightning of swift despair?
Still, as amazed with grief, she stood,
And her cheek to her heart sent back the blood,
And there came from her quivering lip no word."

MRS. HEMANS.

THE sun shone brightly on the following morning, and the lovely scenery of Cintra wore its most smiling aspect, as if to do honour to the gayest festival of the season.

As early as nine o'clock, groups of peasantry in their holiday attire were wending their way along the road that leads to the top of the Serra; an hour later, parties of the higher classes

crowded the narrow streets of the village, and were seen issuing from the various quintas and by-roads leading from Collares, and other places in the neighbourhood ; the gentlemen were on foot or on horseback, the ladies on donkeys ; and at about a quarter after ten the Queen, with the royal family and suite, issued in state from the palace gates, and proceeded up the hill to attend high mass in the old church of the *ci-devant* convent of Nossa Senhora.

The Howards and Lonsdales, who had ridden together to the Castle, arrived at the church-door a few minutes after the Queen had entered, and it was with some difficulty that places were found for the ladies, whilst Courtenay and Sir Frederick stood near.

The royal party, with the chief persons of the nobility, were exactly opposite to them ; Inez de Sampayo, who saw them enter, cast down her eyes on her missal, and from the moment the service began, her manner was that of one wrapt in devotion.

She coloured deeply on first perceiving Courtenay ; but the most jealous lover could not have found fault with her demeanour during the

whole performance of the mass. Only once, when the service was nearly over, did she raise her eyes, after she was aware of Courtenay's presence, but she well knew that his would be fondly fixed on her; and not even then, when the hour was approaching for a meeting that could no longer be avoided, could she resolve on the conduct to be adopted towards the only man she had ever truly loved.

While she appeared to join in the solemnities of her religion, her heart was filled by a conflict of passions, and she allowed herself to hope that Heaven might send some means for extricating her from her dilemma, might yet save her from a marriage in which her heart had no share, and work some miracle to endow the man she loved, with those earthly advantages her selfish vanity could not bear to sacrifice !

With her mind thus disturbed, Inez held her missal devoutly before her eyes, and knelt in the presence of her Maker !

The mass proceeded, the clouds of incense rose, the solemn peal of the organ poured forth its stirring voice, and the whole congregation

bent the knee in adoration of the Saviour ; only Courtenay and Lonsdale, of the crowd of spectators, stood upright, and took advantage of their position, close to the door, to escape the necessity of appearing to join in a service in which, in reality, they took no part. The latter was of a mind so serious and religious, that he always disliked assuming the attitude of prayer when his spirit was not employed in devotional thoughts, and Courtenay had preserved through all his foreign residence and intercourse with various Roman Catholic nations, the predilection for Protestantism imbibed by his early education. He knew little of religion except as a system, but entertained no doubt of the doctrines of his own Church, and this was already a topic on which he had more than once had an animated discussion with Inez.

As he now drew back against the doorway, to remove himself from observation, his eyes fixed on the kneeling form of Inez, and a new and scarcely defined feeling of pain and hesitation rose in his heart, at the idea of his *wife* being under the rule of spiritual advisers who would

look on him as a mistaken heretic, and spare no exertion to persuade her of his grievous errors, and his lost condition.

De Barros was also kneeling near her, a little removed to one side, yet in such a position as to watch every change in her countenance; and as Courtenay gazed on her from a distance, surrounded by her kindred and friends, all of a different nation from his own, within the privileged circle that marked her as the high-born subject of a sovereign to whom he owed no allegiance, and as he noted also the dark features of her affianced lover, and thought of the perfect suitableness of this union according to the ideas of her country, a sensation of discouragement took possession of him, and it seemed as if a new and invisible barrier were sprung up between them.

With something almost amounting to impatience, he turned his eyes from a sight that had suddenly grown painful, and with a deep sigh fixed them on Emily.

She also was kneeling, and only divided from him by one person—her face was grave, and her manner serious, as became the place in which

- they were ; and as she gazed on the ancient altar where so many had struggled with their own hearts, and worshipped the same Saviour in whom she trusted, she appeared to be engaged in secret prayer, and as if her thoughts had wandered from the richly robed priests, and the solemn ceremonies they had come to witness.

Courtenay well knew the earnest faith of that innocent girl, and although she was kneeling in a temple that belonged not to their own communion, he knew that her love for the Church in which both had been trained, was equal to the simplicity and truthfulness of her heart.

An involuntary wish rose within him, that he had been loved by one whom he might have made his own without creating family dissension, without removing his wife from her Church and kindred or else adopting the alternative of becoming himself an alien for ever to the religion and country of his ancestors.

Courtenay sighed so heavily as these thoughts passed through his mind, that Emily raised her head, and met his eyes bent so sadly and yet so fondly on herself, that the blood rushed tumultuously to her face, and she longed to bury it in

her hands to conceal the sudden emotion. Yet after a momentary struggle she looked up again, anxious to see if the same sad expression were still on that dear countenance, and Courtenay, who read the inquiry her glance conveyed, smiled in answer, with a look of such mingled tenderness and sorrow, that both Inez and De Barros, who had looked at the same moment in that direction, started with surprise. A gleam of satisfaction shone in the eyes of the latter, whilst Inez turned pale with jealousy and mortification.

The service was now concluded, and there was a general movement in the church. Emily rose from her knees with the rest, and placing herself near Courtenay, he drew her arm gently within his own, and led her from the church.

"I admire the manner, Emily, in which you can abstract your mind from the present scene," said he; "you seemed as much wrapt in your own thoughts in that church, as if you had been in your usual place of worship."

"And why not?" asked Emily, "it is a temple dedicated to prayer, and I cannot bear to assume the attitude of worship merely to stare

at the vestments of the priests, or the various members of the royal family. Besides, it is so painful to me to be in a church, and have no spiritual communion with those present with me, that I always find it a comfort in a Roman Catholic church to pray for a blessing on all who may ever seek consolation within its walls. But, I believe," she added, colouring, "I must plead guilty to having let my thoughts wander to the past, just before I caught your eye. I was speculating, not very profitably, on the various characters and destinies of the many who must have bowed before that old altar, since it was first erected. There have been many broken hearts, Arthur, shut up within those walls."

"I wonder if any one but your own sweet self was indulging in such kind fancies," said Arthur, smiling and looking admiringly at the enchanting face that blushed beneath the little transparent bonnet, too small to hide even a glance of her expressive yet modest eyes.

"I hope a great many were better employed," answered Emily, laughing; "you know the greater number there went to join in the most solemn service of their religion."

"Yes," said Arthur ; " but the greater number, in spite of that, were thinking of very worldly affairs ; the ladies were looking at their neighbours' bonnets, and the men were longing to get out of the hot air, and hoping that the servants would keep the champagne cool for dinner."

"Oh, Arthur!" said Emily, in a tone of reproach, " do not be so uncharitable ; you cannot possibly know what was passing in the minds of all these people. I am very certain that I knew a good many persons in church, whose hearts were entirely occupied with their devotions."

"You are thinking of Margarida de Macedo," said Arthur, "and of some friends of your own, who resemble you in all that is good and sincere ; but I fear you must not take yourself as a rule for the rest of the world."

"Yet that is the most fair way to judge. Is it not ? and *à-propos* to that Arthur," added Emily, archly, " of what were *you* thinking in church, that you are so ready to believe this evil thing of your neighbours ?"

The smile vanished from Courtenay's lip, as

her empire over Courtenay. At length, as a movement in her party to make way for the Queen, brought her close to Beaumont, a happy idea struck her, and she said to him, hurriedly :

“ Miss Howard does not know that the dinner is to be now ; will you call her ? She is gone that way.”

And the young man to whom the whole scene was a novelty, concluded that Miss Howard must wish to be present, and set off to call her without an instant's delay.

To her he was a most unwelcome messenger, and even Arthur, who had been on the point of opening his whole heart to Emily, was for a moment impatient at the interruption ; but then came the feeling, that this was no occasion for a confidence like his, and that he ought not to speak of Inez's position, and sentiments, until authorized by herself to do so, and although he had never been more in a mood to be refreshed by the sweet companionship of the loving girl by his side, he at once resolved to return to the company.

“ Come, Emily,” he said, kindly, “ I fancy we

must do our duty in the day's work ; and I have no right to carry off the fairest face in Cintra from its grand gala."

They retraced their steps ; but Emily still retained her place by Courtenay's side, as they stood looking at the dinner-table, round which sat the poor of Cintra, in the presence of their Queen.

When the repast was over, the Queen with the royal family and suite, retired into the Castle, where they were to dine and rest until the hour for evening service at the Church of San Pedro, a little village half way down the hill. They were to walk in procession down the hill to this village, and the sermon was to be preached by Padre Marcos, the Queen's Almoner ; but there were still three hours to be passed in the usual merry-making of such an occasion, before the crowd assembled again in the consecrated walls for vespers.

Most of the peasantry descended the hill at once, to seek refreshment in the public-house of San Pedro, and amusement more at ease than was possible amongst the gay groups of nobility

and gentry, who crowded the walks of the Gardens, whilst many of these despatched servants with orders either to bring the pic-nics in baskets, or to convey them to some more cool and shady spot, near the quinta, near San Pedro.

Most of the families who had gone to the gardens with the intention of staying on the whole day, had already made arrangements for dining with their friends; but invitations were heard on all sides, given to young people who had come from Lisbon only on that day, whilst various parties agreed to join the party, and increase the merriment by the *scramble* of an out of door repast, by their numbers.

The Condessa de Lima had invited a party to meet in a private quinta, near San Pedro, lent her by a friend, and after loitering amongst the gay groups of the acquaintance in the Pena grounds, she summoned her niece and sister-in-law to accompany her on their donkeys, announcing at the

time to Lady Lonsdale, Mrs. Howard, and the rest of her guests, that the appointed hour was approaching.

Inez reluctantly obeyed her aunt, and saw with the bitterest mortification, that Courtenay again offered his arm to Emily, whilst she heard Mrs. Howard inform the Condessa, that she and the Lonsdales meant to descend the hill on foot, and would join them in a quarter of an hour.

De Barros, who was adjusting something about Inez's bridle, little guessed the feelings that were in her heart, as she gently thanked him for his care. That morning had entirely set at rest all anxiety, and lulled his suspicions regarding Courtenay. He fancied that he already saw him engaged in another attachment, and this combined with the admirable prudence of Inez, during the last three days, made him feel secure from all further annoyance in that quarter.

The sort of manly affection and tender friendship experienced by Courtenay for Emily, was a thing utterly incomprehensible to the mind of a young Portuguese like De Barros ; indeed, few

of his countrymen believe in the possibility of taking much interest in one of the fairer sex, unless she be associated in their minds with some love affair, either of their own or of a friend. The tone of mind that produces this, is one of the national defects, and whilst acknowledging and lauding many of their peculiar virtues, it would be a mistaken kindness that would seek to throw a veil over all their errors.

Yet we must ascribe this spirit of egotism that mars the character of so many a son of Portugal, intended by nature to adopt a far higher standard, chiefly to the influence of those laws and customs of his country, that condemn nearly all the youths of the higher class to lives of utter idleness, and a ruinous system of *time-killing*, under which the noblest mind must degenerate. In a capital like Lisbon, where the chief attractions of life are its climate, the amiable sociability of the people and the polish of their manners, where the business of life seems limited to discussions in the Cortes and petty political conspiracies, and where there is seldom any novelty to interest beyond a new

opera or a new dancer, young men are almost driven to seek refuge from the *ennui* of utter non-occupation, in the excitement of gambling, and that perpetual wasting of every generous sentiment, which must attend a course of idle love affairs, not one of which is intended to be anything more than a passing interest to relieve the irksomeness of monotony.

It is not to be wondered at that young men thus trained, should adopt low views of the female character, and a habit of suspicion against each other; it is rather a subject for marvel, that they should still retain all the kindness of feeling, the considerate delicacy and polished courtesy, which mark their intercourse with each other, and to which a noble writer of our day has paid his hearty tribute.*

* "If I could divest myself of every national partiality, and suppose myself an inhabitant of the other hemisphere, travelling solely for my amusement, noting men and manners, and were asked in what country society had attained its most polished form, I should say in Portugal; this perfection of manner is, perhaps, most appreciated by an Englishman, when seen in that portion of the aristocratic class which has adopted, in minor points, the refinements of the first European

When, therefore, De Barros saw the look of admiring fondness Courtenay fixed on Emily during the morning service, and afterwards marked how he withdrew her from the crowd on leaving the church, and remained by her side when they rejoined the party, it never suggested itself to his mind as possible, that, having been brought up with that lovely girl as her brother, he could look on her with admiration, or bestow on her such flattering attentions, save with the selfish desire of winning for himself the first place in her heart.

To love and love again from day to day, implied in his estimation no want of depth of feeling, no weakness of character; and he addressed a few words to Courtenay as he passed near him and Emily, leading Inez's donkey, with a cordiality he had never showed him before, and his manner to Inez assumed

society, and has retained the spirit, while it has in some degree dropped the exaggerated ceremonial of the old Portuguese courtesy. Portuguese politeness is delightful, because it is by no means purely artificial, but flows in a great measure from a natural kindliness of feeling."—*Note from Lord Carnarvon's Portugal and Galicia*, p. 43, Part 1.

even an increase of devotion as he spoke to her with approving tenderness, keeping his hand on her bridle so as to regulate the pace of her steed to suit his own.

Courtenay looked wistfully after them, and then a gloomy expression gathered on his brow, as again a doubt entered his mind, with regard to the line it would be most honourable for him to pursue towards Inez.

When the Howards and Lonsdales reached the quinta, where the dinner was laid out on a long stone table beneath some chesnut trees, they learnt from the Conde de Lima, who met them near the entrance, that a serious accident had occurred to Madame de Barros.

Her donkey had tripped on a loose stone and fallen, throwing her so violently to the ground that she had severely sprained her ankle, besides receiving various bruises, and a cut on the forehead that had bled profusely. Her son had immediately procured a light cane sofa from an adjoining house, on which she might be carried home, and had himself accompanied her, that he might seek for medical aid, and take measures to relieve her sufferings.

This incident cast a gloom at first over the party, and Mrs. Howard saw that the Condessa de Lima was seriously annoyed at the absence of Francisco, and looked with anxiety at Courtenay and Inez.

It was vain, however, in such a scene, where ceremony was laid aside, and mirth was the object that had collected the guests, to attempt to keep a check over the movement of any two, who were resolved on holding communication together.

Inez had formed a desperate resolution on her way to that quinta, and the accident that secured the absence of De Barros, seemed to her ill-regulated mind, a sign that Heaven favoured her wishes. The sudden fear that the beautiful Emily Howard might more than console Courtenay for her loss, might even make him reckon his passing love for herself amongst the hundred *preferences* which men regard as trifling episodes in their lives, had made her in a moment almost hate the unconscious girl; and she resolved at every risk to say something that would bind the unhappy Courtenay to her for ever.

As the party wandered in groups through the small flower-garden, awaiting the summons to dinner, Courtenay advanced towards Inez, who apart from all the rest, seemed to be engrossed in the arrangement of a bouquet of roses.

"Shall I assist you?" he asked, as he stooped to pick up a rose that had fallen from her trembling fingers.

"Thank you," answered Inez, proudly drawing back, whilst tears, that she sought not to check, filled her eyes, and her lip curled at the same time with anger.

Courtenay gazed at her with surprise, yet still held out the flower, saying gently:

"Will you not give *this* rose a place in your bouquet? it may be the last I shall have pleasure to present to you."

Inez took the flower, and casting it to the ground crushed it with her foot.

"Then let it perish!" she exclaimed, passionately; "let it perish with my faith in the honour of man—why should it survive the donor's truth?"

Courtenay started, and his eye flashed; then sinking his voice to a whisper, he said:

"You are the first person who ever breathed a doubt of my truth, Mademoiselle de Sampayo, and I grieve I did not earlier know your real opinion."

She did not speak—she did not even raise her eyes, and Courtenay with a heart full of pride and wounded tenderness turned abruptly from the spot.

At dinner he was placed between Emily and Grace Lonsdale. Inez sat nearly opposite with Mr. Beaumont, to whose gay sallies she responded with a vivacity nearly equal to his own; the good humour of the young sailor, and the piquant repartees of his beautiful neighbour, soon infected the whole party with gaiety; and although there were still anxious spirits, and hearts tempest-tossed with conflicting passions around that festive board, it was to all appearance a scene of complete enjoyment.

Inez avoided for a considerable time meeting Courtenay's eye, although she more than once

addressed those near him; and after silently observing her for some time, he commenced an animated conversation with Emily and Grace Lonsdale.

His manner was calm, and his rich voice had that peculiar tone produced by suppressed emotion; it did not falter, but there was a vibration in the sound that made his words more interesting, and that thrilled to the heart of the guilty Inez, who felt, as it reached her ear, that she had wronged a man before whose noble mind she ought to humble herself in the dust with her burden of selfishness and falsehood.

As they rose from table, Inez approached Emily, and in a voice now all subdued, made some remark which she hoped would induce Courtenay to join them; but he turned coldly away, and seated himself on a bank beside Margarida de Macedo and Lady Lonsdale, who had both remarked the short scene between him and Inez, and felt a secret hope that all was now over between a pair so ill-matched in every moral quality.

A quarter of an hour had hardly elapsed ere

Mr. Beaumont approached this spot, and, making an apology for interrupting his conversation with his two companions, asked Courtenay to give him a few moments in private.

Courtenay rose in some surprise, and felt also considerable embarrassment, when the young man told him, with great delicacy, yet with an evident consciousness of the purport of his mission, that Mademoiselle de Sampayo had requested him to say that she wished to speak to Mr. Courtenay.

His pride was wounded even for her sake, that she should have thus resorted to a half confidence with a very young and lively foreigner in no way connected with her, and although he had perfect confidence in the gentlemanlike feelings of Charles Beaumont, with whose parents he had been on the most intimate footing, he fixed his eyes on the ground in painful uncertainty as to what he ought to reply, that might avert suspicion regarding the state of matters between him and Inez.

“Where is Mademoiselle de Sampayo?”

he asked after a few seconds had passed in silence.

"I left her in an arbour at the very end of that long avenue," answered Beaumont, then turned gaily to address some passers-by, so as to relieve Courtenay from his presence.

When Courtenay reached the arbour mentioned by his friend, he found Inez seated with her face buried in her hands; on hearing his step she started up, exclaiming, whilst her lips quivered with emotion:

"Oh, forgive me, Arthur! forgive me! I feel that I was unjust; but I am so miserable, I scarcely know what I am doing."

She had never called him Arthur before, and as she spoke she laid both her hands on his arm, and looked up into his face with such tearful pleading eyes, that Courtenay was almost unnerved, and unable for a few moments to command his voice; he gently led her to her seat, and placed himself beside her.

"Inez," at length he said, in a low serious tone, "was it merely to ask my forgiveness that you employed Mr. Beaumont to summon me? Surely you could not imagine that I could

long entertain a feeling of anger connected with *you*."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Inez, "I know how good, how noble you are—too well I know it—but I could not rest until I confessed my fault, I fancied I should never see you again; oh, Arthur, is all over—is there no hope—must I, so young, give up all chance of happiness?"

"God forbid, Inez! I trust there are many years of happiness before you—only tell me truly what you wish—have you courage to brave opposition and difficulties for my sake, Inez; do you love me? Do not answer me hastily," he added, seeing that she was much agitated; "too much depends upon your words. Inez, I have had many doubts as to what was my duty in this matter. I need not tell you that I love—*how* I love you, only a lifetime could prove—but I have sometimes thought that I should best consult your happiness, by tearing myself away from you. *Near* you I *cannot* stay unless you are my own, yet I could more easily part from you this moment than see you unhappy, and feel that I was the cause. If

then you dread what may await you as my wife—if you think you could be happy with another—”

“Oh, no, no !” vehemently interrupted Inez, “you cannot believe that, you must know that you alone are dear to me ; I dread nothing in this world, but a separation from *you*. Oh ! promise then, *promise* you will not desert me !”

Courtenay pressed her trembling form to his heart, and said with fervour :

“Desert you ! *never* ! No dearest, if *you* love me, if *you* bid me stay, no human power shall divide us. I only needed this assurance to decide on my proper course, yet I had almost despaired of being permitted to have an explanation with you, and I feared to expose to annoyance one dearer to me than life by acting on my own impulse.”

“Oh, you must be prudent !” anxiously exclaimed Inez, “more prudent now than ever—we are both suspected and watched, and the merest trifle might be the signal for our separation.”

“Yet something must be done,” said Courtenay, “we cannot remain as we are,

tenderness, his noble candour, all subdued within her the spirit of selfish manœuvring, and though she felt conscious that she was on the verge of a great imprudence, she could not bear to risk the loss of his esteem by urging a concealment that appeared to him so dishonourable; she felt that he was right, and worshipped him in her heart for those very qualities in which he presented the greatest contrast to herself; but her courage failed at the idea of enduring, even for his sake, the indignity of being put into a species of disgrace by her whole family.

Courtenay watched the struggle betrayed by her expressive features, though he could not read all the feelings that caused it, and when at length she raised her eyes to his with a look full of the fondest love, yet mingled with alarm and uncertainty, he pressed her hand to his lips and said :

“My own beloved one, there is one alternative if all this alarms you too much—I will leave Portugal, nay,” he added, seeing her start, “I only mean that I will leave it until you shall have succeeded in breaking off your

present engagement ; and the moment you summon me I will return. Dearest Inez ! there is no other course for me to pursue, unless I adopt one of double dealing and deceit, repugnant to my nature, and which would make me unworthy of you. Decide then for us both, let me either go to-morrow to ask your hand from your uncle, or let me leave Cintra, where I shall indeed leave my soul's treasure—my all of happiness."

" Oh, no ! Arthur, I cannot part from you !" said Inez. " Do what you think right, but do not leave me."

She trembled violently as she said these words—she felt that she had decided her fate, and hiding her face on his shoulder, large tears fell from her eyes.

Courtenay drew her tenderly towards him, and stooping down to kiss the fair forehead that seemed as if it ought to be the seat of truth, he perceived that she was weeping.

" Oh, Inez, Inez !" he said, gently, but playfully, " this will never do—you will never make a heroine, if you lose courage at the first sight of danger ; come, dearest, cheer up—all

will be well—there is something within tells me we shall yet be happy.”

“Heaven grant it!” said Inez, mournfully; “promise me at least, dearest Arthur, that *whatever* may happen, you will *never* desert me.”

“I do promise,” answered Courtenay, earnestly; “but surely, Inez, you might have trusted me without a promise.”

“Ah! we cannot tell what they may do—they are even capable of deceiving us both, if by that means they could separate us.

“But I must not stay long here,” she added, suddenly looking round in alarm. “Arthur, let me return alone to the company, I could not meet them with composure if you were by my side.”

“Go, dearest,” said Courtenay, gazing fondly at the beautiful face of her he now considered his own. “Go! and may Heaven bless you for the dear hope you have given me this day.”

His arm was round her slender waist, he imprinted a kiss on her trembling lips, and they parted.

How much of anguish often dwells in the midst of the gayest scenes ! Whilst these two exchanged their vows, and whilst at a little distance were heard sounds of revelry and merriment, a fond, devoted, unselfish heart had uttered the death-cry of its best hopes, and lay bruised and bleeding, wounded by the hand dearest to it on earth.

Emily and Margarida de Macedo, unconscious that any one occupied the arbour where Courtenay had found Inez, had proposed to each other to retreat there for a short time, from the confusion and gaiety each had begun to find wearisome. The path they took to approach it was not the direct one, and it brought them within view of the unconscious pair, whilst still at a considerable distance.

Both at the same instant perceived Courtenay and Inez. It was exactly when the latter laid her face on his shoulder, and Emily saw Arthur stoop to kiss her forehead, whilst his arm supported her waist.

She gazed for a few seconds, as if transfixed to the spot ; her cheeks and lips grew ghastly pale ; her eyes dilated with horror, and then

slowly turning to Margarida, she saw her friend watching her with compassion and anxiety. She grasped her arm with convulsive strength, and drawing her close to her side, whispered in a voice that made her companion shudder.

“What is that?—what is that?” she repeated almost violently, as she shook the arm she held, and passed her left hand across her eyes, as if to clear away a mist that obscured her vision.

“My Emily,” said Margarida, gently, “my poor child, we hardly knew how to prepare you for this.”

“Prepare me! You have known it! It is true! Oh, my God! my God! let me die!” exclaimed the heart-stricken girl, sinking down on the earth at Margarida’s feet, and burying her face in the folds of her dress.

“Oh, Emily!” cried Margarida, alarmed lest any one should observe them, “you will be seen, dearest, and you could not endure that.”

Emily started to her feet. She turned her eyes once more towards the arbour, and gazed

as if her soul would pass away in that long look. Inez had risen to depart, and Courtenay threw his arm round her waist, and they exchanged their first kiss of love.

Emily uttered a smothered cry, that pierced Margarida's heart, and again seizing the latter's arm, with a strength her slender fingers never had possessed till that moment of despair, she dragged her from the spot.

Instinctively she avoided the path that led to the small grove where they had dined. Without uttering a word, she hurried on through the least frequented parts of the grounds ; and when they no longer heard the sounds of voices, the unhappy girl paused.

She looked into her companion's face, and shuddered. She was still deadly pale, in spite of the haste with which she had walked, and her lips quivered ; but her eyes were dry, and looked as if no tear could ever come to cool their burning fever.

"Margarida," she said, in a hoarse voice, after a few seconds had elapsed, during which she more than once pressed her hand to her

forehead, "Margarida, take me home. I cannot think—I do not know very well how it had best be managed; but, for pity, take me home."

Her look was so wild, and she trembled so violently, that Margarida was alarmed.

"Dearest Emily," she said, "will you let me leave you for five minutes? I will call my own servant, and desire him to tell your mother that you are gone home with me. She would otherwise be alarmed at our absence."

Emily mechanically seated herself, and buried her face in her hands. When Margarida returned, she found her rocking her body to and fro, as if in agony. She took her hand, and said :

"Come, Emily, let us go home."

The poor girl again uttered a low cry of despair, and cast on all sides of that fatal quinta a look so heart-broken, and so bewildered, that Margarida's eyes filled with tears.

She placed her on her donkey; she walked by her side, and when they reached Mrs.

Howard's house, Margarida wished to stay with her in her room until her mother's arrival ; but when they were on the threshold of the little apartment, where Emily had risen that morning with so joyful a heart, she paused, and kissing her sympathizing friend, she quietly pushed her back, gasping out the words :

“ Leave me—leave me !”

And Courtenay knew not the evil he had done to the gentle being he loved so fondly ; and Inez guessed not that another heart, besides that of Francisco, was to bleed for her deception ; and the *fête* went on.

Evening service was performed in the Church of San Pedro. The royal family were once more within the Moorish Palace, reposing after the fatigue of the day ; and all the gay groups, that had dined together, were collected round cheerful tea-tables in Cintra. A little later, all were again sallying forth to see a display of fireworks, that was to conclude the day's festivity. The little village resounded until midnight with sounds of music, rockets, and laughter ; and Emily Howard, the young, the true-hearted,

the trusting, lay on her bed, crushed in spirit, speechless in her despair, with her burning hand pressed against the heart of her weeping mother.

CHAPTER IV.

"I may not say that thou wert false,
I never had one vow from thee,
But I have often seen thine eye
Look as it loved to look on me."

L. E. L.

"MOTHER," said Emily, starting up as the clock struck two, and gazing in Mrs. Howard's face, "what a wretch I am to let you sit there! Go to bed, dearest mother, if you love me."

"My child, I cannot bear to leave you; your hand is burning. Is there no refreshment I can bring you?"

A bitter smile played for a moment on

Emily's feverish lip ; then closing her eyes, she sank back on her pillow, and murmured, slowly :

“ Perhaps, I shall sleep.”

The mother still hung tenderly over her child ; and Emily kissed her hand, gently thrusting her from her at the same time, and whispering :

“ Good night, dear mother.”

And Mrs. Howard retired to pray that Heaven would be merciful to her child, and then exhausted with weeping and watching, she fell asleep.

But no sleep visited Emily's couch that night, though fearful of disturbing her mother, she lay perfectly still, and repressed even the sighs with which her bosom struggled.

Happy are they who pass through life's changeful scene, and never know the mortal anguish in which human sympathy only adds to the spirit's torture ; that inward crying out of the crushed heart that may not complain in words ; that sense of suffocation when no tears suffuse the burning eye-balls, but seem to flow scalding on the brain.

Such was the sorrow that had fallen on the happy Emily, who, only a few days before, had felt impatient with her friend for saying that this world was one of trial, and now, her only wish was that she might die, and never more hear the sound of a human voice—never more look out on the bright scenes whose beauty had been blasted by the hot sirocco of affliction.

No explanation had as yet taken place between her and her mother. It was from Margarida the latter learnt the sad particulars of the scene that had so completely realized all their fears; but when she had attempted to gain admittance into her daughter's room, she found that she had bolted even the door that communicated with her own, and it was a considerable time before her tender pleading voice could persuade Emily to open it.

"My child!" exclaimed Mrs. Howard, with that overflowing sympathy that seeks to console by giving vent to its tenderness; but she paused as she looked in her daughter's face, and awe-struck by its expression, she saw that the hour was not come when comfort could be offered there.

Emily was pale as marble, save on one cheek, where a small hectic spot glowed like fire; her hand was dry and burning, and her eyes seemed to have sunk into her head, so dark and hollow they now appeared; those "cloudless eyes," as Courtenay had often called them, were now dim, but not with tears.

She laid her hand on her mother's arm, and drawing her into the apartment, she said in a low voice:

"I am not well, mamma—did Margarida tell you—I was ill?"

"She did, dearest; but you will soon be better. Let me assist you to go to bed."

"No—no," said Emily, gasping between each word, and pressing her hand against her forehead; "no, dear mother, I wish to be still a little while alone, come to me when you have had tea. Are you alone?" she added hurriedly, looking in her mother's face, and then as suddenly withdrawing her eyes.

"Only Margarida is here, dearest," answered Mrs. Howard; "she waited to hear how you were."

"When she is gone, come to me again, dear

mamma," said Emily, and seating herself beside a table, she spread out her arms on it, and hid her face in her hands.

Her mother hesitated; but she had too much experience of sorrow not to know that there are times when the spirit cannot bear even the kindest argument, and after a moment's consideration she left the room, and went to hold a melancholy council with the sympathizing Margarida, as to how they were to extricate Emily from the difficulties of her position, without exciting observations that must wound her delicacy.

When she returned to her daughter's room, she found her in bed, and in darkness; the sun had set, the moon, already some days past the full, had not risen, and the unhappy girl scarcely conscious of the gloom around her, too miserable even to pray, because her burdened mind could not rise above the ruin of its joy, had thrown herself on her couch, and buried her face on her pillow.

"Do not speak to-night, dearest mother," she murmured, as Mrs. Howard bent down and

kissed her ; “ my head aches too much, I scarcely remember anything.”

And Mrs. Howard sat in that silent chamber, hour after hour, sometimes clasping her child's hand in hers, sometimes stooping to adjust her pillows, sometimes going into her own room to look out on the calm night, and cool her burning head at the open window.

Once only Emily spoke :

“ Is he come home ?” she asked, drawing her mother close to her with a convulsive pressure ; and when Mrs. Howard answered, “ Not yet, dearest—there was to be dancing,” she uttered a low moan, and turned her face away.

When Mrs. Howard rose next morning, she thought her child was sleeping, and gently closed her door that her movements might not disturb her. But Emily was not asleep, and when her mother entered her room about nine o'clock, she found her up and dressed in a loose muslin wrapper, her long ringlets drawn back from her white forehead, and carelessly fastened among the folds of her back hair, as if

to relieve the throbbing temples from even that light pressure.

She was walking rapidly to and fro, with her eyes fixed on the floor; but when she heard her mother's step, she looked up, and advancing towards her, threw her arms round her neck and fondly kissed her.

"Poor mamma," she said, in a low caressing voice, "poor mamma, I trust you have slept—I fear you are *very* tired, and it is my fault."

"My own dear child," said Mrs. Howard, "I only suffer for *you*, tell me how you are."

Emily gazed with a strange expression into her mother's eyes, but she answered calmly:

"I am well."

"Oh! Emily," said her mother, earnestly, "do not thus destroy yourself, by closing your mind, and preying on your own thoughts: will you not confide in me, my child? surely it would do you good to speak freely to your mother."

Emily shuddered, and a deep flush passed quickly across her pale face.

"Not now, not now, dear mother," she said hastily, and then sinking her voice to a whisper

she added, "I heard him go down stairs—go, dearest mother, he will need help, perhaps comfort, as much as—no, no!" she said, interrupting herself and casting her eyes towards heaven, "not—not so much as I do!"

Her mother left her, anxious herself to see and converse with Arthur, and perceiving that part of Emily's present restlessness arose from a desire to hear something of him and his affairs.

She found him pacing restlessly backwards and forwards a long shady walk in the garden, where her children had all been in turn accustomed to run races and trundle their hoops; and as she watched him now, and marked the nervous rapidity of his movements for a few minutes ere he perceived and advanced to meet her, remembrances rushed into her mind, recalling the forms and voices of the dead, the buried joys and hopes of her youth, and the many trials of her life, with such vivid distinctness, that it was with difficulty she forced back the blinding tears that gushed to her eyes.

"And is all to end thus?" she murmured

to herself. "Am I to see the misery of the only two who have been spared?"

Courtenay tenderly greeted his adopted mother, and heard with great concern that Emily was indisposed; the exertion of the day before, her mother said, had been too much for her, and she had been feverish all night.

Mrs. Howard looked so ill herself, that had Courtenay been less pre-occupied, it must have excited his suspicion that something had grieved her; but she anticipated any remark he might have made by saying, that she did not wonder Emily was ill, as she herself had been so overpowered by the heat, and the fatigue of the *fête*, that she had not slept, and was still suffering from headache.

Though grieved that his favourite Emily should be even slightly, as he imagined, indisposed, Courtenay was not sorry to have a *tête-à-tête* breakfast with Mrs. Howard on that particular morning, as he wanted to confide to her his anxieties about Inez, before he went to hear his fate from the Conde de Lima.

Mrs. Howard listened to the short history of this attachment with painful attention.

All the circumstances he related brought vividly before her the weak part of his character; that yielding to a present pleasure, without a thought of the future, which had already cast him on the world with all his mental powers, a man of idleness, and had reduced one, well fitted to be a leader amongst his fellow men, to be the slave of the mere passing emotions of his own heart. Courtenay could have resisted a *great* temptation, whose very magnitude would arouse his energies, he would have performed nobly any great duty to another that involved a sacrifice of himself; but he seemed utterly powerless to oppose those apparently innocent concessions, to the pleasure or convenience of the day, which yet stamp the image of indecision on the loftiest spirit, and lead to the great crisis of many a life.

As these thoughts rushed through Mrs. Howard's mind, accompanied by the image of her heart-broken child, she struggled to speak, and murmured a few words of hope that all might end better than he anticipated. But Courtenay read the expression of her face, and

felt that there was no cordiality in the voice that spoke that wish.

"You are disappointed in what I have done!" he exclaimed, seizing her hand. "Oh, do not judge me severely; Inez does not love this man they want her to marry, and I knew nothing of her engagement when I first tried to win her heart."

"My dearest Arthur," said Mrs. Howard, kindly, "you know that I can never be a severe judge to you—I only fear that you have not acted for your own happiness—I wish you had fled from this temptation ere it endangered the peace and respectability of your whole life."

"Respectability!" exclaimed Arthur, drawing back with a look of mingled dismay and annoyance, "respectability! how can that come in question, either through my success or my failure? Inez is highly born—her connections are unexceptionable, her beauty and her talents fit her to adorn any station."

"I am aware of all that," said Mrs. Howard, gently, but firmly; "I believe *we* were smitten by her charms before you were even willing to acknowledge them. But still I should have

felt more at ease concerning you, had you presented me a less highly gifted wife of your own country and your own religion."

"Oh! if that be all, do not fear for me, my kind friend. A wife who truly loves her husband, will not quarrel with him about his Church; and as to country, Inez is a perfect linguist, and has been accustomed to associate more with English people than with Portuguese, at all events, during her life at Paris."

Mrs. Howard smiled sadly at the manner in which Courtenay now skimmed over all the details of domestic life, on which she had often heard him dwell with so much earnestness, as being of more consequence to those concerned, than the higher sounding matters of beauty, talents, or fortune.

"Dear Arthur," she said, tenderly laying her hand on his arm, "it is not my object to suggest to you the darkest side of the prospect before you, and my affection for you may exaggerate my fears. I was wrong to express the regret you read in my countenance. It is now too late to look back; you are pledged in honour as well as heart to Mademoiselle de

Sampayo ; go then, to her uncle, make your proposal, and we shall be better able to consider what is to be done next, when you see the manner in which it is received. I have no doubt much may be done by perseverance, if only Francisco de Barros can be persuaded to give up his claims."

"Of that I have very little fear," said Courtenay, "at least, if he be the proud man he is represented, he will not be very anxious to receive an unwilling bride."

"Go then," said Mrs. Howard, "and return to me quickly, for I shall be full of anxiety."

"Give me first your good wishes, dearest mother," said Courtenay, drawing her towards him as she rose from the breakfast-table, "I shall go with a stronger hope if armed with your blessing."

Mrs. Howard bent over him as he threw his arm fondly round her, and a tear fell on his fine forehead, whilst she said in a low voice:

"May Heaven bless you, and order all things for your good !"

Courtenay silently pressed her hands to his

lips, and then rose to prepare for his important visit.

And Mrs. Howard returned to her daughter.

Emily sat on a stool beside a low couch, on which she rested her throbbing brow ; the comb that fastened her long hair had fallen, and her rich tresses hung on her shoulders in confusion, that showed how often her trembling hand had been passed through the heavy masses. She raised her head as her mother entered, and stretching one arm towards her, pointed with the other to the sofa, as if she wished her to be seated there. She then took her hand in her's, and hiding her face in her lap, said :

"Did he tell you anything? Tell me *all* that has passed—omit nothing, dearest mother, I pray you. It will do me good to hear all."

Gently and tenderly her mother obeyed her wish : she repeated almost word for word all that Arthur had told her, his love, his intentions, his fears—she left nothing in doubt, —nothing on which he daughter's mind might

yet dwell as something unexplained—a shadow on which to build a vain hope.

When she ceased, Emily said :

“Have you told me everything, mamma?”

“Everything, my darling,” said her mother, “everything that I know myself.”

“And he said *nothing* of *me*?” she inquired, looking anxiously in her mother’s face.

“Nothing, dearest,—nothing connected with this unfortunate story. He was, of course, much concerned when I said you were ill ; he loves you dearly, as you know, Emily ; he loves you as I do.”

“As you do !” repeated Emily, “oh, no, mother ! not as you do ; for you love nothing on earth so well, and he—”

Her voice faltered—tears, the long pent up tears again bathed her cheeks, and Mrs. Howard who felt that at least she must be grateful for this natural sign of sorrow, sat silently thinking over all that must yet be in store for the sensitive being thus overwhelmed by her first agony.

After a long silence, Emily again raised her

head, but with her eyes fixed on the floor, and said, in broken accents :

“ Was it then *all* a dream ? has it been *all* an imagination of my own vanity — did he *never* love me, as he loves this—this happy Inez ? ”

Mrs. Howard hesitated ; she felt certain that Arthur had once loved her child ; but she feared to add to the poignancy of her regrets by telling her this, now that all was over. Emily marked her hesitation, and exclaimed, with earnestness :

“ Mother, tell me *all*—do not fear *whatever* it may be. All that is now of consequence to me in this matter is, that I should completely understand it, and then may God give me strength to bear all that He has appointed for me. Do not be afraid,” she added, with a bitter smile, “ I did not die *yesterday*, so you need not fear anything to-day.”

“ My child,” said Mrs. Howard, “ I did indeed think he loved you at one time ; and though I sometimes had fears that the very ease with which he could enjoy your society, might destroy the excitement that seems so

essential to most men, I saw that he admired you, and that he loved no one else—at least not at that time.”

“Then, how have I lost him?” cried Emily, clasping her hands, and casting up her deep blue eyes, the lashes of which glittered with tears. “Oh, Arthur! what did I do, that you should withdraw from me the treasure of your love? Did I love too fondly? did I weary you with my presence? Oh, mother, mother!” cried the unhappy girl, her eyes eagerly questioning Mrs. Howard’s; “can it be that I betrayed myself, and that he thought me bold? Oh! my brain would go distracted if I could think I lost him thus.”

“It is impossible dearest,” said her mother, fondly pressing the burning temples with her lips, “it is impossible; only consider—recall his whole manner to you, even yesterday—it expressed only tenderness, respect and admiration.”

“But his *manner* has never changed since he returned to us two years ago; when then, did his feelings change?—if he *ever* loved me when did he cease to do so?”

"My darling girl, do not distract yourself with these questions. They will probably never be answered; let it suffice that this sorrow is not come through any fault of yours, and that you are now, as ever, in Arthur's estimation, a creature whom he reveres as well as loves."

Again Emily wept, and suffocating sobs shook her delicate frame; but when the paroxysm was over, she raised her head, and looking tenderly at her mother, said:

"Kind, patient mamma, may Heaven bless you for your sympathy. I feel already better from your assurance that I have not been indulging in a mere dream of my own—that you also were deceived, and that you think he once loved me. As to all the rest, whether it was some fault in me, or the superior charms of Inez that deprived me of his heart, it does not matter, all is alike over, and what remains—" she paused, but in a few seconds she continued, "what remains to be done now, is to endeavour to secure happiness at least to *him*—to *them*—let all the sorrow be mine."

"My brave girl!" said her mother, pressing her to her heart.

“No, no, mamma,” cried Emily, disengaging herself from her mother’s embrace, and starting to her feet, whilst she cast up her arms with a gesture of deep despair, “oh, no, I am anything but brave; God only knows the torture—He alone knows how I dread—ah me!—ah me!” and the unhappy girl threw herself on her knees by her mother’s side, and the torrent of her sorrow swept over her; low moans broke from her lips at intervals, and Mrs. Howard sat in silence, praying, and waiting till the storm should pass by.

At length the tears ceased to flow, sighs came less frequently, and Emily raising herself, and sitting down beside her mother, laid her head, as if exhausted, on that shoulder, where it had so often nestled in her happy childhood.

They sat long in silence, but Mrs. Howard frequently pressed her lips on the closed eyelids of her gentle child, and Emily acknowledged the sign of tender sympathy by clasping more fondly the hand she held in hers.

Nearly an hour thus passed, and then Emily raising her head said, with a look and tone of touching humility:

“Oh, mother, I cannot yet understand my misery. He *seemed* to be all my own—he loved no one else, he was ever with us, all I did seemed well done in his sight—he would even praise my beauty so fondly, that beauty that I had never prized until I saw how *his* eye could gaze, and then I thanked Heaven for it. Was it then strange that I should dream he was *my own*—that I should not foresee that any change could ever divide us? It is true he never uttered a word that entitles me to say I have been wronged; yet I often fancied that he only delayed because he feared I did not love *him*, and I have smiled to think of the time when he should be undeceived. Oh, mother! it has all been a miserable mistake—he loved me as he loves me now, as a dear, a most precious sister, but he loves *another* with that love that admits no rival, that love, for one hour of which I would have bartered life—that love for which he will consider it as nothing to forsake all else in this world—you, my mother, his poor Emily, all, all, for her! Oh, may God Almighty bless him!” continued Emily, an expression almost sublime stealing over her

features, while a large tear rolled slowly down her flushed cheek; "may God bless him, and her whom he loves. Arthur! Arthur! you are still my brother, my own brother; I may still name you in my prayers—still call you my own, when only Heaven hears my voice.

"Yes, mother, I must still be his sister, his sweet, his dear sister, as he used to say long ago—and now perhaps he will need help as well as sympathy from both you and me. I must have this day to myself, in my own room; I need quiet and rest, but I will see Margarida, that all may be over to-day, that can shake my nerves. To-morrow, with God's help! I trust I shall have regained strength to bear my burden in silence."

"And have you courage for all this, my noble child?" asked Mrs. Howard, gazing in admiration at the young girl who had described her love in such impassioned words. "Have you courage to remain at Cintra, to see Arthur, to meet Inez?"

"To remain! to meet them?" exclaimed Emily. "Good Heaven, what did you then contemplate? Do you think I could endure

that some babbler in this idle crowd, should raise a rumour that Emily Howard is sick with disappointment? Could I endure to desert Arthur, at the very moment when I can best prove to him what a devoted friend I can be? No, mother, think better of your child—trust more to her self-control—you shall see that I am not unworthy of you, and he, he shall see that he had even yet to learn all the beauty, all the solace of a sister's friendship."

She gathered together the heavy folds of hair that streamed on her shoulders, and smoothing the braids across her forehead, she drew up her slight form with an air of pride, and throwing open the window, stood as if she enjoyed once more the fresh summer breeze.

At this moment a servant knocked at the door, and Mrs. Howard was summoned to the drawing-room, to receive Margarida de Macedo.

After a short interview, in which Mrs. Howard related to the friend, who so dearly loved her and her daughter, all that had taken place that morning, Margarida went to

Emily, who had begged that she might see her with as little delay as possible.

Emily still stood beside the open window when she entered, but the passing excitement that had animated her when her mother left her was already gone ; her form was erect, and her lips, slightly compressed, wore the expression of one who has made a high resolve, but large tears were yet chasing each other down her face, and as she gazed on the garden, the scene of so much past joy, they fell on her white hands, and she knew not she was weeping.

On hearing her friend's step, she turned and advanced to meet her, folding her in her arms, and kissing her with more than usual tenderness.

"It was kind of you to come so early, Margarida," she said, "I should have felt restless until I saw you again after our parting yesterday."

"My dear Emily ! I wish I could do something for you—I have prayed for you, but, alas ! I can do nothing more."

"But that is doing very much," said Emily, sweetly ; "it is indeed doing the *best* thing for

me, and I thank you for your prayers, my kind friend ; but, Margarida, you must not look at me so sorrowfully, with those dark eyes of yours—you must not pity me too much, else I shall never get through my task, and there is much before me.”

“ You must not try your strength too severely,” said Madame de Macedo. “ Dear Emily, I fear, from what your mother tells me, that you contemplate a trial that may prove too much for you.”

“ No !” answered Emily ; “ no, dearest friend, Heaven will give me strength to perform my duty. We must not desert Arthur, and he must *never* suspect the desolation he has brought on us so unconsciously. I well know his noble heart, and that his anguish would be intolerable, could he know that we, who are so dear to him, were suffering through him. Margarida, you, who saw yesterday how I loved him, have yet to learn what that love can do. Were it not for this, were it not that I feel I can act as *he* would approve, were I indeed his sister—how could I bear to meet your eye, how could I endure the thought that

you know I gave away my heart to one who will soon be the husband of another?"

"My dear Emily—you mistake this—you have done nothing but what any other girl in your position would have done. It was hardly possible, that living as you did, with a being so gifted and so devoted to you, you should have avoided becoming most deeply interested in him."

Emily smiled bitterly, and shook her head.

"Ah, Margarida!" she said, "I was far more than interested in him—alas! can you fancy what was the depth of that love, which yesterday crushed me to the earth, and broke my heart? Margarida, he was my *idol*, I fancied no power could divide us—I lived only in my thoughts of *him*—and now, and now, oh God! what is to become of me now!"

She clasped her hands over her eyes for a moment. Then dashing away the tears that were again gathering there, she said in a calm tone:

"Margarida, it was about *him* I wished to speak to you, and not of my own sorrow.

You know there will be terrible opposition to his marriage, and you with your high connections, and your knowledge of how to deal with your countrymen, may be able to do much to influence the family of Inez. I wish you then to learn for me, all that is said amongst them on the subject, and what is likely to occur, that we may know what is best to be done. And one other thing you must *promise* me to observe, it is, that you carefully avoid showing the slightest disapproval of Arthur's choice, and that you will let every one understand that mamma and I will receive Inez into our family with the greatest affection. Margarida, *promise* me solemnly to do this?"

Emily had spoken so calmly, even in her earnestness, that Margarida gazed at her in surprise; she could scarcely believe that this was the same being who had fallen at her feet the day before in the anguish of her soul, and she hoped that the worst was over—that pride would drive out sorrow, and Emily be again as happy as before.

But Margarida was deceived—Emily's mind was wrought into an unnatural state of excite-

ment by a great and generous resolution, and she herself did not know what fearful struggles her spirit must yet undergo, ere she could learn to live near the being she adored, and see him all devoted to another.

Margarida promised to do all she desired, and after a little further conversation on the subject of Inez's engagement to De Barros, and the difficulties that must attend such an attachment as Arthur's, she took leave of Emily more at ease concerning her, than she had hoped to feel for many a long day.

How often do even those who have experienced sorrow, fail to realise to themselves the peculiar trials of an affliction that has never been theirs ! Few are the hearts, even tender hearts, that can mourn for another as for themselves, learning through the inspiration of sympathy alone, what are those sensitive parts where the slightest touch produces agony, and foreseeing with an instinct that equals experience itself, the exact moment when a grief-stricken soul will shrink back in dismay at the gloom it had perhaps bravely faced before.

Margarida de Macedo had known nearly

every sorrow for which we demand the pity of our fellow-creatures, but she had never gone through the fiery ordeal to which Emily had been condemned, or she never could have hoped that one short day might suffice to blunt the edge of that sharp affliction.

CHAPTER V.

“Ha! ha! false to me?
To me?”

SHAKESPEARE.

COURTENAY meanwhile had gone on his embarrassing mission to the Conde de Lima.

A heavy weight had fallen on his spirit after Mrs. Howard left him, and he struggled in vain to cast off a dark foreboding, which not even the image of Inez, and the hope of winning her, could dispel. He tried to persuade himself that this was merely the effect of his interview with Mrs. Howard, who had betrayed so strong a misgiving as to his happiness, aided perhaps by the painful position in which he was placed

She had thrown a black lace scarf over her head as a slight protection from the sun, in passing through the garden—one slender hand confined its graceful folds, which only served to heighten the beauty of her raven hair, whilst the anxiety of her mind gave a touching expression to her brilliant eyes, and a rich glow to her cheek, that seemed to speak volumes to Courtenay's heart.

“Arthur,” she said, in low and hurried accents, “I wished to see you before you met my uncle; what is it you propose doing, when, as we know will be the case, your petition is refused, and you are requested to absent yourself from the house? Have you reflected that we shall then be completely divided, without a chance of ever meeting?”

“No, Inez, they cannot shut you up for ever; besides, at all events, they will then know our attachment, and you will be free from that hateful engagement to another. We can only do what is right at the present moment, and we must hope the best: you are even bound in honour to tell De Barros that you are pledged in heart to another man.”

Inez turned deadly pale as Courtenay uttered these words, and bending over the low parapet that divided them, she said in a faltering voice :

“ Arthur, promise never to forsake me, even if they tell you that I wish it—even if they were to try to persuade you that I had loved another.”

“ Do not fear that I shall be so credulous—only be firm and true, as I shall be, and all must end well. And now I must go ; Inez, give me that dark rose in your girdle, that its perfume may breathe to me of your love, and inspire me with eloquence to plead our cause.”

As Courtenay said these words, his fine countenance was illuminated by a fond smile ; love completely triumphed in the heart of Inez ; she drew the rose from her dress, and pressing it to her lips, withheld it for an instant from Courtenay’s outstretched hand, whilst she bent her eyes on his with an expression of unutterable tenderness.

“ Arthur, Arthur !” she said, “ this rose will wither, but *my love* can never die ; yet wear it, wear it next your heart, until happier days come for us. Oh, Arthur ! I must envy that

senseless flower, because you bear it away with you to your happy home."

Again Inez pressed it to her lips, and with a slow and lingering movement, placed it in Courtenay's hand; and he also kissed it, and then concealed this first gift within his dress.

A low sarcastic laugh startled the entranced lovers, and Inez turning in alarm, caught the dark glance of Francisco de Barros, who stood at a few yards distance from the entrance of the harbour, and walked rapidly away, the moment he was certain that she had observed him.

Inez threw herself half fainting on the seat within the trellis-work, and covered her face with her hands, whilst Courtenay, shocked and annoyed at being discovered by De Barros, in what must appear a deliberate and clandestine flirtation with his affianced bride, stood for a few moments with his eyes bent on the ground, struggling with the mingled feelings of conscious rectitude, shame, and commiseration for the agitated Inez.

But in Courtenay, whose intentions were all honourable, the painful emotion experienced by

every upright mind, through what has even the semblance of a detection in any doubtful act, was short-lived.

"Inez, my beloved," he said, in his most tender accents, leaning with one arm on the wall, and approaching as near to her as possible, indifferent now who might observe them, or who might pass near, "Inez, do not be alarmed—what has taken place now, only makes it more than ever necessary that I should not lose a moment in seeing your uncle. Trust to me, dearest, to clear *you* from every reproach; and give me before I go one dear glance, one cheerful look, that I may not leave you with too sad a heart."

Inez slowly removed her hands from her face, which was still pale and agitated. Too well she knew that it was far beyond his power to clear her from reproach, and that could he know her treachery, he would cast her from him with contempt; but the die was cast, and she must now at every risk secure *his* confidence, for with De Barros all must be for ever at an end.

Raising herself from her seat, she tried to

smile ; but her lips trembled, and she shivered as if a sudden chill had fallen on her frame.

“ Yes, yes, go quickly,” she said, in a voice hoarse with emotion. “ Try to see them before *he* does ; and—and, Arthur, write to me, send your letter through some one who will not be suspected. Go, go ; farewell, my love.”

Her hand was for a moment pressed in his, and he was gone !

The Conde de Lima was alone when Courtenay entered his apartment, and looked as much surprised as his politeness would permit, at a visit so unusually early, and at Courtenay’s being introduced into his private chamber, instead of the drawing-room. But when informed of the matter on which he was to be consulted, the good-natured Conde grew red and fidgetty. He was a kind-hearted man who wished to see every one pleased, and seldom interfered with the domestic concerns so ably managed by his wife ; he also liked Courtenay, whose conversation and manners were peculiarly suited to the tastes of a very high-bred, polished, and well-informed Portuguese, and he was seriously annoyed at an occurrence that must compel

him to refuse him what he asked, and would probably produce an estrangement between them.

In the common affairs of life you can hardly do a thing more repugnant to a Portuguese, than by placing him in a position in which he must wound the feelings of another ; and it is sometimes amusing to see the ingenuity with which he will extricate himself from the painful necessity.* On the present occasion, the Conde de Lima had but one resource, and after listening to Courtenay's explanation with downcast eyes and embarrassed mien, he said with the greatest courtesy of tone and manner :

“ My very dear Sir, I must, I fear, refer you in this affair to the Condessa ; my wife is the aunt of Mademoiselle de Sampayo, and it is to her care she was consigned by her father ; she has, in fact, been the only person who has ne-

* “ A Portuguese has a real repugnance to wound the feelings of the humblest individual, and sedulously avoids any expression that can possibly have that effect ; not only because it is ill-bred, but because the act of inflicting pain on another is disagreeable to himself.”—*Lord Carnarvon's Portugal and Galicia.*

was recalled to herself, and to a right appreciation of the man who was come to reveal to her his heart's most precious secret; and she replied with her usual courtesy, and nearly all her usual cordiality.

But the almost severe expression Courtenay's face had worn whilst thus asserting his own dignity by an external calmness, vanished, and his manner instantly softened when he began to talk of Inez.

The Condessa listened with a flushing cheek, and many a little gesture of impatience, when he spoke of their *mutual* attachment, but she did not interrupt him; and when he had told all, she seemed to hesitate what to answer, and sat for a few moments as if perplexed, scattering on the small table by her side the leaves of a bouquet that had been, only a few minutes before, gathered to adorn it.

"I am glad, Mr. Courtenay," she said at last, "that the explanation you have made, enables me to preserve for you the esteem I have felt since the commencement of our acquaintance; I am indeed gratified that you tell me you knew nothing of our family arrange-

ment when you first loved Inez; but I must tell you, painful as it is for me to do so, that Inez does not deserve the same praise for candour that must be accorded to you; she voluntarily accepted Francisco de Barros, and she has shamefully deceived him."

Here Courtenay interrupted her with an entreaty that she would not grieve him by censure to which he could not listen, and which was altogether unmerited by a being so pure and truthful as Inez.

Madame de Lima smiled sarcastically, and then continued:

"It is certainly not my wish to expose unnecessarily my niece's faults, it is also now utterly useless to refer to the past; the engagement with Senhor Francisco de Barros has been put an end to in a manner little flattering to Inez, or to our family pride. I tell it to you now, that you may not imagine it can in any way affect *your* proposal, when the busy tongue of rumour shall have revealed it to the whole society of Lisbon. I was with Madame de Barros, who cannot leave her bed to-day, when her son entered the room, and on seeing me

with his mother, he instantly informed me of a scene he had just witnessed in which you bore a part; and with a haughty, but natural indignation, he renounced for ever the hand of my niece, and desired me to inform her of the fact. It is, therefore, with no hope of concluding this much-desired marriage, that I reject in my brother's name the proposal with which you have honoured us; there are many objections to such a union, that would probably be felt by your family as well as by that of Inez, but it is sufficient that I remind you she has a father, and that I *know* my brother will *never* consent to give his daughter to an English Protestant."

"May I at least ask that Mademoiselle de Sampayo be permitted to write to her father on the subject?" asked Courtenay. "I shall of course address him myself and ask his daughter's hand; but his child's persuasions might have more power than mine."

"Inez always corresponds freely with her father," said the Condessa; "he has been a most indulgent parent, and I regret that this annoyance should fall on him through her fault."

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"I deeply regret that I should be the involuntary cause of sorrow, or dissension in a family where I have only received marks of kindness," said Courtenay. "Might I not hope that you will use your influence to make your brother look on me as a less unworthy suitor for his daughter, and thus lessen the grief he will feel at the breaking off the engagement he already approved of?"

"No, Mr. Courtenay," said the Condessa, gently, but firmly; "it is quite impossible. Unworthy of Inez we can never think you—the attachment indeed of one so courted—so universally admired, is only an honour which may well be flattering even to a girl so spoilt as Inez; but I will not deceive you; she can never be your wife with the consent of her family; even setting aside all *other* obstacles, it would be an outrage to my sister-in-law, Madame de Barros, whose son has been so treacherously treated by Inez."

Courtenay here rose to depart, yet stood for a moment as if irresolute, and the Condessa recovering all her native courtesy, and desire to please, said to him kindly :

“Come, Mr. Courtenay, give up this dream, which will only embitter your life, and can never end but in disappointment; let me advise you to go now, and make out your long talked-of visit to Seville, and when you return to Lisbon all this will be forgotten, and Inez and you may meet as friends.”

Courtenay shook his head, thanked her for her frankness, and saying he would communicate with her brother, Monsieur de Sampayo, he took his leave, with at least a better hope than he had when he entered, for Inez was free, and De Barros himself renounced all claim on her hand.

CHAPTER VI.

"No talk was pleasant now, no image fair,
No freshness and no fragrance filled the air ;
No music in the winds, nor in the sound
The wild birds uttered from the forests round :
The sun had lost its light, and drearily
The morning stole upon her altered eye,
And night with all her starry eyes grew dim."

BARRY CORNWALL.

COURTENAY had ridden into Lisbon next day before Emily left her room. She had fallen into the first deep slumber that succeeds extreme exhaustion, after the sun was already high in the heavens, and her mother, whose footstep by her bed-side had not awoken her, gave orders that no one should approach her room ;

and after excluding every ray of light that might disturb the sleeper, she went once more to meet Arthur alone in the breakfast-room.

She found him anxious and depressed about his future plans ; but he announced to her one decision he had formed during the night, that materially relieved her own disquietude regarding his first meeting with Emily. This was, that he should leave Cintra for two or three days, in order to visit and consult with his friend the Visconde d'Almeida, who was also an intimate friend and correspondent of Monsieur de Sampayo, Inez's father.

This gentleman passed the summer at a country residence, some leagues from Lisbon, and Courtenay thought that he could do more by his presence, than any letter could effect, in persuading his friend to take up his cause, and use his influence in his favour, well knowing that in Portugal the expediency of adopting a particular course, is far more frequently decided by the names and numbers of those who recommend it, than by forming any judgment on its own intrinsic merits or propriety.

Courtenay's English reserve as well as his

own delicacy and pride made him shrink from the idea of asking help in such a matter ; but he felt that to win Inez, he must adapt himself to the customs of her people ; and she was a prize worth any sacrifice, save that of honour.

He therefore informed Mrs. Howard that he had written to Inez to announce to her his intended absence, and its object, and to endeavour to reconcile her to it, by reminding her, that even if he remained at Cintra, they would not be permitted to meet.

The half hour at the breakfast-table passed away in an unconnected, ill-supported conversation, for Courtenay felt that Mrs. Howard had fears for his happiness that seemed to him an injustice to Inez, and she was impatient that he should be gone, yet anxious not to betray this desire. When, however, his horse was brought to the door, each cast off the unusual restraint. Arthur felt the conviction of the unvarying tenderness, the truth and wisdom of the friend he was leaving—of the friend he had so greatly disappointed, rush over his soul as he never felt it before ; and Mrs. Howard, as she looked back on her married life, and gazed

on him who had supplied to her the place of her own dead boys, felt her heart yearn over him, as she whispered to herself, "oh! why have you not taken the happiness—the treasure—I placed before you?"

With many kind messages to Emily, and exhortations to her not again to over-fatigue herself, Courtenay embraced Mrs. Howard, and rode quickly away.

The sound of the horse's hoofs awoke Emily, and a sorrowful instinct told her, that Arthur, whom she longed, yet dreaded to meet, was already gone without even a farewell.

She was sitting up in bed with her face buried in her hands, when her mother glided into her room, in hopes of still finding her asleep.

"Where is he gone?" was her first question.

"To Oliveira, dearest, to consult his friend the Visconde d'Almeida," said her mother, as she opened the shutters, and drew back the curtain.

"To consult about Inez?" asked Emily.

"Yes, my darling; he is a friend of her father."

Emily sank back on her pillow, and closed her eyes to arrest the tears she did not wish her mother to see.

Now was come the first realizing to herself of her own future unimportance in all that might concern Arthur, of the secondary influence she must be content henceforth to exercise over the feelings and actions of him who had so long appeared to belong to her, and who was to her the dearest of all earthly objects.

Emily had prepared herself to make a great effort, to practise a noble self-control—she had contemplated with a sort of feverish calmness the total sacrifice of every selfish wish for Arthur's sake; but then *he* was to be present to give her strength for the struggle—*his* voice and *his* glance were still to cheer her on her dreary path, and the excitement of endeavouring to conceal from him the mischief he had done would sustain her in her cruel position by investing it with the dignity of a martyrdom.

She had also pictured herself acting as his counsellor and comforter; and there was a charm to her romantic mind, even in the very bitterness with which she traced out her future

conduct, promising herself to be a miracle of calm endurance, and to deserve, even if she could not win, Arthur's highest approbation.

But to be left—of that she had not dreamt—to be left to meet her heavy trial unsustained by anything save her own sense of right, to feel that he was gone with his heart and thoughts full of another, for this she was wholly unprepared. It was her first real experience of the alteration in their relative positions, and the shock was sudden and severe.

Poor Emily had not yet perceived in her inexperience that her most painful duty, her most difficult task, would be, not her generous self-control in Arthur's presence, not her unselfish zeal to serve him, but the conquering that very love that had wrought so much misery for her, the total renunciation of every feeling that still possessed a dangerous charm, and that might not meet the eye of Arthur and Inez. She had not yet perceived that duty demanded of her to attain the reality of that calmness, which delicacy and generosity called on her to feign.

When her mother addressed her, after a

short silence, and asked her if she felt able to rise, a sensation of disgust at all the calm details of life took possession of her soul; the daily routine that, till now, her happy energetic spirit had invested with a peculiar grace, passed in rapid review before her mental vision, and made her shudder at the gloom that had fallen on her path.

A wish to be left in darkness and solitude, undisturbed in her despair, seeing she could do nothing for *him*, tempted her for a few moments to think of herself alone. But Emily was not one whom either joy or sorrow could make selfish; she let the hands that had shaded her eyes drop with a heavy sigh, and turning towards her mother, her heart smote her when she read the care-worn expression of her countenance. Pressing her mother's hand to her lips, she said:

"I will rise, dearest; let *us* be always together; nothing can ever come between *us*. Mother, we must be as we were before *he* came back."

When she entered the drawing-room, the window that led into the garden was thrown

open ; the day was bright and warm ; a light sea-breeze stirred the leaves, the fountain glittered in the sunshine, and its splashing sound blended pleasantly with the humming of the bees ; the flower-beds were almost dazzling with their rich and many colours ; the trees cast their soft and welcome shadows, and the whole landscape beyond their own little territory looked gay and smiling.

A week before, this same scene had called forth from the sanguine girl eloquent expressions of joy and gratitude, and the recollection of that morning, when she had questioned Margarida's wisdom, because she asserted this life to be one of sorrow and self-denial, came over her now with all the anguish of a dearly-earned experience.

But she had left her own apartment, resolved to devote all her time and care to her mother : she imagined she could never again form a hope for *herself* connected with *this* world's joys, but Heaven had left her one great duty, and she would perform it with all her power.

She, therefore, approached the open window where her mother sat working, and drawing her

embroidery frame towards her, she seated herself and made an attempt to speak on general subjects. But the pauses in the conversation became more and more frequent, in spite of the efforts of both mother and daughter to maintain a cheerful tone and manner, and at length Emily ceased even to move her needle. She marvelled that she could ever have taken an interest in the work before her, and then thought of him who used to watch its progress by her side. The occupation seemed to her now too trifling—there was no longer any beauty in the flowers she traced; yet she suppressed the expression of impatience that rose to her lips, and sat quietly watching her mother, whose busy fingers had been longer trained to move independently of the sorrow that might be agitating her heart.

Mrs. Howard at length raised her eyes from her work, and perceived with pain the utter misery of her child's expression; but this recalled Emily's wandering thoughts, and starting from her chair, she said hurriedly, as she laid her hand on a book:

"Shall I read to you, mamma? I cannot work this morning."

Her mother assented, and Emily opening the book she had taken up, commenced at the passage that first met her eye.

Her unconscious selection of a work had been unfortunate, for she had taken up Lamartine's "Jocelyn," and there was far too much in that exquisitely beautiful poem, to which her own heart at that moment responded, to enable her to read it with composure.

The blighted, yet never dying love; the torturing regret, which duty had silenced, but not extinguished; the submission to Heaven's decree, which, in crushing the will, had nearly destroyed the body: all seemed to Emily a prophecy of her own fate; whilst, also, for the first time, she gave to the impassioned and rebellious Laurence a larger share of her sympathy than to the self-sacrificing, high principled Jocelyn. The frenzy of Laurence, unguided and unprotected as she had been, excited now her tenderest pity, and she remembered, with something like self-reproach, that when Arthur had read the tale to her and her

mother, he had said: "I never knew you harsh to one of your own sex before, Emily; perhaps it is that you cannot picture yourself in the position of the unhappy Laurence: divided for life, yet not by death, from the idol of her heart, without parents to protect, or religion to restrain her."

Arthur's look and voice were in her heart—filling her mind, making every pulse throb as she read the touching lines of the poet who has so skilfully anatomized a tortured spirit, but the effort was too great to endure long in her then exhausted state. Her voice faltered, and then broke entirely, whilst the large tears that had been dimming her sight, rolled over her pale cheeks, and closing the book as hastily as she had opened it, she rose and passed into the garden by the verandah.

Her mother did not follow her; she knew that the time was not yet come to suggest remedies for this mental sickness: the spirit must exhaust itself with its own devices, ere it turn for counsel to another's experience; and Mrs. Howard, though trembling even for her child's life, felt that as yet she could do nothing for

her, except pray Heaven to watch over her, and bring her safe and purified out of the furnace of affliction.

When Emily returned from the garden, she had a large bouquet of flowers in her hand, which she proceeded to arrange in her mother's favourite vase, making from time to time some remark connected with her occupation.

And thus she whiled away the morning, till the early dinner was announced, and when that was over, Emily asked her mother if she felt inclined to walk. Mrs. Howard hesitated for a moment; she had been much fatigued by two sleepless nights, yet, though unable for any great exertion, she was unwilling to leave Emily to take her usual exercise alone. The latter, however, saw the hesitation and understood it in a moment.

"No, no, dear mamma, you must not go beyond the garden to-day, and you must now lie down and sleep. I will go to Montserrat on my donkey."

"Alone, dearest?" said her mother, anxiously. "Could you not ask Margarida, or Grace Lonsdale, to accompany you?"

Emily shook her head, as if she shrank from the idea of a companion, then said gently, as she tried to smile :

“I will take Josefa with me, dear mamma ; she and Manoel will be sufficient escort for me.”

And Emily hurried away, anxious to get beyond the fashionable Cintra promenade before the usual hour for the evening walk.

Her donkey lagged in its pace, as if conscious of the heavy thoughts of her whose fingers scarcely closed on the reins they were wont to hold so firmly. Her two attendants lingered a short space behind, conversing only in whispers, and thus, uninterrupted in her waking dream, and without having met even an acquaintance, Emily reached the now deserted villa, once the “fairy dwelling” of “England’s wealthiest son.”

There was something in its melancholy aspect that suited well with her state of mind, and a sensation, almost like pleasure, followed the hasty glance that satisfied her there was no one as yet in the grounds.

Ruin had indeed seized on all there, which had been the work of a human being—the scene

was as beautiful as any in Cintra ; there were the same gardens, the same hills, there was the same sky, the same glittering ocean, but the finger of man had left the impression of decay ; his spirit had there sought rest for awhile, had disturbed the solitude of the spot, and then left it to desolation.

Emily left her donkey and her attendants before she ascended the slope near the house, and then walked slowly on till she reached the windows of the saloon. She there seated herself, gazing now into the ruined apartments, now on the view which had so often been the theme of praise to the inhabitants of that house, and to many a gay band of pleasure hunters.

"Had *he* never been here," she said to herself, as she thought of the man who had gathered around him every luxury in that place. "Had he never delighted in this beauty, there would not now be this ruin, that looks as if a curse had fallen on the place." Her eyes filled with tears as her mind suddenly reverted to her own position. "Oh ! Arthur," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "had I never known *you*, my heart had not been broken. Yet—no, no," she murmured, "I do not wish it otherwise :

my heart is indeed a ruin, but it may one day, even now, be a shelter to you in some of life's storms."

She remembered, at this moment, that she had taken refuge the summer before, with her mother and Courtenay, under that broken roof, during a violent thunder-storm. As they waited for the sky to clear, Courtenay amused himself in carving her name and his own on the wall ; and now, as all the little incidents of the occasion rushed into her memory, Emily felt a longing to stand again on the very spot where she had stood with Courtenay, and to look on the names he placed together.

It was in a room at the other end of the building from that where she was sitting ; but rising hastily, she entered the saloon by one of the broken windows, and passing through the octagonal hall, she had scarcely entered the apartment she sought, when the figure of a man met her eye. He was standing so that he could not see her, but a slight exclamation that escaped in her surprise, made him turn round, and Emily then saw that it was Sir Frederick Lonsdale.

He had been standing on the only part of the roof that remained, when she first approached the ruin, had seen her seat herself, had watched her for a little time with deep interest, and had only descended to the room where she found him, from a reluctance to remain a hidden observer of her movements, and with the intention of leaving the villa, lest she might be disturbed by discovering his presence there. His eye was, however, arrested by various writings on the walls, and when Emily first perceived him, he was gazing at the names she had herself come to look at.

How many bitter thoughts, how many agitating feelings did these names arouse within him. He had schooled his heart to endure the thought of seeing Emily united to him, whose hand had traced her name on that crumbling wall, but he could not bear to contemplate the prospect of seeing her fade away before his eyes, consumed by a sorrow of which he knew so well the anguish.

He had felt certain, from the moment of her sudden disappearance from the fête, that she had made the discovery so much dreaded by all

who loved her : when he heard that she was ill, he was only confirmed in his belief, and when he beheld her a short time ago, dragging her heavy steps, like one just risen from a bed of sickness, his spirit was wrung with an agony he had never experienced for himself.

Little did Emily guess the deep unselfish sorrow of which she was the origin in the heart of the man who now advanced to meet her with even more than his usual gravity ; but his countenance was so pale, that Emily, after they had exchanged a few sentences, asked him if he were ill.

Her expression of kind anxiety, combined with her own sad looks, almost unnerved Lonsdale—he hesitated, and Emily began to fear she had been guilty of an indiscretion in making any remark on his appearance, and then asked with some alarm how his mother and sister were.

Lonsdale hurriedly assured her they were both well, and then turning towards the entrance door as if to depart, Emily, almost unconsciously accompanied him, feeling only that she could not, while he was present, fulfil the

object that had led her into that room. As they stood together on the top of the flight of steps, they spoke of the beauty of the summer, and a few more such common topics, but she was not aware how much there was in her voice and manner, calm and collected as both now were, that still betrayed the languor of a spirit that had lately wrestled with despair.

There was something in her appearance inexpressibly touching, and Lonsdale sighed to think how impossible it was for him, beloved as she was, to shield her from one hour of sorrow.

At length he said, somewhat abruptly, and with a slight tremor in his voice,

“ You asked me if I was ill, and I am fearful you might say something of this to my mother or Grace, who are too easily alarmed about me—may I ask you not to do so ?”

“ You may depend on me,” said Emily, again examining his countenance with some interest, “ but I do hope that you will take care of your health whilst so anxious to save others uneasiness about it.”

Her kind sweet tones thrilled to his heart,

and she seemed herself to stand so much in need of care, that Lonsdale for a moment withdrew his eyes from her face, and paused before he replied.

"I am not ill," he then said; "there are things that leave the outward traces of illness, and yet have nothing to do with the health."

Never had Emily heard Lonsdale speak so mournfully—she was accustomed to the grave dignity of his manner, and to the general seriousness of his tone of mind, but never before had he awakened her sympathies by a look and words that spoke so much of human weakness; she had admired him as a son and brother, she had respected all his great and good qualities, but she had never pictured him to herself as a being who might stand in need of tenderness, or who might be a prey to a secret sorrow. She therefore looked at him with a new interest, as she said with affectionate earnestness.

"I grieve to think that anything should thus distress you. It is indeed sad to see a valued friend suffering, and yet be unable to offer any consolation."

"Your sympathy consoles me, Miss Howard,"

he answered. "Indeed I have many consolations ; I see in all that surrounds me so many proofs of divine goodness, that I cannot doubt my own lot is mercifully appointed ; there is something even in all this beauty that helps to sustain the spirit," and he pointed to the rich scene before him.

"Ah, no !" said Emily, forgetting that her words implied a certain experience, "all that beauty is only for the happy—it mocks a heart that has ceased to hope ;" she paused abruptly as she became aware of the force of her words, and then added with a deep blush, "perhaps I am wrong to say that—but—can the mere beauty of the external world cure the ills that touch the spirit alone ?"

"It will not cure them," said Lonsdale, "nor, of itself, will it even console an afflicted heart ; but it may suggest considerations that turn aside the mind from the contemplation of its own regrets. May it not also remind us of promises that can never fail us, as do those of our dreams ?"

Emily did not answer, but she looked inquiringly in his face, and Sir Frederick, as he held

out his hand to take leave of her, said in a tone of deep emotion.

"I do not like to talk of myself, but as you have shown so much kind sympathy in my welfare, I must tell you that I do not often yield to the regrets that had overcome me this evening, before you found me here. I have learnt to look almost with calmness on the ruin of every hope with which I grew up to manhood, and though not the stoic you have sometimes fancied me, I do not despair of attaining a peace that will surpass philosophy."

"I trust it may be so," said Emily, kindly pressing the hand that held hers, and as she stood on the steps a few moments, after he had taken leave, she mused on what he had said with that sort of gratification we all experience, when one, whose character we revere, has confided to us some feeling too deep or too sacred to be lightly revealed to any one."

"How little do we guess the struggles of those around us," was her thought as she entered the building, "and I too must now commence a system of hypocrisy—I must

endeavour to appear to all the world what I never can be again."

She now stood before that writing on the wall she had come to see—the two names which to a stranger would be so uninteresting, but the sight of which had the power to arouse in her heart so many recollections, and such keen regrets.

Arthur had not even known Inez when they last stood there together, and he had looked so fondly on her!

"Oh, how did I lose him!" was again the cry of her heart, her eyes filled with tears, and unable to endure the solitude and silence she had fancied an hour before must bring so much relief, she turned hurriedly away, and without even casting a farewell glance at the now sinking sun, that was shedding its radiance on all that scenery so dear to her till now, she rejoined her attendants, and set forth on her return home.

CHAPTER VII.

"The parted bosom clings to wonted home."

BYRON.

ON the following morning, Emily obtained with some difficulty her mother's permission to make an attempt to see Inez. Mrs. Howard had great doubts whether the Condessa de Lima would admit, at present, one so nearly connected with Courtenay, but she also felt that if she were mistaken, the interview might agitate her daughter more than her weakened frame could bear. But the latter pleaded so eagerly, that she would feel better when the first meeting was over, that it would do her good to make an exertion for Arthur's sake,

and that it was their duty to show their willingness to acknowledge his choice, that Mrs. Howard yielded, and Emily set out on her errand of kindness, flushed and excited by the short discussion.

She was admitted to see the Condessa, but on her asking if she might see Inez, her aunt told her at once, without reserve, that under existing circumstances, she could not permit her niece to receive the visits of Mr. Courtenay's family, and that much as she regretted this interruption in an intercourse that had afforded herself so much pleasure, she felt it to be a duty she owed to her brother, the Baron de Sampayo, who was still ignorant that the marriage he had so much approved of, for his daughter, had been broken off.

The cold measured tone in which the Condessa spoke of Arthur, for whose sake Emily, filled with generous ardour, had come to pay this painful visit, caused such a revulsion in her feelings, that her flushed cheek suddenly became pale, her eyes filled with tears, and she made a vain effort to command her voice in reply.

The Condessa looked at her in surprise.

"Is it possible, Miss Howard, that this can so much distress you?" she said, softening both her voice and manner, and feeling a real regret to give pain to a being so gentle as Emily. "You must have been aware that my niece was engaged to Monsieur de Barros, and could not therefore expect that her family would consent lightly to give up so desirable a union, or to see her the wife of a man, not only of a different nation, but also a stranger to our Church."

"My mother and I are both aware how painful these circumstances must be to Inez's family," said Emily, recovering her composure; "but we hope that Arthur's very great merits may have some influence in winning their consent to an attachment which I feel certain will never be given up."

"You are very young, Miss Howard," said the Condessa smiling, "and still believe there is such a thing as undying love."

"I can at least answer for Arthur," said Emily firmly, and with some little pride of manner. "Perhaps you will ascribe all I say

of him to partiality, for indeed he could not be more dear to me were he my real brother ; but depend on it, *he* will never renounce Inez, unless by her own desire."

The Condessa was interested by her earnestness, and said kindly :

" I hope you are mistaken in your estimate of this very recent attachment. I trust you will very soon have the happiness to see your friend recover his peace of mind—indeed, I feel certain you will ; and let me assure you, Miss Howard, that his suit has been refused from no want of appreciation of his own attractions."

" But, perhaps," urged Emily, " you undervalue *some* of his advantages ; his fortune is larger than that of many noblemen in Lisbon, and he has as pure aristocratic blood in his veins as if he were a Portuguese."

The Condessa smiled again, but it was no smile of encouragement.

" You are an eager advocate, Miss Howard," she said, " and I cannot wonder that you should plead for Mr. Courtenay, but it is useless for *us* to discuss this subject, as the decision must of

course rest with my brother, and I know he will never consent to this marriage."

Emily felt that she could say no more with propriety at that time, and rising to take leave, she begged the Condessa would at least have the kindness to let Inez know she had wished to see her.

As she descended the staircase, she struggled with a strong temptation — the Condessa had appeared so certain that Inez would never be Courtenay's wife, that it was with a thrill of renewed hope, amounting to ecstasy, she asked herself, "and if he should indeed recover his peace of mind, what might then not occur?"

The thought had no sooner passed through her mind, than she felt shocked at the pleasure it had given her, and shrunk in abhorrence from this new insight into the temptations that might assail her.

She had only walked a few paces, when a note fell at her feet as if thrown from above, and looking up, she perceived the curtain of a window under which she stood, slightly moved,

whilst a small hand made a rapid signal, and then disappeared.

Emily raised the note, and saw that it was addressed to herself; she coloured deeply, and hesitated for an instant ere she walked on. It was the first time in her life that she had been made even a passive sharer in anything clandestine, and her pure English training, under a mother who had made herself her daughter's friend, caused her to revolt from all that implied deception. Yet she could not leave the note to be carried away by the next person who might pass; and even were she to return to the house, she knew she would not be admitted to Inez, whom she guessed to be the writer. She, therefore, hastened her steps until she found herself again within their own grounds, and then opened the paper that had so much embarrassed her.

It contained the following lines :

"Dearest Emily,

"I know I shall not be permitted to see you,
I must therefore write a request I have to make.

Will you tell Arthur that I received his dear note yesterday, but that the servant who gave it me was suspected, and reprimanded so severely, that she is now afraid to take charge of my reply? Will you do this for Arthur's sake, my dear Emily, for if he does not hear from me, he will be uneasy, and I know that his happiness is very precious to you. Tell him also that I am his till death, and that he must never believe the contrary, until he hears it from myself. Emily, do not refuse to bear this message to my beloved. I have no friend in my own home; I was in despair till I saw you enter the house; I pray you to be my friend and Arthur's, and promise you my eternal gratitude for any aid you can afford us. Tell Arthur that I think of him night and day. I must add no more.

"INEZ."

This note produced a painful impression on Emily. She had felt an intense admiration for Inez, and a desire to cultivate her friendship, and now, though unable to assign a reason for it, a doubt had entered her mind as to whether

she were indeed the charming being she had fancied. She shrank involuntarily from accepting the title of her friend, and then reproached herself the next moment, for perhaps yielding unconsciously to jealousy, in this sudden change of feeling. She dreaded being led into an act of injustice, and argued with herself that Inez was not to blame for all that had occurred regarding her two lovers, de Barros and Courtenay.

Oppressed by all those feelings, and by her scruples as to the true source of her new doubt of Inez, Emily returned home to her mother, looking so pale, and exhausted, that Mrs. Howard asked with some uneasiness if anything unpleasant had occurred at the Condessa de Lima's.

"No, mamma, nothing particularly unpleasant," answered Emily ; "the Condessa was at first a little cold in manner, but afterwards she was very kind, though quite decided in her opposition to — to Arthur—to his marriage."

Emily murmured the last words in an absent, hesitating manner—her mind had reverted in

spite of herself to the Condessa's prophecy that that marriage would never take place, and with her eyes fixed on the ground, her heart again throbbed with a wild hope.

Suddenly looking up after a few seconds had elapsed, she caught her mother's expression of mingled surprise and inquiry, as the latter tried to read her child's countenance, that so seldom spoke a doubtful language.

Emily coloured deeply, and then becoming again as pale as before, she said with a heavy sigh :

" I did not see Inez, mamma : her aunt says all intercourse must cease for the present ; but she threw me this note as I passed under her window." And Emily placed it in her mother's hand.

Mrs. Howard shook her head as she read it, she felt, like Emily, wounded at seeing a noble and gifted being like Arthur rejected by a family to whom he had offered his alliance, and almost forced by circumstances to be the cause of domestic dissension.

But now that Arthur had decided for himself, *her* chief object was to save her child as

much as was in her power any unnecessary pain in her distressing trial. She particularly dreaded Emily's unconsciously clinging to a delusive hope, through the delay that must occur, even if Arthur succeeded at length in winning Inez; and she had been that morning anxiously meditating on various plans for removing her daughter from scenes that could only tend to exhaust the strength she needed so much, in order to bear the great alteration in her own position.

"My dear Emily," she said, after a short silence, "it is quite plain to me that *we* shall not have it in our power to be of any use to Arthur, and all this clandestine love-making will force us almost to become parties to the disobedience of this young lady to her family. I have, therefore, nearly decided to leave Cintra in a few days, as soon as I can make the necessary arrangement."

Emily started from her seat with an exclamation of distress, and then casting herself on the sofa beside her mother, with her arms round her waist, she said in rapid tones half choked by her emotion :

“ Oh ! mother, mother, do not go—have pity—he will return, he will need us to console him. Arthur will come and find no home—mother, I *cannot* go.”

She gazed pleadingly in her mother's face, her pale lips trembled, and her eyes were full of tears ; but all those signs of emotion only confirmed Mrs. Howard's conviction of the necessity for a change of scene. She, therefore, gently loosened Emily's arms from her waist, and holding her hands within hers, said with a firm seriousness of manner :

“ Emily, you do not know yourself, you wish to undertake a task beyond your strength ; your spirit is indeed capable of any effort, but your bodily health would fail you ; besides, whatever sacrifice of your own feelings *you* may be willing to make, *I* feel bound to preserve you from needless pain.”

“ But what you propose to do, mamma, will give me more pain than *anything* here could,” urged Emily, whose heart sickened with the apprehension of seeing Arthur no more.

“ My dearest child,” said Mrs. Howard, “ God will support you in your difficulties if

you do not rebel against what is plainly appointed for you."

"But, mother," said Emily, "where can we go, and what reason can you give to others for doing this?"

"There is some difficulty in the matter, I confess," said Mrs. Howard, "and I cannot decide on it to-day; yet I feel so convinced of the propriety of the step, that I am certain I shall have my way pointed out."

"Oh! mamma, how calmly you speak of that which will kill me!" exclaimed Emily, reproachfully. "My only comfort was the hope of being useful to Arthur—my only strength, in the thought of winning his gratitude."

"If you could read my heart, my poor child," said Mrs. Howard, "you would not reproach me with indifference to your sorrow. I feel that I have trained you badly for such a trial as this, and even at the risk of being thought severe, I must try to remedy the evil. You cling even now for consolation to the mere dreams of romance; but you must look for peace to a higher source—you must ask

Heaven for strength to *forget* Arthur. Yes, Emily," continued Mrs. Howard, seeing that she shook her head in dissent, "you must ask for help to banish him from your mind until he has ceased to be your idol, instead of making him the first motive of your actions; you must consider him as a being who belongs entirely to another, and whom you have no *right* to love better than he loves you."

"Alas, alas! even my mother has grown cruel to me," said Emily, bursting into tears.

"Oh, Emily!" said Mrs. Howard, "you *cannot* think me cruel, you *know* that my heart bleeds for you, you *know* that I would gladly suffer *all* your affliction—that I do indeed suffer it, and that I would willingly die to secure your happiness."

Emily threw her arms round her mother, and kissed her.

"Forgive me, dear mamma, I do know that you are the tenderest and best of mothers; but it seemed to me that yesterday you had more pity for me."

"I was yesterday nearly as much bewildered by this sorrow as you were, Emily, and I did

not see the many difficulties into which your inexperience might lead you. I have perfect confidence in your principles, my child, and the highest admiration for your generous feelings; but I should be unjust if I permitted you heedlessly to expose yourself to scenes so trying, that your bodily strength must fail, even though you might preserve your mental firmness. Let me then hope, Emily, that you will not only yield to me in this matter, but assist me in it, by endeavouring to view it as I do."

"Give me then this one day to reflect on it," said Emily; "give me twenty-four hours to accustom my mind to the prospect of departure, and to-morrow I promise you to be more calm, and to do whatever you may think best."

Mrs. Howard tenderly kissed her as she assented to this proposal, and Emily then hurried to her own room to seek in solitude relief for the anguish with which her mother's intention filled her heart. Her cup of grief had already seemed full, yet this was to be added to it; her eye had rested, even that morning, with weariness and distaste on the scenes of her child-

hood, and now when she thought she was to be taken from them, they were again clothed in beauty, and precious to her heart. In no other place could nature speak to her as here of all she had ever loved and hoped; and yet, even whilst groaning in spirit at the prospect of parting from all that was dear to her, save her mother, she could not deny to herself that that mother was acting the part of a wise and tender parent in thwarting her present wishes.

Emily had learnt more of her own heart, in that short morning, than many previous years had taught her. The experience had been painful, but her sense of duty, and her candour did not desert her; and after a long conflict with herself, she threw herself on her knees and prayed fervently for help to subdue every rebellious thought and feeling, and to bend her will cheerfully to all Heaven might appoint for her.

When she went to join her mother at dinner, she found Margarida de Macedo in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Howard had pressed the latter to pass the evening with them, in the hope of supplying Emily with a motive for exertion.

When Emily found herself alone with Margarida, she learnt that de Barros was in Lisbon—that he and his mother spoke of his rupture with Inez with contempt; that it was known that the engagement had been broken off by de Barros himself, and that at present the voice of the world was loud against Inez, and even against the popular Courtenay.

It was not to be expected that the sympathies of the Portuguese should be much on the side of a foreigner and a Protestant, in such an affair as the marriage of a rich and highly-born girl like Inez; yet all that Margarida said grated painfully on Emily's feelings, and her mother, on re-entering the room, read in her distressed expression of countenance the subject on which she had been conversing.

An unlooked-for event, however, ere another hour elapsed, turned all their thoughts and anxieties into a very different channel. A note from Sir Frederick Lonsdale announced that his mother had been taken ill the night before; that the doctors were now full of apprehension, owing to symptoms of fever and inflammation; and concluded by an earnest entreaty that Mrs.

Howard would come to them, as he dreaded any over-fatigue for his sister, who declared she could not trust the attendance on her mother to any one but the kind friend, who had so often nursed herself.

Mrs. Howard immediately set forth to answer this summons in person, whilst Emily and Margarida accompanied her, full of anxiety at the thought of danger to the life of one they all valued so highly.

They found Sir Frederick looking grave and anxious, and Grace weeping and exhausted by her one night's watching, and her fears, so that Emily, ever full of tender pity, forgot for a time, in her efforts to console her friend, that she had sorrows of her own that claimed compassion.

Even the appearance of Lonsdale interested her more than usual, as his sorrowful eye reminded her of the mental suffering he had almost confided to her the day before; and as she marked the emotion betrayed by his manly voice when describing to Margarida his mother's sufferings, Emily unconsciously fixed on him a look of sympathy so heart-felt and so kind,

that he forgot for a moment all that divided him from her, and a thrill of joy made him pause abruptly in what he was saying.

Approaching the sofa on which she sat with his sister, Sir Frederick said to the latter :

“ I mean to confide *you*, Grace, to Miss Howard’s care, if she will undertake the charge, for I see that if you are not put under some restraint, we shall have two invalids to nurse instead of one. Will you watch over this very precious, very fragile being for me ?” he added, gazing with almost unrestrained admiration on Emily’s countenance, that seemed to have gained a new beauty through the paleness and languor which made it more touching to his heart, than it had ever been in her most radiant hours. “ I already owe you a debt of gratitude for kindness done in this house, yet I venture to ask you still to do me this great favour.”

Emily looked up and smiled with a bewitching sweetness.

“ There must be nothing said here of gratitude or favours,” she said ; “ I love your mother and sister so dearly, that I look on them as amongst the blessings of my life. I will watch

over your dear Grace, as if she were my own sister."

"You are an angel," said Lonsdale fervently, pressing her hand with his sister's in both of his; then suddenly recollecting himself, he added in a low voice, and with more of his usual gravity, "Heaven certainly sent you to be, at least, a ministering angel to us;" and dropping the two hands he had seized so eagerly only a moment before, he left the room.

It was soon agreed on by Emily and Grace that the former, as well as Mrs. Howard, should pass that night at Lady Lonsdale's, and Margarida remained with the two girls until late in the evening, aiding Emily in her efforts to cheer their friend, who trembled each time she named her mother's illness, and rejoicing to see how completely this new anxiety seemed to absorb Emily's thoughts.

Grace had promised her brother not to attempt to resume her watching by her mother's bed, whilst Mrs. Howard and Margarida de Macedo were able to share the fatigue; but she sat conversing with Emily in the drawing-

room until an hour so late, that the latter on suddenly looking at her watch, started up in alarm exclaiming :

“ Oh ! Grace, your brother will never trust you to my care again ; and you are pale as a ghost :—what will your brother say ! ”

“ Here he is to answer for himself,” said Grace, half smiling at Emily’s look of alarm, though her eyes had been the moment before full of tears, for she had been talking of her lost sisters, and still held their miniatures in her hand as her brother entered.

But Sir Frederick did not answer the smile, nor ask of what they had been talking ; he merely begged that they would soon go to rest ; and to their inquiries about Lady Lonsdale, replied vaguely that there was no change.

On seeing that Grace examined his face with anxiety, he added in a tone of fatigue :

“ I am anxious to have the household at rest, that no sound may disturb my mother, should she fall asleep.”

He then kissed his sister tenderly, and shak-

ing hands with Emily in silence, the girls saw him return to his mother's room as they softly ascended the staircase that led to the other apartments.

CHAPTER VIII.

“We met again, and woman’s pride
Nerved me to what I had to bear ;
I would not, though my heart had broke,
Have let thee find thine image there,”

L. E. L.

LADY LONSDALE’s danger augmented during the night in a most alarming degree ; and when after two days of extreme danger, the inflammatory symptoms in Lady Lonsdale’s illness were subdued, the invalid was reduced to such a state of weakness, that her life seemed to hang upon a thread. Her children, from the first hour of this increased alarm, cast hope from their minds. Death had so often visited

them, they fancied they now felt his approach, and though they did not utter the desponding thoughts that weighed on their hearts, their very silence, and the manner in which each avoided meeting the other's eye, only betrayed in more touching language the extent of their fears.

Lonsdale, who had already laid so many beloved heads in the grave, could scarcely trust himself, when banished at intervals from what he thought his mother's dying chamber, to fix a look on the slight, and now drooping form of his sister. A smothered groan even burst occasionally from his lips; and when he reflected on the more selfish sorrow with which he had been struggling for the last two years, and that it was a sense of duty to these two gentle beings which had thus torn his heart, he thought Heaven was about to rebuke him by removing them from his sight. And the high-minded Lonsdale, who inspired in others a respect akin to veneration, felt humbled before the All-seeing Eye, that had watched his secret repinings, and there were few hearts more full of woe on this smiling earth, than the heart

of him, whom men had called wise before his time, and whom all, save his own family, thought too calm to suffer deeply in his affections.

To Emily, who had so lately shared in his opinion, there was much in his present demeanour that interested, and yet puzzled her; the humbled feeling that had taken possession of his spirit produced an external solemnity that awed her, whilst his tender nursing of his mother, the fondness with which he would draw his sister to his heart, and the gesture of anguish with which, after laying her head on his breast, he would sometimes break from her, and leave the room, all spoke of a depth of feeling, that made Emily often long for courage to say, "Oh, let me weep with you, for I see how great is your sorrow!"

During all this time of distress, she, with untiring love, relieved her mother and Margaritha in the sick room, drew Grace with gentle force into the garden, won her brother occasionally from the consciousness of his misery by conversation, or by reading aloud such things as she knew he was interested in, and

watched over the little comforts of both, soothing them with cheering words, and by the affectionate sweetness of her manner.

Her mother and Margarida hoped that this unselfish exertion was, indeed, occupying her whole attention, and that Courtenay was comparatively forgotten for the time. But they were both mistaken, his image never left her mind, and many an hour when she was supposed to be asleep, was spent in tears. Lonsdale alone, who knew so well that such regrets seek concealment from every eye, and that the very consciousness of a great and secret sacrifice lends a new power to the soul in the performance of every other duty,—Lonsdale alone guessed that her heart was still aching, even whilst her hands were busy in kind offices for others, or when her words were calm and encouraging. Her very indifference to fatigue was painful to him, as it spoke of a feeling that deadened all bodily sensations; and when, with his apparently averted eye, he yet marked her languid movements, and the paleness of her cheeks, and caught a tone of dejection in her lowest whisper, or a sigh, as she passed from

room to room, he often prayed God to bless and sustain her.

One very sultry afternoon when Emily felt more than usually depressed, and her strength was exhausted alike by the state of the atmosphere and want of sleep, she heard her mother express a wish for some letters which could only be procured by one or the other going to seek it in their own home. Mrs. Howard thought no more of it after she had uttered the wish, but Emily, who had previously resolved to lie down and endeavour to rest, now felt so strong a desire to seek what her mother wanted, that without announcing her intention, she set forth on her errand, when every one was too much engaged to observe her.

She had only to pass through the two gardens that communicated by a door; but even the gravel walks seemed heated as by a furnace, and she could scarcely drag her wearied limbs along. As she closed the door, and found herself once more within her mother's grounds, she heard a step, and turning round she perceived Courtenay advancing.

He hurried eagerly forwards, was by her side,

and had clasped her hand in his, ere the mist that had obscured her sight was cleared away, or she had recovered the first sensation of faintness produced by this sudden shock. Courtenay held her hand affectionately in his, and gazing anxiously in her face, said :

“Dearest Emily, how pale you are ! How is Lady Lonsdale ? I have only heard a few moments ago of her illness, and was on my way to her house to inquire about all of you.”

As he spoke, Emily recalled her scattered senses, and, though trembling in every limb, the one great necessity of her position rushed on her mind with a force that brought with it a measure of composure.

“We begin to hope,” she said, “that dearest Lady Lonsdale will be spared to us ; but she will still require great care. Mamma and I are living there to assist Grace, who is very delicate.”

“But, if you do too much for others, you will soon be delicate yourself,” said Courtenay, retaining the hand she had tried to withdraw, and looking in her face with affectionate

anxiety, "My own dear Emily, you look as if you had not slept for a week; I cannot have my sweet sister sacrificed even for Lady Lonsdale."

Emily met his look, and resigned her hand to his pressure, and heard the kind words that sprung from a tenderness of which she *now* knew the exact measure; and a feeling of bitterness sent a faint smile to her lips, as she replied:

"I have only taken my share of fatigue; mamma also looks very ill and tired; I do feel rather weak and nervous," she added, hurriedly, as she felt the tears rushing to her eyes in spite of every effort; "but I was not well before this fatigue came on us, and the weather is very trying."

Courtenay drew her arm within his, and still anxiously examined her face, as he walked slowly towards the house.

"You were going home when I met you?" he said; "I will go with you, and escort you back to the Lonsdales."

Tears were now rolling from Emily's pale cheeks, and a sensation of despair came over

her at this proof of her want of strength ; yet her presence of mind did not desert her, not even when Courtenay, pressing her arm to his heart, said :

“ I never saw you thus before, Emily . . . darling girl, you are indeed seriously ill. ~~Good~~ Heaven ! how can they allow you to exert yourself so much, when you need nursing and care. I must see to this.”

The poor girl longed to lay her head on his breast, and sob aloud. His very tenderness added to her anguish,—he was by her side, kind, protecting, full of affection, yet a wall of separation had sprung up between their destinies ; she could not now be to him the calm, confiding sister, therefore was he become *nothing* to her, and the fond familiarity of his tone and manner seemed to mock her struggling spirit. Never had she known till that moment how she loved him—at that moment when she realized that she had lost him, and felt tempted to utter aloud the wailing of her heart.

But the calmest words are often spoken when the mind is in its worst state of tumult,

and Emily, though visibly trembling, answered with a composure that surprised herself:

"I do feel as I never felt before; but this nervousness is merely the result of weakness, and my strength will return when the weather grows cooler. But do not talk of me," she added, with a smile; "there are so many more interesting topics. Have you seen Inez?"

"Alas! no," said Courtenay, with a heavy sigh; and unconscious of the desperate effort with which she had asked the question, he proceeded to tell her all he had been endeavouring to do during the last few days, to overcome the obstacles to his marriage.

"Ah, Emily, may you never know the misery Inez and I are now enduring; if her father is obstinate in his refusal, we may be divided for life, and even now, when within a few yards of her home, I cannot communicate with her, without doing what I detest, bribing the agency of servants—I do so hate all that sort of thing," he added, impatiently striking a rose-bush with his cane, and scattering the bright blossoms he generally tended with so much care.

"Yes," said Emily, gravely, "all that must be very disagreeable to you—in fact it is very wrong. I would endure any anxiety rather than submit to such degradation."

"Degradation!" exclaimed Courtenay, reddening, and stopping abruptly near the door of the house. "No, Emily, it cannot degrade *us*, though we feel it to be very painful; our love is so true, it will dignify any means we take for its success; do not look so grave, Emily. Ah, if you could imagine all we suffer, you would understand what I mean when I say this."

"Perhaps I can *imagine* your feelings," said Emily, turning to enter the house, "though not exactly in your position. But if you have not seen Inez, I must give you a note I received from her a few days ago, and which would have been sent to you ere now, had not Lady Lonsdale's illness occupied all our thoughts."

"A note!" exclaimed Courtenay, "to me!—how—when did you receive it?"

"No, it is not addressed to you," said Emily, quietly, and then telling him in a few words

how it came into her hands, she went to seek it.

She did not trust herself to look at him, as he read the lines that expressed so much fond affection ; she did not see him press the paper to his lips ; she had only a confused recollection now of the plan she had formed of being his confidant and comforter ; and she glided from room to room like one in a dream, conscious only of a sense of misery, and striving to remember what had brought her to the house, with the sort of pain one endures in recovering from a fit of insensibility.

Fortunately, she encountered the faithful Josefa in her mother's apartment, and her anxious face not only drew her thoughts into another channel, but her inquiry whether the Senhora required anything, reminded her of what she had come to fetch for her mother. It was a small case that contained unanswered letters ; and as Emily opened one or two drawers to search for it, she exerted herself to speak kindly to her attached attendant, telling her about Lady Lonsdale's illness, and even

trying to smile, and to ask a few light questions about the gossip of the village.

But she could not deceive the eyes that had watched her from her infancy, and poor Josefa shocked by her ghastly paleness, and by the plaintive tones of her voice, said, as she took the small packet from her hand :

“ I will carry it for the Senhora ; but, oh ! my blessed young lady, do not kill yourself with too much watching. The roses are gone from your cheeks, and the music of your voice makes me cry. Oh ! what is come to my beloved child—to the joy of our hearts ? ”

Emily took her hand, and tried to speak ; but the words died away unuttered, and turning away, she burst into tears.

“ Oh ! what have I done — what have I done ! ” cried Josefa, wringing her hands. “ I ought not to have said a word. Oh, why did I say anything to grieve her ! ”

Emily wept without restraint for a few moments, and then suddenly raising her head with a look of alarm, as she remembered that Courtenay was in the house, she hastily bathed

her eyes, and looking at Josefa with a gentle smile, said :

“ You have done me good, dear Josefa ; I wanted to get rid of these tears, and you have helped me.”

“ And will you get rid too of what makes you so pale, Miss Emily ?” said the poor nurse, half fearful of saying too much.

Emily shook her head.

“ Do not speak of this to mamma,” she said. “ I am not well, but I would not for worlds alarm her—perhaps I shall soon be better—but you could not expect,” she added, with a smile so sad, that it pierced the heart of the loving servant, “ you could not expect me to be always a healthy laughing child—ah ! Josefa, do not trust to *me* for the joy of your heart—I have heard it said that the hearts that cling thus to other hearts, are always broken.”

Emily little guessed how mournful were her tone and manner, as she said these words, but as she gazed for a moment in utter absence of mind on the face of her sympathising attendant, the latter felt awed by the presence of sorrow,

and the young girl whom she had loved as the only child of her affections, was now transformed in her imagination, into the experienced woman, the suffering, though youthful mistress who commanded her respect, as well as her love. She did not utter another word, but kissing her hand, with a feeling of veneration she had felt hitherto only for Mrs. Howard, she left the room.

When Emily returned to Courtenay, she felt anxious to make up to him for any indifference to the engrossing subject of his thoughts, that might have wounded him in her manner, when overwhelmed by the startling suddenness of his appearance; she therefore went up to him as he sat with his eyes still fixed on Inez's note, and laying her hand kindly on his arm, she said :

"Come, Arthur, take me back to Lady Lonsdale's, and we can talk of Inez as we go along. I fear you thought me harsh in what I said a little while ago about your corresponding with her clandestinely, but I could never have a harsh feeling connected with you; I only

wish all this affair could be managed without concealments."

"I perfectly understand you, dearest," said Courtenay, rising and folding up Inez's note with a sigh; "I also agree with you, but what is to be done? these people would sacrifice her happiness without the least scruple; you cannot expect me to give up Inez, when I know that she is willing to give up all for me?"

Emily cast her eyes on the ground, her heart was again sickening at his tone of emotion—but she recovered in a moment.

"I feel most deeply for you, dear Arthur," she said, "and we must try to devise some plan for conquering these difficulties; but come now with me—I feel that I must rest, if I expect to be useful where I am so much needed, and perhaps mamma or Margarida will be able to suggest to us some bright idea that will console you."

She spoke in a tone of soothing cheerfulness, and putting her arm within his, gently drew him down the verandah stairs, and passed into the garden. As they walked towards Lady

Lonsdale's house, Emily continued to talk encouragingly of Courtenay's ultimate success in his suit, and made the most affectionate inquiries as to what he had been able to do at Oliveira with his friend the Visconde de Almeida.

Could Arthur have guessed the agony of her heart as she made this effort, he would probably have felt that there was *one* circumstance that might cloud even his joy in winning Inez ; but her voice no longer even trembled, and when, after telling her all that his friend had done and advised, he burst into a lover's rhapsody about the perfections of Inez, her beauty, her goodness, her rare intelligence, he did not look, as before, in Emily's face, and did not therefore see that her eye was sad and troubled, and that the colour had fled even from her lips.

When they entered the house, they found only Sir Frederick in the drawing-room.

He started and changed colour when he saw by whom Emily was accompanied, and his emotion was so visible that Courtenay, in some surprise followed the glance of anxiety he

directed towards Emily, and then saw that she was again pale and trembling, as when he first met her in the garden. She had seated herself exhausted and half fainting when Courtenay advanced to shake hands with Lonsdale, and her eyes were unconsciously fixed on the latter. A new light seemed to dart into Courtenay's mind ; there was an attachment here ; how blind he had been ; but was it mutual ? and if mutual, why were there such signs of sorrow and confusion ?

A crowd of speculations passed in a moment through his mind, but although he felt there was something in the case before him which he could not explain, the result was an increase of interest in Lonsdale, whom he already considered one of the best of men, and of tenderness for Emily, whom he felt bound to watch over as a brother.

But there was no time now to dwell on this matter, and even whilst his heart had been busy with these secret feelings, the usual interchange of inquiries had been passing between him and Lonsdale. After a few moments, Emily had regained composure enough

to speak, and asked if her mother were in Lady Lonsdale's room. On being told that she was there, she said :

"I will go there and take her place, that she may come to you, Arthur, and give you more wise counsel than I feel competent to do."

"Nay, Miss Howard," said Lonsdale, "I must protest against that arrangement. You will kill yourself with fatigue; I will take Mrs. Howard's place in my mother's room, and let me entreat of you to go and lie down—I *pray* you to do this, for *our* sakes."

His voice was deep and earnest, and to Courtenay's ear, it spoke all the fond anxiety of his heart, but Emily's mind was closed against the idea of any love but one, and she looked at Lonsdale with an affectionate gratitude that Courtenay completely misunderstood, as she replied.

"Do not be too anxious about me, I have no intention to kill myself, but I do not think I could sleep at this moment. Besides," she added, with one of her own peculiar smiles of mingled softness and gaiety, "Arthur is

at present a personage of far more interest than *I* am—because *another* fate depends on his.”

This was the first time Lonsdale had heard her allude to Courtenay’s engagement, although it had been the favourite gossip of the last ten days, and she did it with an ease of manner that for a moment almost deceived even him ; but when Courtenay placed his hand fondly on her head, and said :

“ Dear girl, the happiness of *more* than one heart depends on *your* life—” Lonsdale saw that she closed her eyes, and that a convulsive shudder shook her frame. Without trusting herself to say another word, Emily gently removed the caressing hand she had so long fancied all her own, and went to seek her mother.

CHAPTER IX.

" His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart ;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth."

SHAKESPEARE.

FROM this time they had frequent visits from Courtenay, and at length Mrs. Howard, who saw Emily fading away before her eyes, resolved to return to her own house, in the hope of preventing his going so very often to the Lonsdales, as he did when he had no society at home. She saw that Emily started and turned pale at every sound during the day, until he had paid his visit ; when he was gone she was

exhausted with the effort to be calm, and when he did not come at all, she was nervous and worn out with the excitement of watching. Mrs. Howard therefore returned home, and proposed to Lady Lonsdale that Emily should still remain with her friend Grace, as she herself had Courtenay to be her companion.

Emily heard this arrangement with very mixed feelings, but made no resistance to it. Her judgment acknowledged its wisdom; but she had no longer any control over the mental restlessness and pain produced by everything that related to Courtenay. His presence and his absence were alike distressing to her, and whilst she longed to be of use and of importance to him, to retain his confidence and his friendship, he inflicted on her an agony she could hardly endure every time he spoke to her of Inez.

Emily and Grace now passed the greater part of their time with Lady Lonsdale, who was strong enough to enjoy conversation or being read to. The two girls occasionally performed the latter office for her; but they more frequently employed themselves in embroidery,

whilst Lonsdale read to the whole party, and he was thus many hours daily in their society. Margarida de Macedo was their only admitted visitor, with the exception of Mrs. Howard, whose stay was always short, that she might afford no excuse to Courtenay, in his present life of dulness and anxiety, to endeavour to form one of that little circle.

Emily had in this manner many opportunities to study the character of Lonsdale; and had her thoughts been less pre-occupied by her own sorrows, she would probably have read more of his heart than he intended that she or any one else should; but too often, when bending over her needle, or apparently listening to the voices around her, her heart was busy with its own sad tale, and words of other days seemed again to fall on her ear, for ever drawing forth the same vain question, "Was it then all a dream?"

But even in her saddest hours, her sympathies were always ready for her friends, and she perceived with some surprise that although Lady Lonsdale gradually gained strength, and Grace recovered from the effects of her alarm,

Lonsdale's depression continued almost unabated; and in spite of his efforts to appear cheerful, his features often wore an expression of deep sorrow when he fancied himself unobserved.

One day when the two girls were alone, Emily, forgetting the request Lonsdale had made to her at Montserrat, said suddenly to Grace :

"How pale and ill your brother often looks now."

The words had scarcely escaped her lips, before she remembered that he had asked her not to allude to his depression before his mother and sister; she felt inexpressibly annoyed, but it was too late to prevent the mischief Lonsdale had dreaded; she saw Grace start and change colour as she exclaimed :

"Frederick! do you think Frederick ill? Oh! do not say that *he* is ill!"

"Nay," replied Emily, soothingly, "I do not say he is ill; I have only fancied sometimes that he looked more pale than formerly. I dare say it is only imagination on my part."

"No," said Grace, "it is not, I fear, imagina-

tion; now that you mention it, I remember having made the same remark to myself, but my thoughts have been so occupied about mamma, I fear I have not attended as I ought to dear Frederick: I must ask him if he is ill."

"Oh, perhaps it will be better not to do so," said Emily, fearful that if Grace quoted her, Lonsdale would think her very careless of his wishes. "I don't doubt he is like other men, in not liking to have his looks made the subject of comment; if he were not so cold and calm, I might think he was in love, and that," continued Emily, trying to laugh in order to turn Grace's thoughts into another channel, "that, they say, is not a dangerous disease."

But the jest which cost Emily such an effort to utter, failed in its object; everything connected with her brother was of importance to Grace, he had hitherto been the sole living hero of her romance; sorrow and sickness had as yet preserved her from any more absorbing passion, and she could not esteem that a trifle which affected his happiness even for an hour.

A new idea too had rushed into her mind as

Emily spoke, but without appearing to notice her jest, she exclaimed warmly :

“ Cold !” exclaimed Grace, “ oh, how can you think Frederick cold ! he is only too warm-hearted for his happiness ; he feels *too* acutely, and then he feels the sorrows of others, as if they were his own. Oh ! Emily, how very little you have learnt to know him.”

“ Dearest Grace, I did not mean to call him cold in the sense you have understood it ; I only meant that he was not likely to fall desperately in love—that he was too wise, too much under self-control, to be led into anything that might break his heart.”

The last words were murmured almost in a whisper, and with an averted eye ; but Grace heard every syllable, and as she fixed a scrutinizing look on Emily’s expressive features, she wondered she had never before guessed her brother’s secret, whilst she saw that Emily had not a suspicion how nearly she herself was concerned in the sufferings of Lonsdale.

After a few moments of silence, she said :

“ Certainly, if he loves any one now, I believe it will be his first attachment ; but, Emily, I

must make you know my brother better than you appear to do. Yes," she said, clasping her hand in both of hers, as if to claim her full attention, "I know what you admire and respect in men, and you will at least acknowledge, even if his manner be too calm to interest you, that he has a soul that demands our utmost veneration, and a heart—ah! Emily, a heart as warm and tender as any woman's."

And Grace, warming with her subject, even into eloquence, related the history of her brother's youth; she told how he had been brought up as the heir to a large fortune; how his boyhood had been flattered by old servants and adoring tenantry; how much he had loved the fine ancestral residence he was taught to consider his sure inheritance, and how he had enjoyed with a keenness suited to his years, all the sports and expensive recreations that usually belong to youths of his position.

"Had you seen him then, Emily, you would not have thought him so cold and calm as now; for although always wiser, more thoughtful, and more occupied about the happiness of others than many of his companions, he was as full of

spirit and of enjoyment as any of them. He loved every tree at Lonsdale Priory, and my father who was not fond of business, used to leave the charge of the property very much to him after he was of age, and Frederick liked nothing better, for he was always full of plans for improving the condition of the peasantry."

Grace drew a heavy sigh as she dwelt on the remembrance of those past times, and then proceeded to describe all they had gone through when her father died, and the confusion of his affairs became known to his son. With all the earnestness of the fondest admiration she told of her brother's unselfish resignation; of the tenderness with which he had broken the intelligence to his mother; the manly firmness with which he resolved on his own change of career; the noble submission with which he endured all the irritating mortifications that attend a sudden want of money for those who have been trained to consider luxuries amongst the wants and necessities of life.

"Whilst we were all bewildered," said Grace, "and perpetually committing inconsistencies, sometimes fancying we ought to dispense with

every comfort, and at others wasting in a day what would have supported us all for a month, Frederick seemed to settle down into his new position as if he had never known another. He never appeared to miss all he had lost; our blunders in economy only made him laugh, and if he ever committed an extravagance, it was in something exclusively for our comfort. There was only one thing about which he betrayed a very deep emotion—that was his last visit to Lonsdale Priory,—he never could tell us how he bade adieu to all the people there. I believe he left it at midnight, that he might not look on the beloved scenes, and also to spare the tenantry the pain of seeing his face as for the last time; but he never spoke of it himself even to his mother.”

Grace paused again in her story, for her voice was growing husky. Emily's eyes were now full of tears—there was so much in all she had heard, to which her own heart responded; but it was Grace's look that was now averted, as she struggled to regain composure. After a few moments, she proceeded, almost in a whisper :

“ You see that Frederick has had very much to make him grave ; but that seriousness of manner which is now almost habitual with him did not come all at once. It seems to have grown on him more since we left him—perhaps it is because of his being cut off from all his former recreations, and thus forced into more studious habits ; but at all events it is no sign of a chilled heart. Do you not know, Emily, that we owe the very home we live in to his generosity ; that he lives in a poor dark lodging, that we may enjoy sunshine, and all the refinements of life ? do you not see that for himself he never buys a single superfluity, whilst for *us* there is nothing wanting ? And I have seen him weep—I have heard him sob—when I lost my sisters—” here Grace’s voice utterly failed, and Emily, whose tears were now flowing freely, exclaimed :

“ Do not say more, dearest Grace, you only distress yourself, and you have told me enough to make me indeed venerate your brother with my whole soul.”

“ I believe I cannot speak much to you of my sisters,” answered Grace in a low voice, “ at

least not now, when I have been talking so much of agitating things ; but if you had seen my brother's passionate sorrow when they died, you would have a more correct idea of the strength of those feelings that are concealed by a calm manner."

A long silence followed Grace's narrative ; her own mind was busy with images her story had recalled, whilst on Emily it had produced an impression she could not define. She felt the greatest admiration for Lonsdale, and an interest in his happiness she had never experienced before ; but what she had heard excited also a sort of jealous unwillingness to confess how beautiful she thought his character. Something whispered within her heart, that Arthur had not used *his* prosperity as Lonsdale would have done, and that the latter had attained in his poverty a moral excellence of which the former, with all his advantages, still fell short.

She wished to gratify her companion by expressing the admiration she felt, but her heavy thoughts kept her silent, and the two girls sat watching the fading light until no object could be discerned in the garden, each

heart clinging to the "mouldering past," and mourning over its own regrets.

They were roused at length by Lonsdale's entrance, and he was followed almost instantaneously by a servant with lights.

"You two young ladies look as if you had taken a vow of silence," said Lonsdale, approaching the window where they sat, and bending down to kiss his sister's forehead.

"Sit here, Frederick," said Grace, drawing him down beside herself, and then fondly nestling within his arm. "We have been anything but silent; but now tell me what you have been doing—you have been away so long a time."

"I have taken a long walk," he answered, "a long solitary walk across the hills."

The first words he had spoken when he entered had sounded cheerful, but now his voice was so mournful, that his sister looked in his face, and said:

"Are you very tired?"

"No, I am not tired," he said; "but my thoughts have been rather burdensome: I suddenly remembered this evening that more than

half my leave of absence is expired, and that the Bay of Biscay must soon again divide me from all I love best on earth."

His sister started.

"Already!" she exclaimed. "Oh! surely not so soon—what shall we do without you?"

Lonsdale sighed heavily, and his sister again raising her head from his shoulder, looked into his face and saw that he was much moved. After a short pause, she said:

"I think we must go with you this time, it is cruel that you should live thus alone, and I am now strong enough to bear an English winter. Come, say that we may go with you, if mamma is well enough to undertake the voyage," and she fondly pressed his cheek with her hand, as if to coax him to consent.

"No, dearest," he said, as he drew her still nearer to his heart, "do not tempt me beyond my strength; a winter in London is not fit for a plant so tender and precious; my solitude will be cheered by thinking how bright and sunny *your* home is, and Miss Howard will fill my place as head nurse, and preacher of prudence."

“But you need to be nursed yourself, Frederick; you are not looking well. Emily remarked the same thing this very evening.”

Emily coloured so deeply as she met Lonsdale's eye, that even Grace was surprised at her emotion: she could not bear that he should suspect her of indiscretion, when he had in some degree confided in her, but this was far from his thoughts; that she should have expressed any interest at all in his looks, made his heart beat wildly for a moment, and then as the reality of his position flashed again on his mind, a dark shade passed across his countenance, and starting up, he left the room, without a word in reply to what his sister had said.

“Oh, Grace!” said Emily, almost weeping with vexation; “he is not pleased that I should make remarks about him—you must tell him how very little I said.”

“You are mistaken,” said Grace, “you do not yet know Frederick, he is only out of spirits, and he could not answer us, so he is gone to be alone a little while.”

But Emily was not satisfied—she felt certain

that Lonsdale had some deep grief of which his family knew nothing ; he had almost confessed this to her, and had asked her not to betray it, and now he must think that she had directed his sister's attention to his looks, from utter carelessness of his most sacred and most private feelings. This was really distressing to her, for Lonsdale was a being whom she looked up to as so superior in all noble qualities, that his esteem could not be lightly valued ; she also felt such a true compassion for his sorrow, that it wounded her kind nature to have appeared neglectful of his wishes.

The consequence of all these feelings was, that Emily, unconsciously adopted during the rest of that evening a pleading softness in her voice and manner, that almost unmanned the unhappy Lonsdale, who understood nothing of its origin, and only thought he had never seen her so lovely. His voice was lower than usual as he read to them, and once when he laid down the book, as if to rest for a few minutes, he fixed his eyes on Emily with a look that convinced Grace she had rightly suspected his secret grief.

Emily was returning home one afternoon from paying a visit to Margarida de Macedo—she was so buried in thought, that she scarcely raised her eyes from the ground as she passed along the quiet lane, but suddenly she was startled from her reverie by the grasp of a hand on her arm, and looking round she saw Inez, who was trembling violently, and pale with agitation.

Her strange appearance alarmed Emily, who repeated her name more than once in a tone of inquiry ; but Inez could not speak for a few seconds, and was literally gasping for breath. At length she said, eagerly.

“Emily, help me—I *must* see Arthur—where is he? I saw you come out of Madame de Macedo’s house, and ran so fast to meet you ; you are my only hope. Oh, Emily, take me to Arthur !”

Emily looked on all sides in surprise ; she could not imagine how Inez had thus dropped into the middle of the road at a place where there was neither house nor gate. Inez read her thoughts, and said, pointing to a low part of her aunt’s garden wall.

"I jumped down from there—I saw you from the other side of the garden, but there I was too near the house, so I ran to this part—they are all at their siesta. I suddenly felt it was my only chance, and it is a sort of miracle my being left unwatched for even half an hour. Oh, Emily, if you value my happiness or Arthur's, take me to him ! I *must* speak to him this day."

As Inez rapidly uttered these broken sentences, Emily gazed earnestly in her countenance ; the beautiful features were convulsed with her agitation, her lips quivered, and her eyes pleaded even more eloquently than her words.

Here was one of the opportunities she had desired of being useful to Arthur—the beautiful girl who stood before her could not love him better than she did, certainly she had not loved him so long, but to Arthur she was the most precious of human beings, it was then her *duty* to take her to him. She gently took Inez's hand in hers, and said :

"I was going to Lady Lonsdale's, I am not

living at home at present, but come with me, and I have no doubt we shall find Arthur."

They were not far from a private gate, of which Emily had the key, and retracing her steps, she held Inez by the hand, and led her within her mother's grounds. When she had closed the gate, she said in a low voice, yet with extreme kindness in her look and manner :

"If Arthur is at home, you will of course wish to speak to him alone, but either my mother or I must take you home again."

"Oh, Emily!" exclaimed Inez, "how shall I ever thank you enough for bringing me here! But as to my return,—ah! I have never thought of that; if I go back, they must not know I have been here."

"If you go back!" repeated Emily. "What can you intend to do, Inez? Perhaps I am wrong in bringing you here;" and she turned towards the gate as if to open it again.

Inez seized her hand.

“Emily! for pity, for pity, do not desert me; I only ask to see him for a moment. Oh, Arthur, Arthur! where are you?”

The agony with which she pronounced that cherished name went to Emily’s heart; she cast down her eyes for a moment, and struggled for composure; then said:

“Inez! I am not not sure that I am right, but Arthur’s happiness is very dear to me, and perhaps mamma may help us out of this difficulty; let us now lose no more time.”

They walked through the wooded part of the quinta in silence; there was a seriousness in Emily’s manner, that awed and rather annoyed Inez, but her feelings were chiefly absorbed by the prospect of again seeing Courtenay, and being able to consult with him as to their future. Unaccustomed to put any restraint on herself, she had yielded to a sudden impulse in thus escaping from her home, and had not paused to consider the inconvenience it might cause even for herself, but her separation from Courtenay had fanned her love for him into a wild passion, for which she imagined she could

sacrifice every other earthly good ; and to do her justice, the one feeling that agitated her that day, and made her appear before Emily, pale, trembling, half-fainting with excitement, was the overpowering wish to hear once more the voice, to look once more on the face of the man she loved.

When they were within a few yards of the house, they perceived Courtenay seated under a tree in the flower-garden ; he was reading, and did not hear the footsteps of the two girls as they approached him. Emily placed her hand on his shoulder, but she could not speak ; and when he looked up and saw Inez standing beside her, he started from his seat in such a transport of joy, that she felt there was nothing more required of her at that moment, and without trusting herself even to look at them again, she hurried away to seek her mother.

“ Emily ! my dear child, what has happened ? ” exclaimed Mrs. Howard, as she saw her seat herself with the air of one in a dream, after having silently kissed her. “ Emily ! ” she repeated with increasing uneasiness, “ what has brought you here at this hour ? ”

"Do not be alarmed, mamma," said Emily, in a low but firm voice. "My being here is entirely accidental; I fear that what I am going to tell you will annoy you very much; Inez is in the garden with Arthur; I *could not* refuse to bring her with me." And Emily related her adventure.

But Mrs. Howard had never felt the enthusiasm for the beautiful Portuguese with which her daughter had formerly tried to inspire her, and she saw in a moment all the inconvenience that might follow the imprudent step of bringing her within the very walls from which her family wished most to exclude her.

"Have you thought of what will be the best plan for taking Mademoiselle de Sampayo home?" she said, after a short pause. "Of course we cannot allow her to be seen coming alone out of these grounds under present circumstances, nor can we possibly keep her here, until she is missed at home."

"I see all the difficulty, mamma," answered Emily, "though it did not strike me till she was actually in the garden. Perhaps Arthur

may suggest some wise expedient; but at all events we must leave them a little while together; they must have so much to say!" and Emily turned away towards a flower-stand, and appeared busily engaged in trimming the plants and gathering the withered leaves out of the pots.

Her mother watched her in silence, and a feeling almost of anger against Courtenay rose in her heart, as she marked how thin her child's fingers were grown, and the mournful expression of her profile. After a little while, Emily suddenly ceased her occupation, and sank into a chair as if too much exhausted even to stand; she closed her eyes, and a tear rolled slowly from beneath the long lashes.

Mrs. Howard bent her head over the letter she was writing, and pretended not to observe her, but when she heard Emily move again, she said:

"Now, my dear girl, this stolen interview must cease: I am going to interrupt this garden scene."

"Mamma," said Emily, starting up, and speaking in low hurried tones, as if fearful of

her own weakness ; “ I have been thinking that it will never do to expose you to the reproaches of Madame de Lima ; can we not take Inez down to Margarida, and let her then write to her aunt and tell her she is there ? In any case, she cannot expect to escape her aunt’s anger for leaving her home.”

“ It is a very good idea, my child ; but the whole affair is very awkward :—*we* are certainly free from all blame, but you know how difficult it is for a Portuguese to give credit to any assertion which he imagines particularly suits the convenience of the speaker.”

“ Oh, mamma !” said Emily, reproachfully ; “ you forget that our dear Margarida is a Portuguese, and that there are many who are incapable of such a mean suspicion.”

“ Yes, yes, of course there are exceptions,” said Mrs. Howard, whose mild temper was unusually ruffled, and who felt at that moment little toleration for any defect connected with the country of Inez. “ But you know that this is a national weakness, they do not think it wrong to tell a small untruth in self-defence,

therefore they are always prepared for it. Besides, in the present case, they will all think we desire this marriage — Mademoiselle de Sampayo is an heiress."

Emily drew herself up to her full height, and her lip curled with a smile of peculiar bitterness, as she said :

"It is well—yes, that is well. But now, mamma, it will be better for you to seek them alone.—I will follow you in a few moments."

When Emily joined her mother in the garden, she found Courtenay standing up in eager conversation with Mrs. Howard, whilst Inez was seated, with her face buried in her hands. Courtenay was endeavouring to persuade Mrs. Howard that if she would keep Inez in her house that day, her family would probably consent to their marriage, if only to get rid of all the annoying remarks that would be made. But Mrs. Howard was firm in her refusal; independent of every other consideration, she was resolved not to expose her daughter to the possibility of such an ordeal as the prolonged residence of Inez in that house.

Emily had seated herself beside Inez, when Courtenay seizing her hand, exclaimed :

“ Oh ! Emily, persuade your mother to do me this great kindness : ask her to be a mother to Inez as she has been to me.”

Emily looked distressed, but, after a moment's hesitation, she said :

“ Forgive me, Arthur, if I cannot advise mamma to do altogether what you wish ; I think it will be much better in every way for Inez to go to Margarida de Macedo.”

“ Margarida !” exclaimed Inez, uncovering her face ; “ yes, yes, that will be much better, if only I can reach her house without meeting my aunt or any of the family.”

It was then agreed that the two girls should go together, and ask Margarida's counsel, whilst Mrs. Howard remained with Courtenay, and Emily was to return to Lady Lonsdale's without coming again to her own home.

Margarida received them with her usual kindness, agreed to keep Inez as long as she was permitted to be her visitor, and regretted her own weak state as unfitting her to be an agreeable companion ; but she gave no hope of

any relenting on the part of Madame de Lima, whom she had seen only the day before, and conversed with on the subject. She also reminded Inez of the utter impossibility of her getting a dispensation for her marriage without her father's consent; and that in no other manner could a union between a Protestant and Catholic be legal in that country.

Certainly Margarida's words were far from encouraging: but her manner was gentle, as it always was, and Inez, whose spirit began to chafe against the mortifications of her present circumstances, felt thankful to have found a refuge with one who exercised a sort of magic influence over all who knew her, and commanded, in her quiet retirement and modest life, the respect of even the most worldly of her countrymen.

The following day brought an important change in the prospects of Inez and her lover.

A letter received that morning had announced the death of Monsieur de Sampayo, and Inez had written to request that Courtenay would go to see her at Margarida's, where she still remained. He aunt had been so much displeased the evening before, on hearing that

she had left the house, that she would not even reply to her note, but merely wrote to Margarida, saying, that as her niece had chosen to leave her proper guardians, she would feel extremely indebted to Madame de Macedo, if she would permit her to remain now under her care until she should hear from her brother his wishes for his daughter. A few hours, however, brought the news of that brother's death, and Inez was now a free agent.

The course her family might adopt in this change of circumstances was still only matter for speculation ; but both Mrs. Howard and Margarida had written to Madame de Lima, to condole with her on the death of her brother, and to recommend a reconciliation between herself and her niece, before the report of their quarrel had time to spread through Lisbon.

The news of the next morning was, that Inez had returned to her aunt's house, that Courtenay was to be received there as her accepted lover, and that their marriage was to take place in six months from that time.

Mrs. Howard, relying on the self-control of her daughter, had related all this when Emily

was present during her early visit to Lady Lonsdale, that it might not appear a subject forbidden between them, and Emily had listened with an outward composure that re-assured her mother as to her power to perform the hard part before her.

But there was one trial which Emily dreaded in a manner she would have died rather than confess,—this was her first meeting with Inez and Courtenay, after every obstacle to their union was removed. She often tried to go through that scene in imagination, during the first few days that elapsed before she saw them, but she could only hope that the occasion might bring her more courage than she could feel by anticipation; then she would sometimes repeat to herself the words of congratulation she might pronounce to them; but her heart reproached her for their cold formality.

Fortunately she saw them both together, and in the presence of various other persons. It was the first evening Inez and her aunt received their visits of condolence on the death of Monsieur de Sampayo. The mourning dresses of the family and of their visitors, and the occa-

sion of their meeting, were, therefore, sufficient reasons for a seriousness of manner which Emily felt she could not have thrown off under any circumstances ; she was capable of almost any degree of self-command required by duty, but she was no actress. Her manner, her every look and movement were truthful as her mind.

She clung tremblingly to her mother's arm, as they entered the dimly-lighted drawing-room, in which, as is usual on such occasions, in Portugal, the single candle placed near the door, only served to show the gloom and stiffness of the scene. In the house of Madame de Lima everything was conducted strictly *selon les règles*. All was done, or left undone, to inspire the most dismal sensations ; the visitors found their way as they best could up the dark staircase ; they entered, unannounced, the ante-chamber, where groups of men, who had already made their bow to the Senhora Condessa and her niece, conversed together in low murmuring tones about all the gossip of the day, whilst one solitary candle was also thought sufficient for that small apartment ; no one stepped for-

ward to address them, and even Mrs. Howard, who had been so long accustomed to go through this disagreeable, and sometimes painful ceremony, gave a short nervous sigh as she crossed the threshold of the reception-room.

There all the company, chiefly composed of ladies, were placed on sofas against the walls—not a single group stood in the centre of the long apartment to make their approach less formidable: the ladies of the family sat at the extreme end of the room, dressed in deep mourning, and only rose for a moment, as each new-comer approached, to pronounce the customary words of condolence. It was difficult to distinguish a single countenance belonging to the dark forms, and the only signs of life betrayed by that solemn company, were the occasional movement of a white handkerchief, and the hissing sound of the low whispers in which all conversation was carried on.

“What a barbarous ceremony!” thought Emily, as she and her mother glided up the dim saloon. And a barbarous custom it must appear to every sensitive mind; in cases where there is real and deep sorrow, it is a

cruel exertion to demand from the bereaved ones, and where it is known there is little or no regret felt for the relative who has been removed, the semblance and trappings of such a depth of woe are rather a mockery, than a tribute of respect to the dead. Yet this ceremony of public mourning and condolence is exacted *de rigueur* in Portugal, only varied in the case of the death of a very young child, when the rooms are brilliantly lighted, the company assemble in gala dresses, and the parents, similarly attired, receive the congratulations of their friends on the *direct* translation of their beloved one to heaven !

Madame de Lima did not rise until Mrs. Howard was close to her. There was considerable coolness in the manner in which she shook hands with her and Emily, and she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes when the former addressed to her the few sentences suitable to the occasion, thus escaping the necessity for any reply. Inez, on the contrary, embraced them warmly, though with a becoming seriousness, and then made a sign to Emily to take a seat beside her, whilst Mrs. Howard

placed herself in a chair from which a lady had just risen, close to the Condessa.

Emily sat some time in silence, trying to still the beating of her heart, and to find courage to utter what she felt she ought to say: the gloom and constraint of the scene acted powerfully on her nerves, and she feared that if she spoke at all her voice would fail, and she must then weep. She strained her eyes through the gloom to endeavour to recognise some friendly face that might encourage her, wondered if Courtenay was with all that crowd of men she had passed in the ante-chamber, and at length felt it a relief to the painful nervousness that was creeping over her, even to see one or two more dark forms gliding into the room.

During the little bustle occasioned by a fresh arrival of condoling guests, Emily turned to her companion, "Inez," she whispered, laying her hand on hers, "I have yet to express to you my sorrow on the loss of your father; it is a loss in which I can give you my full sympathy, for I know how irreparable it is, but I am happy I can also wish you joy, even in the midst of sorrow: no one knows Arthur's worth

better than—*we* do, and if Heaven preserve you to each other, you *must* be happy.”

“Thank you, dear Emily,” replied Inez, in the same low tone, “thank you for your sympathy and your congratulations; I feel my position to be a painful one—I owe my happiness to my father’s death, and yet I am certain he wished me to be happy. Where could he have found a being more rarely gifted, more noble than Arthur? he is, in fact, only too good for me.”

Poor Emily was spared the necessity of a reply, by the approach of an old lady, who seemed to expect so much attention to be paid to her condolences, that Inez, after placing her on her other side, was entirely occupied in listening to her long speeches: but to Emily it was an unutterable relief to be permitted to be silent, yet to feel that she had performed her allotted task. She leant back in her chair, gazing in a half dream on the dismal scene before her, sometimes wondering whether any superhuman aid could enable her to go through such a ceremony after the death of any one of the beings most dear to her, and sometimes

speculating on the magic influence of long-established customs and habits that appear to form a second nature, yet in fact leave the human heart the same in every land; for well did Emily know that, even in that room, there were affections as warm, and hearts as sensitive, as her own, although subject by early training to the iron rod of etiquette.

She had forgotten for a brief space her own greatest trial in these fancies. There is, probably, no one who has ever experienced great wretchedness of mind, who does not remember how his thoughts would occasionally wander into curious speculations, or idle dreams of matters unconnected with his own destiny, only to return with a more painful shock to the miserable present. Emily had remembered being told that when Margarida endeavoured to receive her friends on the death of her mother, who had been the chief earthly stay of the bereaved and childless widow, she had fainted away under the effort to be calm; and then she recalled other instances in which the bodily strength had failed, though the spirit had submitted to the ordeal.

She was suddenly startled from her reverie by a well-known voice whispering in her ear: "My dear Emily, I have not seen you for a week—I can scarcely say that I *see* you now; but you passed close to me in the ante-chamber, so I knew you were here, and soon recognised, even in this gloom, a brow so fair, and so unlike almost any other."

His first words had sent the blood rushing to Emily's heart, but the gloom of which he had spoken, concealed her change of colour; he could not see either that her lips trembled as she said:

"I hope you are well, Arthur: I know that you are happier than when I saw you last."

She could not say more. She wished to say that she rejoiced in his happiness, but there was a choking in her throat, and she closed her eyes with a sensation of dizziness.

"I am indeed happier!" said Courtenay, unconscious of the torture he was inflicting, "happier—oh! *most happy*; and yet you may believe, Emily, you who know me so well, that it is painful to me to owe my reception into

this family to an event that has clothed all its members in mourning."

"There must be a dark side to the brightest picture," said Emily, scarcely conscious of the hackneyed expression she was uttering, and still less conscious of the deep sigh that accompanied it.

But Courtenay heard the sigh, and suddenly calling to mind his suspicions of an attachment between Emily and Lonsdale, he said affectionately :

"I hope there will be no dark side in your life, dear girl. I trust that all in *your* path will be bright as your own pure nature. Tell me now of your own health, your looks have not pleased me of late; I do not think you have ever been well since that broiling day at the Peña Festival, when you over-fatigued yourself."

Emily tried to gather strength for a reply; but as she did not speak, Courtenay bent his head and endeavoured to catch her eye, kindly pressing for an instant the hand that hung listlessly over the arm of her chair. This was too much—she could not bear his tenderness—he must speak to her of that which wounded

her to the quick, or she must weep aloud ; her heart bled when he spoke of Inez, but her tears must flow if he spoke more of herself. With parched lips, but a firm voice, she said, hurriedly :

“ My health is not at all good at present, but it makes me nervous to think of it ; do not speak then of it, Arthur ; above all, do not mention it to mamma, for it would frighten her, and perhaps there is no cause.”

“ Perhaps !” repeated Courtenay, “ but this is not a matter to leave in doubt—you must have advice.”

“ Oh, I am very well taken care of,” said Emily, and now her voice betrayed so much emotion, that when she added hastily, “ speak to me of other things—speak to me of your own plans, Arthur,” Courtenay believed that she was nervous about her health, and that it might hurt her to speak more of it.

He therefore complied with her request, and begun to tell her some of his projects for the future, and all his anticipations of happiness in a union with a being so dear and so nearly faultless as Inez.

CHAPTER X.

“Like sunset gleams that linger late,
When all is dark’ning fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from fate,
The brightest and the last.”

SONG.

“But ah! too soon the dream is past.”

MOORE.

It was now nearly the middle of September, and though the weather was still fine, many families were preparing to leave Cintra; some being anxious to get established in Lisbon before the autumn rains commenced, whilst the removal of the Court was the signal of departure to all those connected with the foreign legations, or with whom the mere society of the place was its chief attraction.

Courtenay had informed Mrs. Howard that Inez and her family were to move into Lisbon in a few days, in consequence of which she had resolved to remain at Cintra through the month of October, during which time she hoped to be able to fix on some plan for removing her daughter, for a year at all events, from a place where she had suffered so much. She had often, in happier days, thought of taking her to England, and also of making a tour through Italy, but she had delayed doing so, first from her own love of quiet, and a wish to finish her daughter's education before giving her new excitements, and later, when Courtenay returned to them she had hoped that he might be their companion and protector in their wanderings. But now the time was apparently come when Emily's health demanded a change of scene, and her mother held many anxious consultations with Margarida de Macedo on the subject.

Meanwhile the expiration of Sir Frederick Lonsdale's leave of absence was nearly come, and one morning, about ten days after the reception at the Condessa de Lima's, described

in our last chapter, he proposed at breakfast that Emily and Grace should accompany him that day on a last visit to the Cork Convent.

"The day is so lovely that I am sure a ride across the hills will do you young ladies much good, and I want to leave a stock of cigars with that poor old fellow who shows the Convent, that he may remember me in his prayers."

"A stock of cigars!" exclaimed Emily. "That is a strange gift from you, Sir Frederick, for I think I have never seen you smoke since I have had the honour of knowing you."

"No," said Lonsdale, with a smile, "and I have sometimes perceived that that circumstance rather lowered me in your esteem. But do you not remember how that old man's face beamed one day last year when Beaumont gave him two cigars, and he said he would rather at any time have a cigar than his dinner? I hope my sympathy for this amiable weakness of his will do something towards excusing me in your eyes, Miss Howard, for not sharing it."

"Ah, Emily," said Grace, as her brother left the room, "he does not tell you *why* he gave

up this habit :—when he first joined the Guards he smoked to such a degree that we feared it might injure his health, but from the period of his altered circumstances we never saw even his cigar-case again—he never spoke of it ; but this, like every habit of personal indulgence, was laid aside, yet all so quietly that it passed unobserved at the time.”

“ He is indeed a most consistently unselfish being,” said Emily ; “ but, Grace, you never told me before that your brother had been in the Guards :—it must have been a great trial to him to leave the army.”

“ Of course there was no alternative,” said Grace, “ for he had no money to purchase with, and he needed the sum he got for his commission to pay some personal debts of my poor father. Ah, dear Frederick ! his whole life has been a series of disappointments ; but I think *we* regretted the Guards more than he did ; he used to look so handsome in his uniform ; the first time I saw him in it he was going to the *levée*, and I felt so proud of him.”

“ Was he handsome ?” asked Emily, forgetting in her surprise how little compli-

mentary or sympathizing her question must sound.

“ Handsome !” repeated Grace. “ Is it possible you do not think Frederick handsome ? Oh, Emily, you are indeed blind.”

“ Forgive me, dear Grace,” said Emily, who saw that her friend was really mortified. “ I asked a foolish question ; and I have no doubt he is what many would call handsome, but perhaps his expression is too cold, and his face too thin for my ideas of beauty, and yet I have no doubt I am wrong.”

“ Cold ! cold !” repeated Grace, now thoroughly vexed. “ You will insist that he is cold. Good Heaven !” she exclaimed to herself, “ is it possible that she thought he looked cold just now—is it possible that she does not see that he adores her ! Well, Emily,” she continued aloud, laying both hands on her shoulders, and looking into her eyes with a half-laughing, half-pouting expression, “ since you are thoroughly and wilfully blind, I must describe to you my brother, whom you have apparently never seen, and tell you that his form is one a prince might covet ; yes, you may smile, but it is not the less

true for that ; and then his dark grey eyes, so full of thought and feeling,—and his forehead, so noble, so intellectual,—oh, Emily, is it possible you have not seen all this ?”

Emily smiled and kissed the eager girl who spoke so fondly of a brother’s beauty.

“ My dearest Grace,” she said, “ the beauty of your brother’s mind makes him independent of any other, and he always looks like a high-bred gentleman, which is of more consequence than any personal attraction.”

“ Ah ! you evade my question ; you have only noted the *changes* time has wrought—his hollow cheek and pale lips, and have not observed the beauties that neither time nor sorrow can deprive him of ; if I could only once more see him happy, I could make you confess, Emily, that you have not done him justice ; yes, yes, you must one day repent the treason you have spoken this morning.”

“ If your brother’s happiness is to be the first step to my penance, I sincerely hope I may,” said Emily, kindly. “ Certainly, I believe no human being is more deserving of

~~any blessing~~ Heaven can bestow. Will this ~~make~~ ~~the~~ ~~most~~ ~~exacting~~ of sisters?"

"For the present," said Grace, smiling, "for the present because I can get nothing more; but perhaps I may yet teach you to look at me with respect."

At that moment Lonsdale re-entered the room, leaning on his mother, who had not ~~been~~ ~~able~~ ~~to~~ ~~leave~~ ~~her~~ ~~bed~~ ~~since~~ ~~her~~ ~~illness~~. She ~~was~~ ~~leaning~~ ~~firmly~~ ~~on~~ ~~his~~ ~~arm~~, and walked ~~slowly~~ ~~towards~~ ~~her~~ ~~son~~ as if she lingered rather from a sense of enjoyment than from weakness, and he ~~was~~ ~~looking~~ ~~his~~ ~~head~~ ~~so~~ ~~as~~ ~~to~~ ~~look~~ ~~into~~ ~~her~~ ~~face~~, and held one of her hands in his. He ~~was~~ ~~placed~~ ~~the~~ ~~cushions~~ ~~for~~ ~~her~~ ~~head~~, and threw a light shawl across her feet, there was an ~~extraordinary~~ ~~grace~~ in his movements; his cheek ~~was~~ ~~slightly~~ ~~tinted~~, his eyes beamed with tenderness and he placed himself on a low seat beside the couch and playfully held his mother's wrist to feel her pulse, Emily remarked, for the first time, the extreme beauty of his ~~face~~.

She looked at Grace, and smiled; for Grace had been watching her, and read her thoughts,

and was glad too, to see a real heart smile on that face, that had of late been so sadly grave.

"Do you begin to see already?" whispered Grace, with a little triumphant nod.

"A fine head—yes,—a beautiful head," said Emily, also in a whisper.

"And the black curls?" urged Grace.

"Not amiss on the white forehead."

"And his beautiful hands?"

"Might serve as a sculptor's model."

"And his figure?" pleaded Grace; but Emily placed her fingers on her lips, and laughing, said:

"No more, no more, vain girl, I cannot encourage such vanity! be satisfied that you have a most loving brother, who bears himself like a right noble gentleman as he is."

Mrs. Howard came on a summons from her daughter, to pass the morning with Lady Lonsdale, and the two girls started about twelve on their expedition, accompanied only by Sir Frederick.

The day was one of those bright September days, when the sky is cloudless, and the sun still powerful, and yet there is a sharpness in

the air that seems to invigorate both mind and body, and invites even the languid to exertion, whilst it also tells that the summer is gone though its semblance still lingers on the green earth, and the blue sky gives no sign of approaching storms. There is a peculiar enjoyment in such days, which all persons seem to acknowledge, and yet it is nearly as inconsistent as the extreme cheerfulness that generally pervades, what is called, a farewell party, when friends are about to separate. The summer was gone—the summer to which so many had looked forward with longing, as the season of enjoyment, yet the first breeze that announced the fact, was hailed with delight. And Lonsdale, the thoughtful, the self-possessed Lonsdale was for once inconsistent like his neighbours ; in a few days he was to sail for England ; this might be his very last ride with Emily through those scenes where he had first known her, yet, for these very reasons he would throw off all sad thoughts, and enjoy this one day,—come what might to-morrow.

And Emily, who saw that her two companions wished her to enjoy the expedition, did

her best to gratify them. It was the first time she had set out on anything like an excursion of pleasure since the fatal day of the Pena Festival ; but she banished that thought and tried to smile as if such misery had never been. The bracing air brought a glow into her cheeks that looked almost like a return of health, and her voice was once more firm and clear, as she encouraged Grace, who was a timid rider, to switch her donkey into a better pace, and jested with Lonsdale on the wilfulness of the mule he had hired for the occasion. Perhaps her beauty was more touching that day, because the saddened expression of her deep violet eyes, that spoke of a pain now grown to be habitual, was so much at variance with the brilliant cheek, and the soft laugh ; but certainly she had never looked more lovely, and Lonsdale gazed on her with a sort of desperate delight.

He would not think how soon he must leave her, he would not think on all that forbade him even to hope that he might win her ; but could Emily have guessed the feelings which filled his heart, and which each smile of hers excited almost beyond his powers of concealment, her

THE HIWATER.

The old country is looks nearly as much
the old country as it had been doubled
in its extent over these twenty years; but
the old country was conserved in the shape
of a park, the sweet odour of which
was more than that of
the old country.

De Barros, with
Lonsdale, added:
I should like to
have been to the
year and I am fortunate to meet
my companions, for my life threatened to be
a sorry one."

Lonsdale felt a very particular objection at
that moment to the presence of a man who
placed himself and his horse exactly between
him and Emily: but he could only bow and
express an apparently cordial assent, whilst his
conscience told him this was a wholesome inter-
ruption of his enjoyment, that he had been
yielding to a forbidden pleasure, and that the
witchery of the sweet face he could not now
gaze on undisturbed, had that very morning
well-nigh subdued his reason, and made him a

traitor to his own deliberate resolution. Yet he felt keenly disappointed—the brightness of the day seemed clouded; where was the happiness that five minutes before filled his soul with ecstasy? Emily was still there; but her smiles, her words, were no longer exclusively his own. “Alas! alas!” he murmured with a heavy sigh, that no one heard but Grace, “I am but ‘a dull actor’ like any schoolboy, I have forgot my part, and I am out, even to a full disgrace.”

But Lonsdale was not one who could wish others to be dull because he was disappointed: and when they turned from the main road into the narrow path that leads up the hill to the convent, and where it was impossible for four to ride abreast, he laid his hand on his sister’s bridle, saying, with his kind calm smile:

“Come, Gracey, I must now look after you, for our path is not improving, and you are but a poor donkey rider;” and he continued to converse with her, exerting himself as much to make her ride agreeable as he had done before De Barros joined them.

He did not, however, succeed in deceiving

her loving sister; she had found the key to his secret feelings, and though she saw no obstacle to his happiness, save only his own pre-occupied heart, she saw that he was struggling to conceal, if not to confess his attachment and felt that she might only aid him by announcing her discovery at that moment. She therefore smiled and looked on unconscious of all she read so clearly. Whilst her heart breathed blessings on the father who tended her with as much solicitude as if she had herself been the object of his affections, and who knew not, as he was on the mountain path, that prayers were ascending to heaven that he might yet possess the treasure he coveted.

And many mimes of consolation are hid in the smiles that might cheer many a despondent soul but for that law of silence, which yet must be maintained in this our imperfect state, because the tenet of conventional rules so far removed from accidental evils. Could Lonsdale have guessed the sudden gush of tenderness that was almost overpowering his sister's assurance, he would have felt that possessed of

such a love he had no right to complain of his lot ; but had she said, " Frederick, you love Emily, do not despair," he would have shrunk back in alarm, lest she might guess, that whilst he supported her and his mother, he had no home to offer a wife.

Perhaps even those who give to others the most tender sympathy, and ask the richest blessings for those *they* love, forget in their most lonely hours, that they are themselves the objects of fond solicitude—that there are :

" Kind Christian souls to make them rich with pray'rs,
Whilst in like coin their mercies they repay."

A loving word, an affectionate letter, would in a moment people their solitude, but whilst silence reigns, and love makes no sign, the spirit droops discouraged, unconscious of the communion it is holding with those it loves best.

De Barros meanwhile strove to discover something of Emily's private sentiments on various topics not usually discussed between persons so unconnected and so different in

mind as they were ; but he had an object in this of which she could have no suspicion, and ascribing the unusual tone of his remarks entirely to the mortification and pain Inez had caused him, she felt an interest in his fate he had never inspired before, and permitted herself to enter into the conversation with considerable eagerness, from a desire to soothe feelings that had been wounded by Courtenay, and that might yet render his position in Lisbon unpleasant if the irritation a large party entertained against him were not subdued.

"You will think me perhaps presumptuous, Miss Howard," said De Barros, as they drew near the entrance of the convent, "but you have yet very much to learn of life ; I could, however, almost envy your inexperience, though it may betray you into mistaken judgments."

"I have no wish to learn anything that could render me suspicious of those around me," said Emily ; "it would be indeed a painful knowledge that would constantly make one fancy all one admires and loves most, only a well-acted deception."

"You therefore seek refuge from this in a delusion," said De Barros, smiling; his lip curled for a moment almost contemptuously, but when he looked into Emily's ingenuous countenance, an involuntary feeling of respect took possession of him. "Pardon me, Miss Howard," he said, with a bow; "but is not this a *self-deception*, and a voluntary one, and have not you said, that all that is false is wrong?"

Emily hesitated.

"At least this is a deception that cannot injure another."

"Ah, there is the mistake!" cried De Barros, eagerly, "by shutting your eyes to the evil that is in one you love, you may seriously injure another, as far as thoughts can injure. By giving too much indulgence in one quarter you give too little elsewhere."

Emily felt that Inez and Courtenay were in his mind, and knew not what to reply.

De Barros drew nearer to her, and sunk his voice almost to a whisper, as he said:

"You are yourself all truth, Miss Howard, one of the few innocent ones on earth; but do

not depend too much on dreams of human virtue, else you will prepare for yourself a bitter disappointment."

Emily felt for a moment inclined to shrink from one who possessed no faith save in the existence of evil, but then compassion triumphed when she thought how unhappy such a condition must be.

"I trust you will one day be so happy as to alter your opinion," she said, as they halted outside the convent walls; and then smiling with a kindness that sunk even into the worldly heart of De Barros, she added: "I hope that your experience of your friends will force you, for their sakes, to think better of human nature, and to forgive those who may appear to be less worthy."

There was no time for De Barros to reply, as Lonsdale and Grace were already on foot, and they all entered the garden together. They had no wish to see the interior of the building where they had frequently been before, and therefore wandered slowly through the grounds, in search of the old gardener, enjoying the beauty of the day, and moralising on the change that had

come over that scene of quiet retirement since its inhabitants had been driven forth to mingle once more in "the busy haunts of men."

De Barros kept his place so constantly beside Emily, that Lonsdale began to watch him with some uneasiness, uncertain what his purpose could be, but she herself remarked nothing unusual in his conduct, and strove to keep up the cheerful tone with which they had commenced their ride.

As they drew near St. Honorius' cave, an abrupt turn in the path brought them suddenly on another party, and Emily's eyes fell on Courtenay and Inez.

They were accompanied by the Condessa de Lima's children and their governess, and were returning from the cave, towards which Emily and her companions were then going.

No meeting could well have been less *à-propos* than this, and at the very moment that Inez and Courtenay had uttered an exclamation of pleasure on perceiving the party, the former met the dark glance of Francisco de Barros,

passion is perpetually in full play—where even those whose consciences are yet unsullied by guilt, are wearied by the turmoil around them, or have yielded up their hearts to some being less pure than themselves. The man of *the world* acquires a fearful facility in reading the human countenance: and De Barros, though he felt an involuntary respect for Emily, and an admiration for her character, half the beauty of which he yet could not comprehend, beheld the anguish of her soul with a fiendish satisfaction. He had suspected the nature of her feelings towards Courtenay on the eventful day of the Pena festival: it had pleased him then to fancy Courtenay occupied with *her*, but since he had been deceived in that, it suited his present purpose well that she should look on Inez as one who had come between her and her happiness.

The meeting was constrained on all sides. Inez trembled and looked miserable: De Barros stood haughtily apart watching the scene: Lonsdale was wretched because he saw Emily suffer; and even Courtenay, who made an

attempt to commence some conversation, was infected by the visible embarrassment of all the rest, and stopped abruptly in the middle of a sentence.

"This is our last day at Cintra," said Inez at length, forcing herself to speak, as if in defiance of De Barros, who fixed his glance upon her the moment she began; "I hope, dear Emily, you will not linger long after us—the place is not endurable in the rainy season!"

"This day does not look like approaching storms," said Emily, trying to smile. "We have not allowed ourselves yet to think of bad weather."

"Bad weather, like sorrow, comes very suddenly sometimes," said Inez. "Do not trust too much to a bright sky in September."

Emily moved her lips to reply, but her voice failed her, and Lonsdale, who saw what she was enduring, said a few words about looking for old Antonio, and taking leave of Courtenay, there was a general move, and the two parties separated.

Emily felt her hand kindly pressed. Inez

bade her farewell. Arthur said: "I do not yet see the roses in your cheeks, take care of yourself, my dear Emily." But she scarcely knew what was going on, and when she found herself again walking with De Barros, there was a ringing sound in her ears, and a mist seemed to obscure her vision.

To-morrow he was to leave Cintra! And it was thus she heard now of Arthur's movements, though he still lived in her mother's house! It was not deemed necessary that *she* should know whether he came or went; he did not dream that it could be of importance to her: he did not wish her to regret him. He no longer cared that she should miss him; she was become even less to him than when he used to carry her in his arms and tell her stories; and another, who had been a stranger to him three months ago, was now everything in that heart she had hoped was all her own.

As she walked along, dwelling on these bitter thoughts, her heart swelled almost to suffocation, and her eyes soon filled with tears. She forgot that De Barros was by her side—

she knew not that, with his half closed eyes and head slightly thrown back, he was watching her expressive profile; and he allowed the first anguish to pass, the first tears to overflow, and be hastily brushed away, ere he addressed her.

"You talked a little while ago, Miss Howard, of the pain of *suspecting* evil in those around you," he said, in his most languid tones, yet pronouncing each word with a distinctness that at once startled Emily into attention. "Would you wish to save one who is naturally dear to you, from the trial of discovering evil when too late to prevent the wreck of happiness?"

"What do you mean?" asked Emily, turning her eyes full on his face with an inquiring expression.

"I mean," he answered, "that your friend, Mr. Courtenay, is about to unite himself to one who has shamefully deceived him—to one who is lost to every sense of truth and delicacy, and that I can place a proof of this in your hands."

Emily gasped as if for breath.

"Ah! no," she said, "you are mistaken: yet it is most natural you should think thus. I cannot blame you."

"Blame me!" exclaimed De Barros, in a scornful tone. "No, Miss Howard, in this I am blameless; I have committed many errors in my life, but towards Inez de Sampayo, my conscience acquits me of any wrong. You do not, however, perceive that I offer to put a *proof* of my assertion into your hands—a proof which would convince the most doubting, and which would yet enable you to save Mr. Courtenay from a fate that would be terrible to a man so sensitive as he is—the being united to a heartless coquette; a woman in whom he could have no confidence."

Emily offered a silent prayer to Heaven for strength against a great temptation

"Monsieur de Barros," she said, in a low voice, "you give me great pain by what you say. I pray you not to speak thus unkindly of Inez, whom I look on as almost a future sister. Even if I believed your words, I never could destroy Arthur's happiness, by shaking his faith in one he loves so fondly."

She looked round for her companions, to seek refuge with them from a subject that agitated her too painfully; but Lonsdale and Grace had taken another path.

"You mean rather that you have not courage to preserve his happiness," he said, "because it would cost him and yourself some temporary suffering. Think you he would long regret a woman he had discovered to be worthless, or that he would feel grateful to you for concealing her true character until she is his wife, and the discovery is forced upon him by more intimate acquaintance?"

"I do not defend Inez for having broken her engagement, or for having encouraged Arthur to love her when she was bound to you," said Emily; "but still she may, herself, deeply regret that error, and one fault is surely not a fair test of a whole character."

"It depends on the fault," said De Barros. "I do not judge Mademoiselle de Sampayo *merely* by her having preferred another man, when engaged to myself; our engagement was, at first, nothing more than a family arrangement, to which we both submitted, I suppose,

for the same reason. I do not blame her for not considering *that* as binding on her honour ; but when she had won my heart, when I loved her as I had never loved any other woman, when I suspected that she loved Mr. Courtenay, and *offered* to free her from this contract, and smoothe the difficulties with her family—when I *entreated* her not to deceive me, she deliberately lied in the face of Heaven, declined the proffered freedom, and assured me her whole heart was mine !”

De Barros paused ; he was much agitated, and Emily, shocked and distressed, knew not what to say.

“ Miss Howard,” he continued, his voice trembling with excitement, “ let me entreat your candour. Do not think that, because I am a much injured man, that I, therefore, necessarily distort facts to suit my purpose. I made this appeal *twice* to Mademoiselle de Sampayo ; once by word of mouth, and once by letter. On both occasions, her solemn assurance was, that she was indifferent to Mr. Courtenay, and that her whole heart was mine. I am now certain, from recalling many circumstances, and

in making them together, that she was even then pledged to Mr. Courtenay, and only wanted courage to resist an alliance more favourable to her worldly views : but she had courage to perpetrate herself, courage to bind herself to two men at once, courage to steep her soul in falsehood, courage to write this letter !”

His voice was now hoarse with anger, his eyes flashed, and he set his teeth hard together, whilst he drew from his breast the letter Inez had written the morning after she had offended him by singing with Courtenay, and with a vehement gesture spread it before his companion, who closed her eyes as if to shun the sight.

They had now reached the open space in front of the convent-door, and Emily sank down exhausted on a stone bench near the old fountain. She was trembling violently, and was so pale, that De Barros paused to give her time to recover her composure. He never doubted but that he must triumph where every selfish feeling pleaded on his side. He was not accustomed to see great temptations resisted, and he knew nothing of that heavenly principle which gives to

the weakest heart a strength that can conquer the world.

She cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them on that old cross that still stands on a high pinnacle of rock overtopping the convent, and so close to it as to appear to form a part of the low, irregular building.

"My God!" she said within herself, "Thou hast comforted and strengthened many hearts that have sought refuge here. Oh, comfort and strengthen mine."

She turned with a more calm expression to De Barros, who had stood watching her, and trying to read her thoughts, but the short, fervent prayer had baffled him.

"Monsieur de Barros, I cannot see what benefit it can do either Mr. Courtenay, or you, that *I* should condemn Inez. I pray you to endeavour to forgive her."

De Barros frowned darkly, and bitter words were on his lips, but he refrained to utter them.

"You mistake me altogether," he said. "I spoke to *you* on this subject, because I fancied Mr. Courtenay's happiness was dear to you, and

because *I* believe him to be a man of honour. I believe, that when he threw away his heart on this unworthy girl, he did not know she was promised to another. Against him I have no complaint; nay, more, I would save him from misery, and, perhaps, disgrace; but it is not in *my* power to do this unaided; it is you, alone, can save him, and he will bless you for it; yes, even before one sun shall have set on his disappointment."

"*I* save him!" exclaimed Emily, "in what way?"

"By simply showing him this letter," said De Barros, again holding it out before her; "only read it, Miss Howard, and you will then judge if it be your duty to conceal it from Mr. Courtenay."

"It was never intended for me to read," said Emily, putting it away from her, and tortured, beyond description, by a severe conflict. He had excited such suspicions of Inez, suspicions that had already disturbed her; and she might, with *honour*, divide her from Arthur, and he would owe his safety to *her*; and a bright vision of joy floated before her sight, making

the narrow path of self-denial more dark and rugged than before.

"I *cannot* feel that it is my duty to read that letter," she added, after a pause, looking reproachfully at De Barros, who, impatiently, stamped his foot, and crushed the letter in his hand.

"It is then *my* duty," he said, "to tell you the circumstances connected with it. Do you remember our walk, by moonlight, from the Pena Castle?"

Emily bowed her head, with a smothered sigh.

"During that walk, Inez assured me that her heart was entirely mine, and refused the release from her engagement which I offered her. I entered her aunt's house full of happy hopes, but my joy was short lived. I saw much that very evening that made me suspect Inez of playing me false. All Lisbon knew that Mr. Courtenay loved *her*, but it was *her* feelings alone that concerned *me*; and I saw enough that night to suspect that, in accepting me as her husband, Inez still wished to retain under her influence the lover of her choice. I wrote

to her next morning. My remonstrance was wrung from an indignant heart; yet, even still, I considered *her* happiness before my own. I urged her to examine her feelings well. I warned her not to deceive herself or me; and, again, I offered to release her from our engagement. Her answer was this letter; nay, Miss Howard," he said, speaking more and more vehemently, and anticipating her refusal, "I will not ask you to read it, but it is right that you should hear it." And he read, with malignant emphasis, the letter in which Inez professed her indifference to Courtenay, and her love for himself.

"Fool that I was!" he continued, "I believed her! and yet, I now *know*, that even then she had entreated of him not to desert her! For some days I was constantly with her as her accepted lover, and she avoided every chance of meeting Courtenay. My suspicions all vanished, and my heart was satisfied. Oh, how I loved her during those days; but, no matter, it is not of that I have to speak; they met again at the Queen's *fête*. I was happy that morning, happier than I had yet been, for I fancied Cour-

tenay occupied with another, and that he was, at last, convinced Inez did not love him. I need not remind you of my mother's accident, and my absence during the evening. What took place, then, I know not; but, next morning, when I sought Inez in the garden, after an early ride, I found her exchanging vows and tokens of love with Mr. Courtenay."

The expression of rage that now almost distorted his features, alarmed Emily, and she entreated him to be calm.

"Is it not possible that Inez mistook her own feelings, and did not mean, deliberately, to deceive or injure you?" she said, slightly colouring, as she felt that she was suggesting a thought she did not herself entertain, for there was something in the recital of De Barros, that carried conviction to her mind, and persuaded her that Inez was, indeed, unworthy of Courtenay's noble heart. Her hesitating tones and ingenuous blush betrayed her.

"No, Miss Howard," said De Barros, fixing an earnest gaze on her face. "This is *not* possible; nor do you, in your own clear and truthful mind, think that it is so. I do believe

that Inez loves Mr. Courtenay after her own fashion; but she could not easily resolve to sacrifice the greater worldly advantages of a union with me; and had he been a less honourable man, had he not determined to seek her openly on that eventful morning, I do believe she would have become my wife, whilst all her vows of love would have been pledged to him."

"Oh no, surely you are too severe," pleaded Emily.

"You are too innocent to believe all this," said De Barros, "and I will not trouble you with a discussion on this point; but I think you will agree with me, that such a fault as Mademoiselle de Sampayo committed, is a test of character, and that the woman who could thus deceive *two* men, who loved her better than themselves, is selfish, worldly, and false. And now, will you warn your friend of his danger? will you show him this letter?"

At this moment, Lonsdale and Grace, accompanied by Antonio, appeared at the other side of the little court-yard. Emily started up and hurried towards them; her face was pale, her

looks were bewildered, and her friends eagerly asked if she were ill.

“ I have been distressed about something,” she replied, pressing Grace’s hand significantly, and glancing towards De Barros, who had gloomily seated himself where she had been, and now sat with folded arms, and eyes cast on the ground. “ If Antonio could procure me a draught of water,” she continued, trying to smile at her anxious friends, “ it would refresh me ;” and addressing the old man in his own language, she asked if he had a drinking-cup.

Whilst he hurried away to fetch what she required, Lonsdale and Grace entreated her to sit down, remarking that she trembled, and looking at her and De Barros with much uneasiness.

Antonio now returned, and she eagerly drank from the brimming cup he had procured for her, and with one of her sweetest smiles, wished him good health, asking, playfully, if he had been enjoying a cigar with the “ Senhor Ingleze,” who was, himself, so fond of smoking ! But although her words were

Even her friends saw that she was making an effort for their sakes, and there was a plaintive tone even in her low laugh, that went direct to their hearts.

"I shall blame myself for having brought you here," said Louisa, "if you suffer in consequence."

"Oh! I shall not suffer," said Emily kindly. "Indeed, I feel already quite recovered, so let us mount our steeds and set forth on our journey home; or shall we go first on to the Peninha, as this is a day of farewell to all the favourite haunts."

"Are you able for that, Emily?" asked Grace, looking at her with some anxiety.

"Yes; quite able for it, dearest. I shall be refreshed by being longer in the open air this delightful day."

Emily was scarcely aware herself in proposing this extension of their ride, that she wished to have a longer time for deliberation, before she parted that day with De Barros, and that much as his communication had agitated her, she now wished to renew the subject with him, and endeavour, at least, to ward off from Arthur's

head, the evils she feared might ensue if his anger were aroused by any step taken by De Barros in his present state of irritation. A vague fear of a quarrel between these two filled her with horror; but her thoughts were still so much bewildered by all she had heard, and the new view it had given her of Inez's character, and Arthur's prospects of happiness, that she could not see clearly what was her duty under the circumstances.

It was Lonsdale who placed her on her donkey, and De Barros, with a flushed cheek and angry eye, stood aloof, as if he had no intention of accompanying them. Emily instinctively shrank from reposing any confidence in him, but yet she felt that Arthur's happiness and life might now be in his power; she beckoned to him to approach, then said hurriedly:

"I must have a little time to think of all you have told me—I will speak to you of it before we reach home."

No sooner had she uttered the words, than the look of malignant triumph in the eyes of De Barros, made her repent of them, and feel as if

she had compromised her own dignity and Courtenay's, in even trying to conciliate one whose standard of honour was so different from theirs. Then came the remembrance of the generous manner in which De Barros had treated Inez, and again Emily wavered in her opinion, and shuddered at the idea of seeing Arthur sacrifice himself to one capable of so much duplicity.

"Was it for this that I lost him?" sighed poor Emily to herself as she rode in silence beside Grace, whilst the gentlemen followed. "Was it for this that my heart was broken—this! he will only learn he has been deceived when it is too late for himself and me! Dearest Grace," she said aloud, as they came in sight of the Penitents, "I have been a wretched companion for you—I feel ashamed of my stupidity."

"I wish I could ascribe your silence to stupidity," said Grace, smiling kindly, "but your face has been too eloquent to allow me to do that. I have read in it more than one change of purpose, during the last quarter of an hour. Dear Emily," she added suddenly and earnestly,

“ speak no more to that man—I never could endure his look, and to-day I am certain he is planning mischief.”

“ I *must* speak to him for a few moments,” said Emily. “ I will do so whilst you and Sir Frederick go up to the chapel—the view would give me no pleasure to-day, and I will not dismount here.”

Grace looked at her with anxiety, but did not urge her any more to avoid De Barros, and when they reached the foot of the long flight of steps that leads to the top of the rock, she whispered to her brother that Emily wished to remain below.

“ Monsieur De Barros,” said Emily, the moment they were again alone, “ I have thought of all you have told me, and there is one consideration which makes me feel it would not only be cruel, but altogether useless, to inform Mr. Courtenay of the facts regarding *your* engagement to Inez.”

“ May I ask what is that consideration that weighs so strongly with you ?” asked De Barros, knitting his brows.

“ It is this,” said Emily, endeavouring to con-

she had compromised her own dignity and Courtenay's, in even trying to conciliate one whose standard of honour was so different from theirs. Then came the remembrance of the generous manner in which De Barros had treated Inez, and again Emily wavered in her opinion, and shuddered at the idea of seeing Arthur sacrifice himself to one capable of so much duplicity.

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to prevent this marriage?" he said, fixing a scrutinizing look on her face, and taking no notice of her last words; "you will not save Mr. Courtenay the misery of being bound to a woman he must despise?"

"He will not despise her," said Emily, in trembling accents. "For his sake she will cure all her faults."

"So be it then," said De Barros. "I had imagined, Miss Howard, that it would gratify you to be of service to one so dear to you, but as I am mistaken I will urge you no more. Do not think, however, that I renounce my revenge on this perjured woman—my meeting with you only caused me to alter my plan in some particulars—had you assisted me she should not have triumphed in her love even for a day—no, not even for an hour had she been his wife; but though delayed, my revenge will be only more complete; and if it fall on him also, remember, when his heart is wrung with indignation and sorrow, that I offered you the means of saving him."

"Oh! stop, stop!" exclaimed Emily, seizing his arm, as he turned from her. "Have pity, I

pray you, Monsieur de Barros—oh ! do not think that revenge will bring you peace of mind ; even if you ruined their happiness for ever, it would not buy one moment of enjoyment. Forgive Inez, I entreat you !”

De Barros with difficulty refrained from uttering an exclamation of contempt.

“Forgive Inez !” he repeated, “no ! Miss Howard, not if it were to save my soul from perdition. I would peril life and eternity to break her heart, or take from her that for which she so basely deceived me.”

Emily covered her face with her hands, and groaned in the bitterness of her thoughts. She could not bear to look on the man who could utter such impiety, or harbour such hatred ; and she now saw that he had merely wished to use her as a tool, for his own purposes.

Her mind was in a tumult, and uncovering her eyes she saw De Barros within a few paces of her holding his horse’s bridle ; but watching her with earnestness, as if he hoped a change of decision might follow that apparent conflict. She shuddered now to find herself alone with one who had tried so hard to lead her into evil,

and hurried up the steep stair to seek protection in the companionship of Grace and her brother.

Her friends were inside the chapel; they had seated themselves near the altar, and were conversing so earnestly that they did not perceive Emily as she passed the open door, and sat down on the parapet.

She was glad to be alone for a few moments, and she also knew that Grace would be the better for a short rest under shelter from the sun and wind after so long a ride; but she had scarcely seated herself when her agitation was renewed by hearing the sound as of a horse that is impatient at being mounted, and looking down she saw De Barros throw himself on his saddle and ride rapidly away.

"He is gone!" exclaimed Emily, almost aloud. "Oh, Heavens! have I acted rightly! have I not rather shrunk like a coward from what might have saved Arthur from misery!"

Then came back the too-tempting thought of what Arthur, once freed from Inez, might yet

become to her. But the very force of the temptation brought with it an additional motive for resistance.

Emily doubted her own power to judge correctly in a matter that might divide him she loved from her rival, and her very love seemed to debar her from the happiness of saving him.

She looked around her on the wide scene her position commanded—everything that met her eye seemed smiling and peaceful—everything within herself was at war. Peasants, with their patient oxen were busy in the fields—the short waves of the Atlantic were curled by the light breeze, and glittered in the sunshine—the voices of happy children in the distant orchards came like soft music on the ear—far off appeared the towers of Mafra, that wonderful edifice, where a royal heart had sought refuge from the temptations of the world,—it was an hour when

“Peace seems brooding on the wave,
And from earth, air, and ocean rise
No sounds but plaintive melodies.”

But nature had no spell that day to lull to sleep the passion of a wounded soul, and Emily turned almost with loathing from all that had so often before called forth a burst of rapture from her full heart; and crossing her hands on her bosom, she gazed into the small isolated house of prayer, where her two friends still whispered together, unconscious that she of whom they were speaking was already so near them.

In a few minutes Lonsdale rose, and turning towards the entrance saw with surprise that Emily was already there. She was bending over the low parapet that surrounds the top of the rock, and her face was again turned towards the sea, on which she was gazing wistfully, when Grace gently laid her hand on her shoulder.

"Have you been long sitting here alone?" asked Lonsdale, looking with sorrowful interest at her pale face.

"Not long," she answered with a faint smile. "You two looked so comfortable in the chapel I could not disturb you, and you know how I delight in this view of the sea."

"The ever changing sea," said Lonsdale;

EMILY HOWARD.

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. DUNLOP.

" Oh Life! without thy chequered scene
Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
Success and failure, could a ground
For magnanimity be found;
For faith, 'mid ruined hopes, serene?
Or whence could virtue flow?"

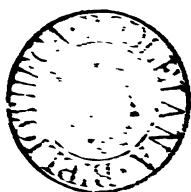
WORDSWORTH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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EMILY HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

“Needs must it have been
A sore heart wasting.”

WORDSWORTH.

THE morning after the ride to Cork Convent, Courtenay, Inez and all her family left Cintra for Lisbon ; and Emily, in spite of Margarida's offer to take her place, and the efforts of the Lonsdales to keep her with them, insisted on returning to her mother. The day was one of trial to Sir Frederick as well as to Emily, and the weather was in accordance with their feelings ; for both sea and sky had

fulfilled their prophecy of the evening before— heavy showers had succeeded each other since the hour of daylight, and everything wore the appearance of a gathering storm.

But to Emily it seemed to matter little whether or not the wind raged, or the sky was darkened by a tempest—one idea filled her mind, Arthur was gone, and with this came a restless longing to be again at home. She wished to confide to her mother all that De Barros had told her, and fancied that in commencing at *once* the self-denying, joyless, hopeless *duty* she had planned for herself, her spirit could more easily bear its heavy burden.

She had not yet learnt that the despairing prostration of a mind beneath the rude blast of affliction, is itself at variance with a Christian's duty; she could resolve to be more than ever a devoted daughter, to dedicate her days to acts of kindness and charity—but, to be reconciled with life, to part with the sorrow which was all that remained of her fond hopes, this was a task she had not yet contemplated. If she checked the tears that sometimes dimmed her eyes even in society: if she repressed a rebel-

lions sigh, if she clothed her face in smiles for those who loved her, and conversed with calmness on all indifferent subjects ; if she performed all the accustomed kindly offices to those around her, and uttered no complaint of the weariness of her soul—Emily thought she might in secret cherish the sorrow that was now dearer to her than any joy in which Courtenay had no share.

She took an affectionate leave of her kind friends, and as she threw her arms round Lady Lonsdale, and bent her head to receive her parting kiss, her manner was so full of tender reverence that Sir Frederick turned abruptly from the sight, fearing to betray himself if he lingered near her, whilst her gentle caresses of those belonging to him, seemed to bind her to himself by ties which she herself had wrought, and the world could not destroy.

He accompanied her to her home, and as he bade her adieu, before she entered the house, he held her hand firmly pressed within both of his :

“ I wish I could tell you,” he said in a low voice, “ how my heart blesses you for all your goodness to my dearest mother and sister.”

“ Ah, you forget,” said Emily, with a smile,

“that I deserve no thanks for enjoying a high privilege—it is I who ought to be grateful to you for having brought me two such friends.”

“May Heaven bless you, sweet, good Emily!” he exclaimed with fervour, then stopping suddenly, he pressed her hand to his heart, and, without trusting himself to say more, left her and returned to the home no longer to be brightened with her presence.

A few stormy days elapsed, and then Lonsdale also departed from Cintra. A heavy gale had been blowing for a week, and his mother and sister had never bid him farewell with so much anxiety; they endeavoured to persuade him to delay his voyage, but he felt that if the packet sailed he ought to go, and resisting all their pleadings, and the secret longings of his own heart, he set out on one of those days of rain that pours as if it could never cease, and wind that howls so fearfully that even the happy in luxurious homes grow serious, as they think of the dangers to which many are exposed in the tempest, from which they are sheltered.

Heavy hearts remained at Cintra, in that small band of friends that had so cheerfully

commenced the summer together, and in each of the two houses where the Lonsdales and Howards resided, there was a daily mourning for an absent one—"the seat left void, the missing place," had never been so mourned before by those to whom partings were yet no new occurrence.

Mrs. Howard had persuaded Margarida to go to them the day after Emily returned home, and this was an additional motive for the poor girl to exert herself, and endeavour to make up to their guest for the dismal warfare of the elements, by something like the old accustomed cheerfulness of their fireside. But her efforts to be resigned and dutiful were piteous to behold—

"Her eyelids drooped, her eyes downward were cast ;

* * * * *

Her voice was low,

Her body was subdued. In every act
Pertaining to her house affairs, appeared
The careless stillness of a thinking mind
Self-occupied ; to which all outward things
Are like an idle matter."

When she received her mother and friend

every morning at the breakfast-table, she endeavoured not to meet their first glance, and with a silent embrace avoided giving an answer to their inquiries for her health. Her heavy eye betrayed the sleepless nights; and as she read and worked, or moved amongst the plants she had always tended in the conservatory, or sat with a pencil in her hand finishing sketches commenced in happier days, her companions watched her with deep interest, and

“Sighs came on their ears,
They knew not how, and hardly whence they came.”

One day, when she had been long bending over her portfolio, alternately adding a few touches to her drawing, rubbing them out, and then wiping away the tears that slowly gathered in her eyes and rolled over her pale cheeks, Margarida, who was seated at some distance, and had perceived her distress, though she refrained from watching her, rose on a sudden impulse, and approaching the table where she was seated, threw her arms round her, and pressed her to her heart.

The unexpected mark of sympathy, opened in

an instant the floodgates of feeling, and Emily, returning the warm embrace, laid her head on her friend's shoulder, and sobbed for a few seconds without restraint.

"Emily, my poor girl!" said Margarida, when she was again more calm; "it breaks my heart to see you thus. Oh try, try to conquer this sorrow, or it will kill you."

"I do try," said Emily, in a voice of despair, "I do try; but I grow more and more weak. Perhaps it is God's will that I should die under the weight of this heavy burden."

"No, dearest, no," said Margarida. "Heaven has left you too many blessings to justify that thought. Perhaps it is waiting to see you acknowledge their existence, and make at least an effort to be cheerful."

Emily looked in her face without uttering a syllable; and then casting her eyes sadly round the room, she fixed them on the melancholy scene outside, where the rain was still falling with a monotonous splashing sound, and all the once fair garden was a scene of disorder and desolation. She breathed a low sigh, and then looked up to Heaven, as if to ask for more in-

dulgence there, than was shown her by any earthly friend.

Margarida understood the mute signs of what was passing in her heart, and took her hand, which for the first time struggled to free itself from the friendly clasp, for Emily was wounded that Margarida should think hers a sorrow that could ever be succeeded by a return of joy.

"I know all you are feeling, dearest," she said, "and you think there is no cure for such wounds as yours; but look, Emily, that unwearying rain will cease, those storm-clouds will be cleared away, and every rose-tree in your garden will raise its head, now bent before the blast, and its blossoms will smile on you as if no tempest had ever raged above it. Thus will it be with you."

"No, Margarida," said Emily, "you do not feel what you say. Yet I know you mean it kindly. The garden will, indeed, bloom again in the spring, when autumn and winter storms are past. No changes will appear there, because every withered leaf will be removed, and fresh plants will take the places of those that are destroyed by these rude blasts. And thus does

•

the world too smile on, though sorrow is perpetually sweeping over the land. What matters it to the busy crowd, if hearts are broken, or a few wasted frames sink into the grave? Oh, Margarida," continued Emily, "sweet, gentle friend, do not condemn me too severely. And do not misjudge me, as if I were weakly yielding to regrets inconsistent with womanly pride and right principle. It is not that he loves another—God knows I would not divide them if I could—but he is *lost* to us. He was the joy of our home, our friend, our protector. A son, a brother has been stolen from us, when we deemed him most our own, when he had become so unspeakably precious—and where on this earth is there a being who can supply his place? Ah! it is only during these last few days I have come to feel what a wall of separation has risen between us: it is only since he left Cintra, without coming to say adieu: and day after day has passed without a line of inquiry to know how we are enduring our solitude, he who formerly would not have deserted us for an hour, and whose society made days like these pass like bright dreams."

She suddenly paused, for her voice failed, and Margarida felt that any consolation she might attempt to offer, could only sound harsh or commonplace. After a few moments, Emily, with a look that touched her friend's heart, said:

"Bear with me then, dear Margarida. I shall not always weep as now; my tears will cease to flow, as you said now of that dismal rain, though no skilful hand can restore to my heart its freshness or its joy. But I shall be again calm as I was before he went away. It was this dreadful coming home—this mockery of a return to old enjoyments, when happiness is dead—it was the first full sense of the blank my whole existence must now be, that has so shaken my strength, and made me thus disgrace myself. I had never meant to utter a word on this subject more: do not, I pray you, ever tempt me to speak of it again. Though my heart is broken, and my bodily strength may fail, I ask no human sympathy, and never, never wish to utter a complaint."

"Yet forgive me now this once, Emily," said Margarida, earnestly, "forgive me if I still say

a few words that may now sound harsh, but will perhaps return to your mind at a more appropriate season. You are crushed under this first sorrow, and your heart turns from comfort or hope, because you fancy your cup of misery full to the brim. Oh, Emily! think, are there not still blessings that, if removed, would make you look back on this hour of despair with a penitent spirit? You have youth, health, the means of doing good to others; an intelligent mind, friends, a home, a mother."

Emily shook her head impatiently, and then hid her face in her hands.

"Emily," continued Margarida, "remember that I, who am speaking thus to you, have gone through much sorrow. I am not ignorant of how much anguish the human heart is capable."

"And has your experience taught you," asked Emily, looking up with almost an expression of bitterness, "that life remains unchanged to a heart that has been tortured? Is it all the same if the spirit soar on the wings of hope, or lie shivering and fettered under the heavy chain of disappointment?"

THE HOWARD.

"My dear friend," said Emily mildly, "it will not be long before they will no longer colour the picture of my life. I have retired down to the quiet of my chamber, and I have made up my mind to resign for you, my dear friend, the remainder of what is left, and to leave the rest to you. I once thought that I had a pang I had not before, but I have taught me to prize my life, and I have taught me to prize my friends; and now there is no more to be said. I am a very wretched lot, and I have come to feel it has been most unkind of you."

Emily turned from her seat, then checking herself, she turned over her friend, and kissed her forehead.

"My dear friend," she whispered, "I can assure you of my resignation, though I try to turn to mind it. Let us talk of other things."

"Then let us talk of poor Sophia de Vasconcelos," said Margarida. "Do you know that she is in Lisbon?"

"Sophia," exclaimed Emily, in a voice of tenderness. "Oh, Margarida! I have altogether forgotten my poor Sophia. Does sorrow

then harden the heart, or am I alone become selfish in mine?"

"It has not hardened Sophia's heart," answered Margarida. "I saw her when I was in Lisbon, yesterday, and she asked many questions about you. She was full of affection and interest."

"You saw her, Margarida, and you did not tell me!" exclaimed Emily, reproachfully.

"Because there was so much to tell, and it was late when I returned. Both you and your mother looked fatigued, and I also felt too tired and low to speak of Sophia."

"Is she happy? How did you find her? Did she speak of her husband? Is she well?" asked Emily, eagerly.

"A number of questions, my dear Emily. Perhaps you will think Sophia very happy, for she is dying."

"Dying! of what? Oh, Margarida! who says she is dying?"

"She told it me herself. But I also met her medical attendant, and he told me her strength was sinking rapidly."

"Then it was not true what they said of her

"What now is happy," said Emily, thoughtfully.
 "Tell me all you know, Margarida, and all she
 said to you."

"I do know dear. I was not in Sophia's
 confidence. That is, not more than a very in-
imate friend and relative of the family. She
 had never so much to me of her sorrows, and all
 she said concerning of herself was in a message
 to you. She said: 'Tell my dear Emily not to
worry for me when she hears from others that
 I am dying. I have known it myself for some
 months, and am now quite happy.' Then she
 repeated more earnestly: 'Do not forget, dear
 Margarida, to tell Emily I am happy.'"

"And did she look happy?" asked Emily.

"No, but she was calm and gentle. She is
 much changed in appearance; very thin and
 pale."

"And what do they call her disease?"

"Some no doubt will call it a broken heart,"
 answered Margarida. "And perhaps had she
 been happy, she might have lived many years;
 but she is, in fact, dying of what is called a
 decline. I have heard a good deal about her
 from her husband's sister; and it appears that

for some months after her marriage, she gave herself up to a passionate despair, loathing not only the kindness of those around her, but even food and light. Then, when her frame was exhausted, a severe cold attacked her chest, and having no strength to resist the disease, she has gradually sunk into her present hopeless state."

"My poor, poor Sophia," said Emily, in a broken voice. "How changed to you and me is life become in so short a time! But I do not understand what she could mean by saying she was happy."

"And I could only guess her meaning by what I heard from others. All her thoughts and wishes are now fixed on Heaven; she has taken leave of earthly things, and her soul is at rest."

"But I must see her," exclaimed Emily, who was now weeping bitterly. "You do not think her end very near, Margarida?"

"No; the doctor said she would probably live several weeks yet."

"And where are Henrique and Christina?"

"In Paris. It was only after their departure

Sophia would consent to come home. But she has forgiven them. She could not see them, she said, because it would agitate her beyond her strength; but she wrote to them both, acknowledging how sinful she had been in resenting what had been no fault of theirs, and sending them her blessing. She did not, however, name either of them to me."

"And her husband—did you see him, Margarida?"

"Yes, he came into the room whilst I was with Sophia."

"Well—well?" said Emily, impatiently.

"Ah! Emily, you will not feel with me, I suspect, about him; but I pity him almost more than Sophia. With what an amazing love that noble-minded, brave man loved that girl, and she was so suited to him; she might have been so happy if she only would have seen it!"

"We cannot command our affections," said Emily. "Sophia did not love him; and as to pitying him, it was his own fault he had a wife who could not give him her heart."

"But he never knew how miserable she was

until she was his wife. It was her own voluntary act at last her marrying him; and I believe he has watched over her far more tenderly than even her parents would have done."

"Then he is kind to her?"

"Kind!" repeated Margarida. "Indeed, I know no word that could do justice to his unselfish tenderness. He has watched over her like a sick and precious child, asking no reward but her acceptance of his generous care. You may imagine, Emily, that a man like General Mascarenhas does not love lightly when he gives his affection, and his lot has surely been a very bitter and a very mortifying one."

"Ah, Margarida!" said Emily, "do you tell me all this to make me think more hopefully of life? Alas! does the bitter lot of another make one's own less cruel?"

But Margarida had judged well, in thus turning Emily's thoughts on the sorrows of Sophia and her husband. It was well *timed* also; for though she had not acknowledged it at the moment, her friend's remonstrance about her own despondency dwelt in her memory, and did much towards raising her from the despair

to which she had been yielding, whilst her natural sweetness of temper made her reproach herself for doing nothing to shed a ray of cheerfulness over their diminished and anxious circle.

Her thoughts were now much with Sophia; and when she remembered how *she* had rebelled against her hard trial, and was now sinking into an early grave, the victim, as it appeared, of her ungoverned feelings, her spirit was humbled at the picture she was forced to draw of her own sinful want of submission.

A week of furious tempest followed her conversation with Margarida; but the latter perceived, with secret thankfulness, that although Emily was still sad and meditative, her nerves were firmer, and her mind more interested by those around her.

At length the storm had spent its rage, the sun shone once more in a cloudless sky, and the summer of St. Martin, that second summer which, in the Peninsula, converts gloomy November into the most delicious season of the year, seemed to invite all human beings to enjoyment. The oppressive heat of July was

gone, yet its brightness was again there ; and with the rich tints of autumn, the splendour of a summer's sky, and the balmy freshness of spring's breezes, enchantment reigned upon the earth.

Even Emily smiled, though sadly, on the glorious scene thus suddenly restored to beauty, and gave herself up to the magic pleasure there is in merely breathing such an atmosphere. She would sit for hours by the open window, book in hand, yet wrapt in thought ; and although her looks were pensive, the heavy bitterness of her grief seemed to have passed away. She resumed all her tender care of her mother and Margarida, and in endeavouring to induce the latter to be great part of each day in the open air, she unconsciously reaped much benefit herself by bearing her company.

The Lonsdales, too, had been cheered by a letter from Sir Frederick, and the little band of friends met daily, with something of their former cheerfulness.

One morning, Emily had been out early with Margarida and Grace, and after laying aside her

bonnet, she seated herself at the open window of her own room. She was refreshed and braced, both in body and mind, by the exercise she had taken; and, for the first time since the Pena festival, she permitted a feeling of thankfulness to take hold of her heart. She acknowledged, with humble self-reproach, that even the capacity to enjoy the beauty and the harmony of Nature, was a boon to be grateful for; and how much more had she than that? sympathies to give to a sorrowing world—duties to fulfil.

“Ah! yes, Margarida,” she whispered, “you have been twice in the right when I have opposed you, even with impatience. This life is a scene of self-denial, and yet Heaven is bountiful in mercies.”

Suddenly she heard the sound of a horse approaching, and looking from the window, she saw Courtenay. He did not look up as had been his wont, to seek a welcoming smile from any one who might chance to be near; but as he threw himself from the saddle, Emily thought he looked pale and agitated, and his voice, as he

answered the old servant's salutation, was low, and had none of its accustomed gaiety.

Emily stood transfixed for a few seconds, even after he had entered the house, and his horse had been led away. She then sank on her seat trembling, and all her thoughts were thrown into confusion.

"He looked ill, unhappy; what had brought him there so unexpectedly?" Then she remembered De Barros. "Had he been at work? Had he succeeded in his plan of mischief and revenge?"

Again Emily was for a moment distracted by a doubt, if she had done well in not warning Courtenay of the deceitful conduct of Inez; but on this subject her mother had been, if possible, more decided than herself, that they must not interfere; and that, if De Barros pursued his revengeful project, their names must in no way be mixed up with it.

It never occurred to Emily, that if Courtenay was unhappy, it could be caused by anything unconnected with Inez, and she sat during more than half an hour enduring an agony of suspense,

and a most painful conflict between her secret wishes and her sense of right.

When she entered the drawing-room, she saw that both Margarida and her mother were with Courtenay, and that they all looked much disturbed. When Courtenay advanced to meet her, he took both her hands affectionately in his, and looked kindly in her face, but he did not ask her how she was. He simply said :

“ My dear Emily.”

She looked from one to another with an inquiring expression ; and her mother, whose eyes were fixed on her with anxiety, held out her hand, and with gentle force drew her down on the sofa beside herself.

“ My dear child,” said Mrs. Howard, “ Arthur has brought me some intelligence that distresses me much, and chiefly on your account.”

“ On my account !” exclaimed Emily. “ Dearest mother, what can have occurred to distress you for my sake ? it cannot be anything of very great importance.” And a faint smile rested on her lips, as she thought that no *new* distress

could make *her* lot more sad than it was already.

"I fear *I* cannot consider it of small importance, my dear girl," said her mother, "for it is nothing less than that we are, I fear, reduced to something like beggary. We are ruined, Emily, by the failure of the Madeira house."

"Ruined," repeated her daughter, turning very pale; and then looking round with a bewildered glance, she added, "I do not quite understand. What do you mean by ruined, mamma?"

"I mean, my poor child, that we have lost our money—our independence—that we are homeless, and nearly penniless."

Emily trembled violently, but it was more because of the serious and afflicted looks that were bent on her, than because she comprehended the full meaning of her mother's words. To be in want of money for comforts, which habit had converted into necessities, was an idea of which she could not yet embrace the misery; and there was but one word her mother

had uttered, which struck a chill of apprehension to her heart.

“Homeless!” she said, almost in a whisper, and then clasping her hands together, and looking hurriedly around her on the apartment where she had learnt to walk, and had so often, as an infant, prattled on her mother’s lap, she repeated, “Homeless!” in an accent of alarm and surprise.

“You know, Emily, this house was never ours; it belonged to the firm of which your father was a partner; he had always intended to buy it, but neglected to do so; and it has only been through the kindness of Mr. Morley that we have continued to inhabit it. He felt so much respect for your father’s memory, he made many arrangements for our comfort, which he fancied he would have desired, had not his last illness been so sudden. But now he is himself ruined, and this house will belong to his creditors.”

Emily sighed heavily, then looking at her mother’s pale face, she threw her arms round her, and said:

"All this sounds very sad, dearest mamma, but do not look so unhappy ; the only thing I shall regret, will be leaving the dear old house ; but we can get a nice small cottage, like Margarida's, and keep only Josefa and two of the men-servants."

Her companions looked at each other, and exchanged a melancholy smile.

"Poor child," said her mother, her eyes filling with tears, "how little do you know of the business or difficulties of life."

"Yet Emily is right, dear Mrs. Howard," said Courtenay. "There is nothing here to cause despondency. It grieved me to be the bearer of intelligence that must, I knew, disturb you and cause many annoyances ; but of course you can never want either a home or its comforts, whilst Heaven leaves me the means of supplying them."

Emily started, and drew back her hand from her mother's, whilst the latter shook her head in dissent.

"Oh, Emily," said Courtenay in a tone of deep emotion, "persuade your mother not to treat me so cruelly ; remind her, that I consider

myself her son in every feeling of gratitude and love, and tell her that whatever is mine belongs to her."

Emily changed colour; she began to feel something of the bitterness of their new position, and for a few moments she could not command her voice to reply.

Margarida, with her low gentle tones, came to her assistance.

"Poor Emily," she said, "is still ignorant of all details; she cannot understand as yet what has occurred, nor form an opinion on what is to be done."

"Then I will explain it all," said Courtenay, "and save you, dearest Mrs. Howard, the painful effort."

And with a tenderness which unnerved Emily far more than the information he gave her, Courtenay related to her the following particulars:

He had received the evening before, a letter from Mr. Howard's only brother, Mr. Howard Langley, in which he requested him to break to his sister-in-law the intelligence, that the Madeira house, from which she drew her whole

income had failed, and that it was feared very little would be saved for any one concerned in it. Mr. Morley, the chief partner, had written to him, full of grief for the helpless condition of Mrs. Howard and her daughter; and Mr. Langley, who had himself succeeded to a large property from an aunt of his mother's, and who knew that both the Cintra and Lisbon houses, in which the Howards had so long resided, belonged to the ruined firm, strongly urged their coming to him in England, at all events, until the affairs had been looked into. But Courtenay had earnestly entreated of Mrs. Howard to permit him to act as if he were, indeed, her son; to allow him to purchase these houses, and provide all that was necessary for her and Emily. He urged her not to afflict him by leaving her home from an imaginary necessity — to make him happy by remaining; and when their affairs were settled on their new footing, to go then, if she desired it, to visit her brother-in-law and his family in England.

A few months earlier Mrs. Howard might

have yielded to these distressing circumstances, but now she felt it was impossible that she and her kind should owe anything to the memory of her de Sarapay's insolence. She never would occupy the position in which this would place them with the whole Sarapay family, so recently annoyed by the marriage the beautiful heiress was about to make. Emily had listened with fixed attention until Courtenay came to his own proposal, and then clasping her hands vehemently, she turned towards her mother, pale and breathless, and tried to read her countenance. Courtenay misunderstood both look and gesture.

"You will take my part, dearest Emily," he exclaimed eagerly, "your mother refuses to give me the great happiness of being useful to her; but you will be more generous—you will plead for me, *you* will comprehend how dreadful it must be, to be denied the privilege of performing a filial duty to one, who has been to me the tenderest of mothers."

"No, Arthur, no," said Emily in a low voice, avoiding his eye as she spoke, "my mother is

quite right—I ought to ask her pardon for having for a moment doubted what her decision would be.”

“ And you also desert me, Emily !” exclaimed Courtenay, “ you also proudly deny me a brother’s privilege. Good heaven ! had poverty fallen on *me* instead of you, would you not have bade me remember that *this* was the home of my youth ? I *know* you would, and why then am *I* to forget it now ?”

Emily’s eyes were fixed on the ground, and she made no reply ; but her mother, after a short silence, said :

“ I pray you not to urge me, Arthur, on this subject. I could not bear to be a burden to you, and I feel also it would be an injustice to her who will soon be your wife ; her friends might very reasonably complain of it.”

“ A burden to me !” exclaimed Courtenay in a tone of deep emotion ; “ have I lived to feel that my adopted mother can inflict a more cruel wound than any it has yet been my lot to bear, in all my experience of life ? Am I then so little known, so utterly misunderstood ?

Oh! my first and dearest friend, how badly you have read my heart!"

"You are not misunderstood, my dear Arthur," said Mrs. Howard, "you must not distress yourself; you know how dear you have always been to me."

"Why then deny me this privilege?" urged Courtenay. "Ah! if you could know with what gratitude I reflected as I came here, that Heaven had given me the means to be of use to you. I was deeply grieved for what would distress *you*; but I did not dream of the bitter disappointment in store for me here, where I hoped I was understood."

Emily rose hastily from the sofa, and approaching the window, endeavoured to conceal that she was weeping. Courtenay followed her, and taking her hand, said earnestly:

"Emily, dearest girl, do not cast me off—do not fly from me; tell your mother that though I have many faults, I deserve to be treated as her son, if the fondest affection and reverence give me a claim on her indulgence."

“My mother does love you, Arthur, as a son,” said Emily, raising her pale face and looking at him through her tears; “but there are more persons to be considered in this matter than you or us—you belong to another family now.”

“And can you thus wrong Inez?” exclaimed Courtenay, interrupting her. “Can you doubt that she will share all my sentiments on this subject?”

Emily looked so distressed as he asked these questions, and gazed into her face with an expression of deep anxiety, that Margarida, fearing she might be entirely overcome, advanced to the spot where she stood transfixed, yet trembling under Courtenay’s looks.

She understood the feelings of all three, and felt much for Courtenay, who was wounded by conduct which could never be explained to him, whilst at the same time she approved of Mrs. Howard’s decision and motives.

She spoke kindly, laying her hand on Courtenay’s arm, and withdrawing his embarrassing gaze from her friend:

“ This is not a matter that can be hastily settled, and you must give our poor friends time to think what plan will be most for their happiness, dear Mr. Courtenay ; but I can assure you, from my own knowledge of their feelings, that even if they decide against what you have urged, it will be from no want of affection for you, nor of appreciation of your character ; you cannot possibly desire to be more valued than you are by all in this house.”

Margarida's gentle words and manner were always full of power, and never had they been more opportune than now. Emily looked at her with gratitude, and Courtenay was soothed by her earnest kindness.

“ Yes, my dearest Arthur,” said Mrs. Howard, who felt more composed, and saw more clearly how she must act with regard to him, “ Margarida is right, she knows our hearts and the place you hold there, and she is also in this matter an unprejudiced judge ; yet you see she does not espouse your cause. I suspect,” she added, looking with a faint smile at her friend,

"I suspect she feels that in our place she would decide against you."

"I am perhaps selfish," said Courtenay, in a low voice of suppressed emotion, "in thus urging my own wishes; I should have felt such joy and pride in being permitted in my turn, to watch over the comfort of those to whom I have hitherto owed my happiest days. I leave it to your own hearts, to judge with what deep affliction I shall now share every regret, every pang this misfortune may bring on you; the tender care that made my youth so happy will be remembered as a heavy burden, now that I am denied the office of a son and brother; you make me for the first time feel that I am an orphan, without one tie of near relationship in the world!"

He had seated himself as he spoke, bending his eyes on the ground, and his face as well as his tone of voice betrayed the feelings he endeavoured to subdue. Emily's tears were now falling fast, and Mrs. Howard was deeply touched by Courtenay's sorrow which she felt to be so natural. The necessity for inflicting on him such a mortifying disappointment,

~~_____~~

"I am not sure," he said, as she bent
over him, "but I think I understand your words
just now. You mean to say you feel that
I am not the man you love. There is still
something missing from me, which the
years will never bring me. I may
be a man to-morrow; I
may be a man in what is best

"...as soon?" asked

~~SECRET~~ - THIS IS HIS NAME.

The car now ~~short~~ the Lisbon road
a lot ~~was~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~finger~~ ~~until~~ late in
the ~~morning~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~have~~ us with anxious
minds.

"I will not ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~here~~ ^{here} to breakfast," said
 Courtenay. ~~My~~ ^{He} will bring my servant
 in case I cannot ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~here~~ ^{here} all night."

But still he ~~insisted~~ ~~washed~~ his gloves, and stood with his feet ~~fixed~~ on a table, yet without seeing one of the ~~numerous~~ articles that covered it.

"I cannot bear to leave you," he said at

length. "Is there nothing I can do? Give me at least some commission; it would comfort me to do even any trifle for you."

"My dear Arthur," said Mrs. Howard, smiling kindly, "I read in your heart the words you have not spoken. You are afraid we shall be disturbed by immediate privations; but you may be at rest on that point. I have funds sufficient for many months, even of our present expenditure."

Courtenay looked relieved, and yet sighed heavily; it distracted him to think of her, whom he had seen already so often afflicted, exposed now in her advanced years to a trial so new, and so galling to one who had been long accustomed to perform acts of charity and generosity to all around her. As he recalled to mind the days he had spent in that room, and looked at Emily, who stood by the open window, pensively gazing into the garden, where he had so often carried her as an infant, he felt as if he must weep aloud.

Without uttering another word, he held out his hand to Margarida, and then rapidly clasping

to his heart Mrs. Howard and the startled Emily, he left the room.

"Oh! mother, mother!" exclaimed Emily, throwing herself in tears into Mrs. Howard's arms, "he is gone; we have grieved him, and never, never will he be able to understand why we were forced to do so."

The evening passed rapidly, in spite of the heavy thoughts that burdened the spirits of that anxious party. So much had to be discussed, that midnight found them still together in the drawing-room, and they seemed all to dread parting, even for the night, now that the present hours were become so precious, and a far longer separation than any they had ever contemplated appeared to threaten them.

Emily spoke little, for her heart was too busy; and as she sat resting her arms on her mother's lap, and listening to all Mrs. Howard told their friend of her private affairs, her regrets caused by oversights of her husband, and her fears for the future, a new view of life was opened to the inexperienced girl. She began to comprehend how the most sacred feelings may be wounded,

the tenderest friendships divided, the happiest homes destroyed, by the lack of that wealth which had hitherto been to her a thing that ministered to her wants, as the air she breathed, or the water she drank, without her having cared to know much either of its source or its extent; and she sighed as she felt that even *her* trial might be increased by a sudden wrench from all the habits and scenes of her youth, for even grim sorrow may be draped by the hand of luxury, and it is only in the habitations of the *poor* that it sits in its naked terror.

Poor Emily was conscience-stricken! Her home had appeared to her deprived of every charm, and now that it was no longer theirs her heart clung to it with renewed and self-upbraiding tenderness. She had forgotten also, when she said her cup of sorrow was full, what an addition it would be to see her mother suffer; and when she parted that night with Margarida, she said:

“A few evenings more, and this place will know us no longer. Oh, Margarida! how ungrateful I have been; how shall I bear the reproaches of my own heart?”

The next morning brought Courtenay at an early hour, and soon after breakfast the Lonsdales, summoned by a note from Margarida, came to give their sympathy in this trial, of which they could so well understand all the bitterness.

It was decided that both families should return to Lisbon as soon as Mrs. Howard could make the necessary arrangements for leaving the house that had been her home for so many years, and she also announced to Courtenay her wish to accept her brother-in-law's invitation to pass a few months with him.

"You know, my dear Arthur," she said, anxious to reconcile him to this course by making it appear as natural as possible, "Mr. Langley is Emily's godfather and guardian; he was her father's only brother, and much attached to him. I was already thinking of taking her to England before this misfortune occurred. She has never seen her relations there, and besides that, I am not satisfied with her present state of health, and think the change of air may be very beneficial to her."

"But will you take her *now*, at this cold season?" asked Courtenay.

"I think she requires a bracing climate," said Mrs. Howard; "and besides, it will be nearly the end of January before I can leave Lisbon. I shall sell all the furniture of these two houses before I go away, and there is much to arrange."

Courtenay made a gesture of sorrowful impatience.

"You have asked me not to urge you more on this point," he said in a desponding tone, "and I will also abstain from expressing my grief at your desertion of me. To have the feelings of a son, and be denied his sacred privileges, is indeed hard to bear.

"My dearest Arthur," said Mrs. Howard, "I trust you will yet see that I have acted wisely, and not unkindly. Your love, after my Emily's, is the chief consolation of my life; and most truly may I say that you and she are the two beings dearest to me on earth. Do not be afraid that I shall make no use of you," she added, with a faint smile; "I may yet give you

a great deal of trouble, so do not be impatient for the occasion. Oh, Arthur!" she said, with a sudden burst of tenderness and tears, "do you think I can ever forget your boyhood, and how in all my bereavements you endeavoured to fill the places of those I saw laid in their graves? Never, never can I forget it, and with my latest breath I will bless you, my dear, my adopted son."

Courtenay was too much moved to speak, and sat for some time silently pressing her hands to his heart and lips. At length he asked :

"And where shall you go first in England?"

"To Langley Court, where my brother-in-law resides the greater part of every year."

Courtenay shook his head and sighed, but he had resolved to offer no further opposition to all these plans ; and during the remainder of his stay at Cintra, he devoted his whole time to the assisting Mrs. Howard in all her arrangements ; writing letters for her on business, giving his advice in many details of which she was igno-

rant, and making himself every hour more dear to her and to Emily, by his manly tenderness, and by the deep sorrow with which he evidently lamented the trial that had so suddenly fallen on them.

Meanwhile all nature seemed to be holding a high festival on earth, heedless of the aching hearts concealed within its many homes. Never in the memory of man had St. Martin given so long a summer; and as the days rolled on, it still seemed as if he fondly lingered, unwilling to depart. There was no hour that did not bring its own peculiar charm: early morning, with its "unfailing sun," shedding "light and life;" noonday, with its "inspiring radiance;" evening, with the sinking orb "resting on the burnished wave," and

"Those far clouds of feathery gold,
Shaded with deepest purple,"

gleaming

"Like islands on a dark blue sea;"

and last but not the least in beauty the balmy night, with its "speaking quietude."

And night after night Emily rose and left her work when Arthur called her name, and went and stood beside him to look out on that scene so bright—so still—with which all the tumult of her heart was at variance, just as she had stood in former times, when she had never dreamt of changes that could deprive her of him, or roughly tear her from her home. And she listened with so much apparent interest to all he told her of things and persons she would see in England, and wiped away her tears so quietly, that even when her voice sounded most mournful, he never guessed that she wept.

The day that he left Cintra was the last the Howards and Lonsdales were to pass there. On that day Emily did not invite either Margarida or Grace to go out with her. She asked her mother to spare her Josefa for two hours, as an escort, and set out with her on foot to pay a last visit to the Pena Castle. She had invariably made some excuse when the others had proposed to include it in their farewell excursions, and had mentally postponed going there until she could go alone.

It was the scene associated with her last

days of happiness, and with the beginning of her sorrows. The sorrow and the joy had alike made it sacred to her heart: never again could she think of it as of any other spot on earth. The memories connected with it were amongst those that "make the heart a tomb."

The faithful Josefa walked by her side in silence. She knew nothing of the incidents that made her young mistress set out on this particular walk with the air of one who is about to perform a sad pilgrimage, but she had guessed enough of all that passed in her heart, and read enough in her countenance, to know that this was no time to seek to entertain her with village stories.

They went first to the ruins of the Moorish Castle; and as Emily sat amongst the large stones and broken carved work, where she had loved to play as a child, and gazed now on the moss-grown arches and crumbling walls, and now on the peaceful valley and slumbering ocean, solemn thoughts arose within her, and her spirit was wrapt in a calm which she had of late feigned, but longed for in vain. The

wild desolation, in the midst of which she was seated, spoke to her only of decay and the mutability of all things earthly, whether it be ever restless man, or his works, or his joys, or his sorrows. On the very spot where she then sat, brave men had fought for victory, bold minds had schemed, human love had rejoiced, fond hearts had pined ; and what now remained to tell of those hard-won triumphs, of those proud designs, those dreams of joy, those withering regrets ? A ruin !

But the seasons had never ceased to roll on in regular succession, the rich valley had yielded its harvests, the orchards had blossomed, the rocks had still towered in unchanging grandeur, and the ocean had alternately slumbered and tossed itself in fury, all alike unconscious that generation after generation was being gathered to the tomb. As these thoughts passed through Emily's mind, she felt for the time raised above the passing show in which the few years of human life are spent, and her soul found a temporary rest in meditation on the power and the promises of the Eternal Creator.

“ Yes, all things change but Thee,” she murmured, “ and the heaviest sorrow endures not through eternity.”

But the current of her thoughts was suddenly turned. A little silvery sound, as of many bells, fell on her ear, and then a strong, manly voice began to sing a favourite *Modinha*, which Courtenay had taught her in her childhood. The singer was concealed from her, but as she turned her head, she saw a flock of goats at a little distance below the place where she sat. The sound of those small bells had always had a peculiar charm for her ; she used to say that it was fairy music, and as it moved from spot to spot, she would close her eyes, and bend her head close to the ground, wondering with a smile what the little people were about.

The solitude of the place was broken, and her thoughts were again on earth. The peasant's song, the goats and their tinkling bells, brought a host of memories and regrets rushing on her heart, and with something almost of a stifled cry of pain, she rose, and beckoning to Josefa, who had taken a seat at some distance, she hurried away.

EMILY HOWARD.

When she reached the summit of the Pena, she sat for a few moments on the same part of the wall, where she and Inez had watched the sunset with Courtenay, and then went direct to the chapel, the door of which was open, though it was at the time empty.

She remembered how happy she had felt when she had knelt there three months before, and how she had pitied Inez, because she must be less happy than herself.

"Oh, surely," she thought, "there was some great deception practised there. Can it be that De Barros is right, and she is unworthy, or was I merely blinded by my own wishes, and did not see that they were folly?"

The subject was too dangerous to dwell on. Josefa was already on her knees at the altar, and Emily kneeling beside her, offered up a prayer for herself, and for all who needed strength to bear their allotted burdens.

When she had risen, she would not trust herself to linger, but turning for an instant on the threshold, she bade the place a silent farewell.

As they descended the hill, Emily leant

heavily on her attendant's arm. She was trembling and very pale, and Josefa said once or twice, half reproachfully :

" We have done too much in one day. Certainly, the Senhora will be displeased that I have let the *menina** come so far."

But when they reached San Pedro, Emily pressed her arm, and said, with a faint smile :

" We must do yet a little more, dear Josefa. There is a quinta here that I *must* visit."

And it was in vain Josefa remonstrated ; her young mistress did not attempt to argue, but there seemed a mysterious power in the trembling fingers that grasped her wrist, and drew her on, and as the attached woman looked in her face, she felt there was an authority in grief which she could not resist.

They went first to the part of the garden where the Condessa de Lima had had her dinner-table spread the day of the *fête*. Emily there said :

" Dear Josefa, sit here for a few minutes. I

* Young lady.

will not keep you waiting long," and gently forcing her on a seat beside a large fountain, she left her, and turned towards the path where she and Margarida had taken the walk that had revealed to her her destiny.

She walked rapidly, for she did not wish to recall the *delusion* under which she had laboured when last there. It was the scene she had witnessed, when she and Margarida had come within sight of Inez and Courtenay, that she desired to live through again with a sort of desperate impatience, as if, when the iron had again entered her soul, it would be for ever seared and insensible to pain.

She stood with her eyes fixed on the now empty arbour, but her fancy placed two forms there, and she gazed long and earnestly, recalling that scene far more vividly now, in her deliberate self-inflicted penance, than it had even appeared at the time to her startled, shrinking vision.

As she now stood with her hands crossed on her bosom, and thought of the passionate despair she had yielded to in that place, a feeling of

deep humility took possession of her. She had not been worthy of the happiness she had coveted. Heaven had given him to another. Yes! he was another's! She repeated this so often that at length she succeeded, for the first time, in realising to herself the idea of Inez and Arthur as man and wife.

"United in the sight of God and man, what have I to do with them, but to pray for and bless them?"

And there, where Heaven had first stricken her, she offered up the full sacrifice, without reservation, of every selfish wish or murmuring regret connected with Courtenay's name. Her love might yet strive for mastery, regret might still rebel, but she would wrestle with both, and Heaven would give her strength.

Next morning she left her room at an early hour, and after visiting every corner of the garden, she shut herself into the library, which, since her father's death, had never been used as a sitting-room, except by Courtenay, and throwing herself into the large reading-chair, in which she had so often seen them both, she covered

her face with her hands, and endeavoured to collect her bewildered thoughts.

Her mother, who had sought for her with some anxiety, found her, at last, in that room which she had seldom entered since her widowhood, and never without deep emotion. Emily, starting up, clasped her mother to her heart, but neither spoke for some minutes.

"Mother," said Emily at length, "can it be possible we shall never return here? I feel as if I were walking in a dream, but cannot wake."

And she shivered as if a sudden chill had seized her.

"My child," said Mrs. Howard, who hoped much from Emily's sense of right, and her religious feeling, "the future is known to God, who will guide us aright, even through a wilderness of thorns. Let us be consoled by the knowledge that we cannot go where *He* is not. We have had many years of uninterrupted comfort in this paradise; perhaps we had come to feel too secure in our possession, too fond of this earthly home, too careless of the unseen land of promise. Let us now, at least, lay the lesson to heart which God has sent us."

"We go at least together," murmured Emily. "Oh, my mother, we shall never, never part even for a day. No, no, the world cannot be quite a wilderness whilst I have you."

"Emily, my darling," said her mother earnestly, "do not allow yourself to cling to me; I am myself far too weak. Let us both cling in this, our need, to Him who is ever a Rock of strength to all who fly to Him for refuge."

"But may I not thank Him for my mother?" asked Emily, with a touching fondness in her tone. "He who remembered His own mother when hanging in agony on the cross, cannot require of me to value lightly so great a blessing."

"Let us hold all our blessings as those who may be called on suddenly to renounce them," said Mrs. Howard. "Oh, Emily, my too imaginative, too sensitive child, would that I might clothe your spirit in armour, fitted for the battle of life; would that I might shield you from its rude shocks;—but this is not permitted to the most loving parent; and I, like every mother, can only commit my treasure to the care of our Father in heaven."

There was something in her tone and manner that made Emily tremble, a sad foreboding crept over her, and she clasped her arms more fondly than ever round her mother's waist. But she could not speak. Mrs. Howard, too, was agitated; and as she now looked from one object to another in that once familiar room, she felt that if she was to set an example of composure, she must not linger there.

"We must go, my love," she whispered, with a heavy sigh, and they left that room for ever.

CHAPTER II.

“ We have two things to do, to live and die ;
To win another and a longer life
Out of this earthly change and weary strife,
To catch the hours that one by one go by,
And write the Cross upon them as they fly.”

FABER.

THEY were rather more than two months in Lisbon. Mrs. Howard was anxious not to expose Emily to the gloom of December and January in England on her first arrival there ; and, besides, she had much to arrange regarding her private affairs, before bidding adieu to Portugal, which something seemed perpetually to tell her, she was leaving for ever.

Nothing could exceed the kindness and sympathy they met with from every friend and acquaintance they had in Lisbon, whether Portuguese or English; they were loved and appreciated by many, and respected by all; and many were the entreaties made to Mrs. Howard to return again to the land which had been her home for more than thirty years.

"Your dear girl will never be able to endure the cold of that country," said some good old Portuguese dowagers, who had never travelled further than Coimbra or St. Ubes, and had very vague ideas as to where the island of Great Britain lay. "And as to economy, people must require much more money there, where we are told it is necessary to burn coal fires all the summer, and where you pay more for an apple than we do for a basket of nectarines."

Even Lady Lonsdale said:

"I fear, my dear friend, that your expectations of England are founded on the happy impressions of girlhood, when youth, hope, good health and easy circumstances throw a bright veil over the dark side of life. I assure you, that although I wish to return there, because of my

son and many dear friends, I find myself rich in this country, on what was poverty at home. I quite dread for you and Emily the privations you will experience. In the happiest circumstances, the cold climate and formal society of England *must* have been a shock to one accustomed so long to these bright winters, and to a people who know how to enjoy society just as well in an uncarpeted room, with an open window and a wide verandah, a cup of tea, or a glass of lemonade, as in a splendid palace, with a banquet and a crowd of servants."

To all these warnings Mrs. Howard returned the same reply. She wished her daughter to become acquainted with her relations. She thought Emily's health would be the better for a change, and they could return to Portugal at any time, if England did not suit them.

She became, in fact, impatient for their departure, as she saw that time, as yet, brought no improvement to her daughter's looks or spirits. It is true Emily shed no tears, and never uttered a complaint, but her spirit seemed dead within her, and she spoke and acted like one for whom life has no longer even a hope.

There was but one thing which seemed to rouse her out of this apathy, and that was her daily visit to the now rapidly declining Sophia de Vasconcellos.

She had been greatly shocked by the change in her friend's appearance, and at first she could only lament over the wreck of so much that had been beautiful and brilliant; but after a few long confidential interviews with the dying girl, she ceased to mourn, what seemed to the world so hard a fate, and almost envied Sophia her near prospect of leaving what she now considered a scene of delusive hopes and sorrowful realities.

But Sophia's present peace of mind did not arise from mere weariness of the life that was ebbing away. Religion, with its heavenly influence, had come to allay the storm of passion that had destroyed her health; and after a contest between her angry hatred of her sister, and the despairing agony of a soul at enmity with Heaven, that had been terrible even for those who witnessed it, the deepest contrition had succeeded this wild rebellion. At the entreaty of her husband, who watched over her

with untiring and unselfish patience, the Venerable President of the —— College, who had been her confessor from her childhood, commenced a correspondence with her three months before her return to Lisbon, and by turns reproving, soothing, and strengthening, his mild, but faithful exhortations had at length brought back her spirit to a state of submission and Christian forgiveness.

She had opened her heart freely to Emily, confiding to her alike her sufferings, her faults and her consolations ; and the latter, as she sat day by day, watching her progress to the grave, found it difficult, sometimes, not to envy her the approaching rest from sin and trouble.

They often talked of their childhood and of Carlos. Once when Emily had referred to some incident of those past days, Sophia said :

“ How innocent we were then, and what a wretch *I* have been since. You could not love me, I fear, if you knew how wicked I have been.”

“ Ah, yes, dearest, I could,” said Emily, kissing her, “ I could never *love* you less than I do, even though I might *pity* you more.”

"Only think that I have cherished hatred in my heart," continued Sophia, "hatred, which our blessed Lord has taught us to look on as *murder*. But it is past now," she said, with a mournful smile, "past, and, I trust, forgiven."

"And have you, indeed, *no* regret in dying so young, Sophia?"

"None for myself; but for my parents I feel much. Ah, Emily, a part of my wickedness was, that I wished to revenge myself on them by my death. I wished to frustrate the schemes that had caused my misery; and now, oh how fervently do I pray that they may be consoled! Poor papa and mamma, they will have only Christina now; and, after all, the heir of the Vasconcellos family will be a *Souza*! Such are human schemes."

"And your husband, dear Sophia?"

Sophia closed her eyes as if in pain for a moment.

"Emily, Emily, do not speak of *him*; *there* lies the bitterness of death. I could love him now. I *do* love him, and it is *too late*. Alas! alas! that one so unworthy as I, should break such a heart as his."

During all this time Emily saw but little of Inez; the latter shrank instinctively from that close communion of mind, that Courtenay's connection with the Howards would have made only natural between two girls so suited in age and who had felt a mutual admiration for each other. No suspicion of the agony she had caused Emily ever entered her mind; on the contrary, she had rather adopted Courtenay's idea of an attachment between her and Lonsdale, but conscience was not yet so dead within her, as to make her ignorant that even the gentle Emily would condemn the most important actions of her life, whilst her pride made her revolt from the idea of even a look of disapprobation, from one whom she was pleased to consider too cold or too much fettered by the laws of custom, to appreciate *all her* peculiar temptations. In spite of her efforts to deceive herself, she was humbled by a sense of the truth and purity of Emily's mind, contrasted with the falseness of her own; all the triumphs of her beauty and her genius failed to satisfy her, when startled into the confession that to

sceure them she must still depend on her powers of deception ; and she envied Emily the integrity to which she owed that fearlessness of scrutiny that never now could be hers.

Her intimate intercourse with Courtenay had given her a clearer perception of right and wrong than she ever had before ; and though the perpetual homage of adoration he offered up to her, lulled to sleep, in his presence, the painful sense of inferiority Emily inspired, she had become aware of defects in her own character, to the deformity of which she had hitherto been blinded.

To do her justice her, love for Courtenay increased with her appreciation of his qualities ; and had he at that time, when his passionate devotion would have inclined him to every indulgence, suspected the existence of her besetting sin, could he for a moment have entertained the thought that she, whom he fancied an angel wholly influenced by pure and heavenly principles, was in fact the slave of vanity, it is possible he might have reclaimed her from the crooked path of selfishness, without a sacrifice

of his respect and confidence ; but his veneration was unfortunately an incense too grateful to Inez's heart to risk its loss by an excess of candour, and as she daily became more aware of the loftiness of his standard of female excellence, her anxiety increased to *seem* what he admired, and thus the habit of deception became more and more confirmed.

De Barros himself was absent—he was gone to pass the winter at Madrid, but Emily could not avoid seeing that there were faults in the character of Inez that might well lead her to commit errors as grave as those with which he had charged her. She had once or twice been painfully surprised at the pleasure Inez experienced even in Courtenay's presence from the admiration of other men ; if anything save *himself* could thus early excite even a passing gratification, might not a day come when even his idolatry would cease to satisfy ?

Poor Emily ! to her it seemed that to be the chosen of Courtenay's heart must make irksome *everything* that claimed attention from himself ; and then arose another question—might not a day come when Courtenay himself would

perceive that the admiration she fancied secured for ever, was become secondary in importance to that which was yet to be won?

One day all these doubts and anxieties reached a sort of climax, and Emily felt that she *must* speak to Inez on the subject; that it was her duty, and she *must* discharge it.

Courtenay had gone away for the whole day to visit his friend, the Visconde d'Almeida, at Oliveira; it was one of those bright winter days which in Portugal might be almost mistaken for summer, except for the early sunset and the leafless trees; and about noon, when Emily was sitting with Inez assisting her in a piece of work, a party of some of the gayest persons in Lisbon came to propose an excursion on the water.

One or two young men who had already annoyed Emily by fluttering about Inez when she saw that Courtenay wished to be near her, were of this party, and she earnestly hoped that Inez would decline the invitation; but this was far from her intention: deprived of the customary incense of Courtenay's worship, she had already dreaded the monotony of a quiet day

spent *tête-à-tête* with Emily, and she at once accepted the proposal.

"Perhaps Arthur may return whilst we are absent," suggested Emily. "Will he not be disappointed to find that you are not here?"

"Oh, he will not come so soon," said Inez, "and at all events he will not have long to wait for us."

Emily felt it was not for her to urge before others the claims of Courtenay, and she said no more; yet she could not bear to think of him perhaps hurrying home to meet Inez and finding no one to welcome him. "If he had known of this party," she said to herself, "he might have come to join it, and at all events would not hurry home with a false hope of finding us —*her*," she added, correcting herself, with a sigh.

She felt wounded for Courtenay's sake; she felt that Inez *ought* not to go, yet her very disapprobation made her consent to accompany her, that *he* might not think it was his beloved alone who had desired that enjoyment during his absence.

"Pray do not look so solemn, my dear Emily," said Inez, as she entered her room to dress for the excursion. "Come, the water and the lovely day will do you good, and you must for once cast off dull care, and be what you used to be last year."

Emily tried to smile, but her heart rebelled against the mockery, and she sighed without uttering a word. But Inez was now busy with her bonnet and mantelet, and seemed hardly to have expected a reply. As she stood before her glass, lamenting that deep mourning was so trying to her brunette complexion, Emily gazed at her in surprise. At length she said :

"Shall you not be very sorry, Inez, if Arthur returns whilst you are away? it will disappoint him very much."

"My dear girl," said Inez, as she tried to pin her crape flowers in a more becoming fashion, "you will know some day that it is not good for a man to find his love always within call; besides there is a sort of pleasure even in waiting sometimes—it gives the meeting an increased enjoyment."

Emily shook her head.

"I think I know Arthur pretty well," she said, "and that it would give him far more pleasure to be met than to wait."

But again Inez was absorbed by her bonnet and her looking-glass, and Emily, the fair, graceful girl, who looked so lovely still, even with her pale, grave, countenance, and who had cast but one half-conscious glance at herself as she fastened her shawl across her slight form, could hardly restrain a murmur of impatience, as she thought that it was not to please *his* eyes so much anxiety was felt to appear to advantage.

The day passed heavily for her, though every one else declared it to be delightful, whilst Inez almost surpassed herself in fascinating her companions, and every man of the party seemed to hang on her words, and adore her very smiles.

After rowing a considerable time, during which sundry duets and choruses were sung, they landed on the other side of the river, where luncheon had been already sent under charge of a servant, in another boat. The sun was getting

very low before the repast was over, and then every one but Emily announced a vehement desire to wait for the rising of the moon, which would be early.

She endeavoured to meet the eye of Inez to remonstrate against this arrangement, but that young lady was now thoroughly carried away by excitement and adulation, and having eagerly assented to the proposed delay, she was again engrossed in a lively conversation, and saw nothing of Emily's distress.

At length they all embarked to return, but there was a strong ebb tide running against them, and not a breath of air by which a sail might have assisted them. The consequence was that it was nearly seven ere they reached the Condessa de Lima's house, and even Inez had a slight expression of anxiety on her countenance as she hurried up stairs. It had been settled in the morning that Emily was to spend the whole of that day and evening with Inez, and the two girls entered the room together.

Courtenay was seated beside the Condessa, and rose as they entered, but Emily saw in an instant that he was very grave and somewhat pale.

Inez immediately asked him how long he had been there.

"Since three o'clock," was the reply. "I hurried home, fearing you might lose the whole of this beautiful day in the house."

"Well, you see we have not done that," said Inez, smiling, and laying her hand tenderly on his arm; "my aunt, I suppose, told you how they all came and carried us off?"

"Yes," said Courtenay looking gravely and earnestly in her face, "I have heard everything. Did you enjoy yourselves?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Inez, "it was delightful," and then she checked herself.

Courtenay's grave expression assumed a shade of sadness as she spoke, and then looking towards Emily, he saw that she had seated herself, pale and exhausted, and with a peculiarly dejected air held her bonnet on her lap, as she looked from him to Inez.

"You, at least, do not look as if it had been a day of pleasure, Emily," he said kindly. "How tired you are, my dear girl!"

"Oh, that is merely with walking from the

boat," interrupted Inez, annoyed by something she could not explain in Courtenay's manner, and almost angry with Emily for looking so weary.

"You know I am not at present quite fit for pleasure parties," said Emily, "but certainly that is not the fault of those that compose them."

She felt so inclined to burst into tears, partly from bodily fatigue and partly from a nervous sensation produced by Courtenay's unusual manner, that rising hastily she said she would go and take off her shawl, and left the room.

Inez followed her almost immediately.

"How absurd!" she exclaimed, throwing herself into a chair, "how absurd of Arthur to look angry because of our being detained so long,"

"Angry!" said Emily. "Oh, he did not look angry, Inez."

"Well, annoyed then—unhappy—what you will—it is all the same; how could I break up the party, or make the tide flow in our favour,

instead of ebbing as it did right against us ? Does Arthur expect his wife to have such a control over all events as to be always waiting for him the instant he is ready for her ? Does not every woman do just what I did to-day ?”

“Not exactly in your circumstances,” said Emily. “But I think, nay, I am certain, Arthur was not angry to-day, he was merely disappointed at the thought that you *could* enjoy such a party without him.”

“But it was *he* who left *me* first,” said Inez colouring deeply. “I might as well ask how he could endure to leave *me* for so many hours.”

“Nay, now you are unjust,” said Emily ; “you know Arthur went to visit the Visconde d’Almeida, because he is ill and sent for him ; he feels peculiarly indebted to him, because he was your father’s friend, and had interested himself also in your marriage.”

“Well, well, I see how it is,” said Inez, giving way for an instant to the natural vehemence of her countrywomen, which her own refinement generally kept in check, “you are resolved to make out that I am in the wrong,

merely because you wish to prove that Arthur is faultless. I should like to see how *you* will behave when you are about to be married—you will find that it does not do to spoil men by crouching at *their* feet."

Emily's eyes fell beneath the angry glance of Inez, and for a few seconds she could not reply. Then going close to her, she said, with a gentle yet almost solemn earnestness :

"Inez, Arthur, is too generous—too noble to repay love and devotion, except with love and devotion in return. Oh, Inez, remember that I know him well, and let me entreat of you never to trifle with such a heart as his; prize it—treasure it as the most precious charge for which you must render an account."

"I do prize it; he knows I do!" exclaimed Inez, bursting into a passion of tears; "and therefore, it is I feel him to be so unjust to-day."

"Oh, Inez, if *he* had gone away whilst you were nursing a sick friend, and spent the whole day with some gay party, making himself as

agreeable to other women as he ever does to yourself, and he had returned, declaring the day passed without *you* to have been delightful, what would you have felt?"

Inez turned away her head, and made a slight gesture of impatience, but Emily had now gained courage, and laying her hand on her companion's shoulder, she said, slowly and impressively:

"Inez, if you value Arthur's happiness, or the peace of your own soul, struggle against the love of admiration, and take *him* with you as a protection into every scene where you are likely to meet with it."

Inez made an effort to reply, but her voice failed. She felt that Emily had read her heart, and discovered her besetting sin, and a remnant of candour restrained her from disclaiming what was implied in her earnest warning.

She exerted herself during the evening to be more than usually brilliant. The mild reproach conveyed by Courtenay's manner had inflicted on her a pang she could not endure; and though her spirit rebelled with true national pride against confessing herself wrong, it was

EMILY TO HER DEAR TO HAVE HIS EYE ONCE
 MORE TURNED TO HER IN ADMIRATION.

THIS SILENT LOOKS HAD MADE HER TREMBLE.
 WITH HER WHOLE MIND SHE ACKNOWLEDGED HIS
 HIGHER SUPERIORITY TO THE FLATTERS WHOSE FLATTERY
 HAD PLEASED HER FOR SO LONG. SHE FELT THAT HIS
 REGARD WAS WORTH THE SACRIFICE OF ALL THEIR
 MINUTIAE, AND WELL HAD IT BEEN FOR HER COULD
 SHE HAVE RESOLVED TO GIVE UP THE LATTER; BUT
 COURTENAY HIMSELF UNCONSCIOUSLY ENCOURAGED
 HER FIRST FOR COURAGE, AND NEVER HAD SHE
 FOUND A MORE COMPLETE TRIUMPH THAN WAS HERS
 THIS VERY EVENING.

THE DEEP FEELING THAT AGITATED HER HEART ADDED
 AN UNUSUAL SERIOUSNESS TO THE "DARK TRANSPARENCY"
 OF HER EYES. HER MANNER TO COURTENAY HAD A
 SWEET TENDERNESSE, MORE ELOQUENT THAN WORDS,
 AND ALL THE TREASURES OF HER MIND SEEMED POURED
 FORTH TO PLEASE THAT QUIET DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

COURTENAY WAS THOROUGHLY SUBDUED, YET EVEN
 HERSELF SAW, AND HOW MUCH MORE THE SILENT
 WATCHING EMILY, THAT THERE WAS A SORT OF SAD-
 NESS MINGLED, FOR THE FIRST TIME, WITH THE ECSTASY
 OF HIS EMOTIONS.

How little wisdom do the wisest amongst us

show in selecting the gifts offered for our choice on earth ! There was another being in that room whom Courtenay knew to be possessed of a mind as gifted as that of Inez, with a face and form as beautiful, one whose heart he knew to be as pure as it was warm, one to whom the admiration of the whole world would have given not a moment's pleasure, save as it might have gratified him ; but he had unconsciously cast a blight on that intelligent mind and lovely form, he had crushed that loving heart, and hoped to find security for his honour and his happiness in the " habitation giddy and unsure," of a heart given up to vanity.

This incident took place about ten days before the Howards were to leave Lisbon, and Emily perceived that from that time Inez avoided having any private interview with her. On herself all the circumstances of that day had had a most painful effect. She shrank from examining too closely the feelings that had then disturbed her, yet was haunted day and night by vague fears for Arthur's welfare, and a restless desire, which she almost looked on as a

temptation of the Evil One, to save him from Inez.

Outwardly she betrayed nothing of this increased suffering, except that her hand again burned with a feverish heat, and her step was more slow and languid. To all the bustle of their approaching departure, to all the touching marks of friendship displayed in the daily farewells, she seemed almost insensible.

Even the death of Sophia de Vasconcellos did not affect her as it would have done a year ago. Death seemed now to her one of the least of human ills, and her mother was in despair for her, when she looked into her tearless eyes, and heard her only murmur, when told that her friend had breathed her last :

“ Thank Heaven ! her earthly sorrows are at an end.”

The day after Sophia's death was the last the Howards were to pass in Lisbon. Emily's appearance that morning seriously alarmed her mother. Her lips and cheeks were deadly pale, but her eyes shone with a restless light, and she often passed her hand across her

brow, as if something were pressing there too heavily.

During the afternoon many visitors came to say adieu, and Margarida remarked that Emily took an opportunity to leave the room when her mother was engaged. But an hour elapsed, and then another, and still Emily did not return to share with Mrs. Howard the fatigue of this last trying reception. At length, uneasy at her absence, her friend left the room in search of her.

“I have been quite unhappy about you, my dear girl,” said Margarida, when she found her sitting alone in her own room, “and came to search for you.”

Emily looked at her for a few moments with a piteous expression of utter dejection, then pressing her hands on her temples, she said, with a shudder :

“Margarida, I feel as if I were going mad ; my heart is like a stone, and my brain is on fire.”

“You make too great an effort to be composed, dearest,” said Margarida ; “if you would weep—”

"Weep!" interrupted Emily, in a voice of agony, "oh! that I *could* shed tears. You do not know how I have *longed* for tears. I am indeed become a wretch. Oh, Margarida! we are leaving our home for ever; I see my mother, pale and sorrowful; you are to bid us farewell to-morrow, perhaps also for ever; all the ties of my youth seem about to be broken in one sad hour, and I cannot weep. A heavy, burning pain oppresses me *here*," crossing her hands on her bosom; "but it is not for *these* things I suffer. Alas, alas! it is for *myself*; it seems to me as if even pity for others were dead within me."

"I know not how to comfort you, my poor girl," said Margarida; "may Heaven in its mercy heal your soul. But now come out with me for a short time, the fresh air will do us both good, and it may be our last walk together."

Emily listlessly assented, and without the attendance of a servant, they left the house. For a considerable way they walked in silence, and Emily scarcely remarked the direction in which they were going.

At length Margarida paused, as if to rest for an instant. They were close to the church of St. Roque ; the door was open, with the usual dark curtain drawn across the entrance, and one or two persons passed out, as the ladies stopped in front of the building.

Margarida looked earnestly with an inquiring expression into Emily's countenance, and then said :

" Let us go into the church for a few minutes."

As they pushed aside the curtain, she drew back, as if hesitating, and then said :

" Emily, there is to be a funeral here to-night."

" Is there ?" was the only reply, in a wearied tone, and Margarida moved forwards, with another searching glance on her face.

The church appeared at first to be empty, though, as they passed up the centre, they could dimly discern here and there a kneeling form in the small chapels at each side. The candles on the altar were unlighted, but the single lamp, that speaks so eloquently to every Roman

Catholic heart, burnt before it. On the lower step knelt a man, whose face was hid in the folds of a military cloak, and within a few yards of it stood a raised frame-work, hung with black cloth, on which was placed an uncovered coffin, and within the coffin lay the dead body of a girl.

Emily started as she approached, and pressed Margarida's arm, as if to arrest her steps, but the latter drew her on with gentle firmness.

She had resolved to try the effect of a sudden appeal to the affections, not associated with her bitter disappointment, and she had known well what they would behold, when she brought her friend to that church. It was the corpse of the young and unfortunate Sophia de Vasconcellos that lay there, ready for interment!

It is a custom fraught with solemn lessons to the living, that of leaving the dead uncovered in the church before being committed to the tomb. How many touching appeals to the careless or the hardened have been made by those inanimate forms, and by "the sad shrouded eye," which can weep no more. How often has

the voice of the Spirit of Truth reached the still worldly heart through the closed lips of those on whom decay has set its mark, from the fair infant, in its "brilliant bed of flowers," to the young maiden, in her long funereal robes, summoned even in her spring time, and the aged man, gone to render his account for sins and follies, for idle words and misused blessings, and it may be for *unavailing* trials.

Perhaps in no case is the appeal more solemn, and at the same time more touching, than in that of a very young person, especially where life has been such a "tangled web," as was the short career of the beautiful, the rich, the noble, and the broken-hearted Sophia de Vasconcellos ! To the most careless, it is for the moment a sermon, with "Remember thy Creator" as its warning text, and every heart is filled with awe, as it endeavours to follow the spirit in its mysterious flight. But all these impressions are heightened by the scene in which they are produced. Whilst the beloved form is still stretched on the bed on which the last sigh was breathed, and the voices of the household still whisper

near, it is difficult to believe in a departure so mysterious, or not to think that it is "a living slumber" which presses on the closed eyelids.

Not so when the deserted body is taken from its earthly home, and left in such unaccustomed solitude in the house of God. There is something in such a spectacle that strikes on the heart with a sense of chilling loneliness; and those who would shrink from a *life* without human ties, learn, as they *thus* "bend o'er the dead," that even the most loving and beloved must *die* alone.

They gazed long in silence on the remains of their once brilliant friend. A grey robe enveloped her graceful form, her hands were folded on her bosom, her long black eyelashes rested on a cheek like alabaster; and as Emily noted "the fixed yet tender traits," the whole appearance "so coldly sweet, so deadly fair," so like, and yet so unlike, all she had been ere sorrow touched her, she was suddenly overcome by a flood of tenderness, and kneeling beside the corpse, covered her face, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

Margarida also wept, but her tears fell more quietly ; and when Emily rose from her knees, trembling with emotion, her friend threw her arm around her to support her, and whispered :

“ Heaven has looked on you in mercy, and has sent you the tears you longed for.”

“ Ah ! Margarida,” said Emily, in the same low tone, “ you brought me here to look once more on my poor Sophia, whom I had almost forgotten in my selfish grief.”

“ But she did not forget *you*, even in her last hour,” said Margarida, pointing to a small black cross which the folded hands seemed to press to the still bosom, and which had years before been a gift from Emily. “ She requested that this cross might be buried with her, saying it was the gift of one who had never caused her a moment’s pain, and was the symbol of her own forgiveness.”

“ And how little have I of late mourned her great sorrows,” said Emily, gazing wistfully on the motionless form. “ Oh, Margarida ! pray for me that I do not grow selfish and hard-hearted.”

Again they gazed fondly on the face of the dead ; but evening was rapidly closing in, its dark shades were gathering over the sanctuary, and they must retrace their steps homewards. As they turned to bend in reverence before the altar, the soldier was still kneeling on its lowest step, his face still buried in his hands, which tightly held the cloak in heavy folds over his features. He was motionless as the dead form that lay so near him, and there was not even the heaving of a sigh.

Margarida and Emily involuntarily paused a moment, and looked wonderingly at the manly form now bent in such humility. Something in the shape of the head, and in the dark locks sprinkled with iron-grey, seemed familiar to both, and Margarida had pressed her hand significantly on Emily's arm, just as he raised his face for one instant, casting his eyes upwards, and then burying them again in his hands, as if in that brief space his heart had urged more passionately the petition which engaged his soul. But that raised glance had been sufficient, and the two friends had recognised in that

humble suppliant the husband of the departed Sophia. It was General Mascarenhas, the hero, the patriot, who had come to watch yet another hour near her whom he had failed to make happy in life, and who was taken from him just when she began to feel that she was the wife of one who merited all her love.

It was long ere Emily forgot that solemn scene; and often in another land she recalled as a picture in her mind, the still and sombre church, the unlighted altar, with the small lamp suspended from the ceiling, the dead girl, looking like a fair monument of beauty, and the noble, motionless form of the sorrowing husband, whom they left, as it seemed, sole guard of her who had been, a few short hours before, surrounded by weeping relatives and dependants, in a home of luxury and splendour.

Yet not *sole* guard, though to the infidel it might so appear, for there was a Presence in that church, before which the believing heart bows in humble adoration; and as Emily paused once more near the entrance, to cast a farewell

look up the dim aisle, a holy calm seemed to steal into her spirit.

“God of the living and the dead,” she whispered to herself, “how beautiful is this communion! What matters it that the way is long and thorny, when it has springs of consolation like this?”

CHAPTER III.

“ Fair Tajo ! thou whose calmly flowing tide
Bathes the fresh verdure of these lovely plains,
Enlivening all where'er thy waves may glide,
Flowers, herbage, flocks, and sylvan nymphs and
swains.

“ Sweet stream ! I know not when my steps again
Shall tread thy shores ; and while to part I mourn,
I have no hope to meliorate my pain,
No dream that whispers—I may yet return !”
“ CAMOENS.” *Translated by Mrs. Hemans.*

THE morning on which the Howards were to leave Lisbon, Emily awoke with a shuddering sense of pain and sorrow. The day was one of unusual brightness, and it was difficult for her

to believe that at the narrow's end had risen, she would be far from the promised scenes of her childhood. That vision lay in that fair city would be exchanged to her all in life would be assuming a new and unimagined significance.

Her heart had been refreshed by the tales of the night before, mingling more with its memories to the "household legends," and the familiar streets she was about to leave. She looked over the persons she saw passing under the windows in marvel and their life of toil seemed sadder than the lot which sent her with the feelings of an exile to her father's land. The nurse that had been so long denied her now flowed abundantly, as she saw the maternal faces of the old servants, and as one by one, Margaret, the Lonsdales, Courtenay and their gathered round the breakfast-table, to pass with them the last hours that yet remained.

It is needless to attempt to describe the misery of that parting meal. There are few who have not at some period of their lives, endured a similar pain: who do not know the peculiar anguish in which the more attentions, the vain

attempts at conversation, only add a sharper pang, by revealing the silent struggle of those who feel that they must speak of anything save the one subject that fills their hearts.

Even Inez was awed out of her vanity and selfishness by the visible sorrow of those around her, and her manner to Emily was again caressing as it had been in the commencement of their intimacy.

"Ah, Emily!" she said, taking her hand with great kindness, as they sat apart after breakfast, "you ought not to desert us. I cannot wish you to like England, for if you do, you will not return to us here."

"I hope, at all events, to hear that those I leave with so much regret are happy," said Emily, looking earnestly at her through her tears. "You will write to me, will you not, Inez? I almost expect to be treated as a sister by the wife of my adopted brother."

"Then you must not make me afraid of you," said Inez, shaking her head half seriously and half in jest. "Perhaps you are not aware that you have acquired lately a habit of looking very

grave and wise, and of examining my face as if you wished to read my whole mind."

"But that cannot frighten you," said Emily, fixing on her at that very moment the searching look Inez alluded to. "Why should I frighten you more than Arthur, who can of course read all your thoughts."

Inez coloured, and then said, with a slight laugh :

"I do not know that ; it would not be good for any man to have such unlimited power."

Emily looked thoughtfully on the ground for a moment, and then said, with gentle solemnity :

"Inez, when you are his *wife*, remember that every thought you would conceal from *him* is full of danger to yourself."

Inez again laughed nervously, and said :

"Really, Emily, you must marry without delay, if it were only to serve as an example to the rest of your sex—to teach all women how to spoil their husbands on orthodox principles."

At this moment Courtenay approached, and his last words were the hardest trial Emily endured on that most trying day.

Fondly taking both her hands in his, and looking at her with a mingled expression of reproach and tenderness, he said :

“ Ah ! Emily, if *you* had understood my heart, as in like circumstances I should have understood yours, we need not have had to undergo the pain of this farewell.”

She withdrew her eyes from his, unable to bear his look, and her lips were white with emotion, as she murmured :

“ I do not know what you mean, Arthur.”

“ I mean,” he said, still retaining her hands in his, “ that if adversity had fallen on *me*, it is to *you* I would have gone for comfort ; whilst you, on the contrary, have used it to remind me that with all a brother’s love, I am not so blest as to have a sister.”

“ Arthur—Arthur—” gasped poor Emily, but her voice failed. With her last strength she freed her hands from his grasp, and left the room.

At length the moment came when they must go ! The corded trunks were already carried away. Perhaps of all the vulgar realities of

life, none cause more frequently that peculiar pain, which the French call a *serrement de cœur*, than the heavy tramp of porters, the lifting of boxes, the litter of rope and paper left behind. Every sound seems to bruise the heart, whilst the trembling lips must utter directions on the most common-place matters.

Mrs. Howard wept bitterly, but Emily's eyes were again dry, and her face was as pale as death, as she cast a hurried glance on the hall that had so often resounded with her laughter, and then extended her hand to each of the weeping servants, some of whom cast themselves at her feet, to embrace her knees.

And now they were in the boat that was to convey them to the English steamer.

“The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep,
The smiles of Heaven lay.”

But all in that boat were silent ; the thoughts of most were busy with the uncertain future,

and in one heart memory seemed to murmur "sad dirges" over joys that could never return.

Emily felt, however, that she *must* say a few parting words to Courtenay; she could not rest with the burden of his reproach, gentle as it had been, on her spirit. It was on the crowded deck, whilst invalids and tourists, and officers from Gibraltar and Malta, were passing to and fro, and all was bustle and confusion, that she took courage to place her hand on his, and draw him apart to receive her adieu.

"Arthur," said she, fixing her soft eyes on his, "Arthur you must recall those words you spoke to me some time ago; you would not have uttered them, could you have guessed the pain they gave."

"You know, Emily, I never could willingly give you pain; but I also have suffered much, and it has seemed to me that this departure was so unnecessary."

"It is impossible to discuss that now," said Emily; "but oh! Arthur—dear Arthur—say that I may still feel sure you look on me as a

sister —promise that if ever you need a sister's love or sympathy, you will come to me—you will remember the Emily you have loved so long !”

Her voice trembled with eagerness—her look was full of pleading tenderness—her slender fingers clasped his hand with importuning force, and Courtenay was overcome with emotion as he gazed on her. His eyes filled with tears, and for a few moments he was silent ; then he said, pressing her hand to his heart :

“ Yes, Emily, I promise what you ask. As the sweetest and dearest of sisters I love you. May Heaven bless you with the fullest measure of happiness.”

He could add no more—the signal was given for all to leave the vessel who wished to return on shore—the hurried farewells were exchanged —the cries of boatmen and pilots drowned the fond words of tenderest friends, and in such a scene there was no time to pause over the struggle of a heart in anguish.

Emily and her mother sat on deck until they

passed the rock of Lisbon, and could no longer discern the hills of their beloved Cintra, and then, silent and sorrowful, they retired to their private cabin, and felt that they had now no place they could call a home.

CHAPTER IV.

*"Death is the shade of coming life ; and Love
Yearns for her dear ones in the holy tomb,
Because bright things are better seen in gloom."*

FABER.

It was a bright April afternoon at Langley Court ; four ladies were seated round a table in a cheerful drawing-room, and they had books and work-boxes before them ; yet, with the exception of one, who bent over a small piece of embroidery as if absorbed in her labours, the party wore an uncomfortable, wearied air, as if some annoying accident had broken in on the routine of their accustomed employments. Though the sun was

shining brilliantly, a sharp north breeze had chased the glow of warmth from the face of nature ; there was an uninviting coldness even in the clear sky, and the wind increased occasionally in gusts of such violence, that the inmates of that well-furnished apartment shivered, as they cast a glance on the waving branches of the trees.

“How very distressing this illness of your aunt’s is,” said Mrs. Howard Langley. “I always told your father, when he pressed her coming, that the climate would be sure to disagree with either her or her daughter ; and now she will die, and what is to become of that poor girl ?”

“Why, what would have become of her if her mother had died in Lisbon ?” asked Jane Langley, a fair, pretty girl, with light flaxen ringlets, and cold pale eyes. “I think the sooner she goes back there the better, for she is evidently not well ; and though she never complains of anything, I am certain the ways of this country do not suit her.”

“Yes, that is all very well,” said Isabella

"I am not the owner of the family—I am with you and you are a strong man, with heart and a fine conscience — but will you persuade her to the contrary if such a step? Her sense is almost entirely gone, and she will never listen to the truth. We have always consulted Anne in every emergency, in which business we might believe it not as we should."

"It seems," said Miss Langtry, who was a close observer of humanity, "you forget that she sits at the window and may catch of your words, and wonder, which he readily loves."

"Can you tell me," rejoined Isabella, "the extent to which he is made in kindness and interest for her?" "For Anne Howard says she has not seen him since he left London, and that he grows thinner every day."

"A foolish notion," murmured Mrs. Langtry, with a sigh. "really it will be too bad, but these children already grow up."

"Surely you will not dream of keeping him away from us?" exclaimed Jane. "For you can have no one together, and it would

be rather hard that one of us should always have to stay at home to let our cousin go."

"Oh, Jane!" said Helen Langley, suddenly looking up from her work, "how can you think of such things when her mother is dying!"

"Ah! I forgot that Helen was there," said Jane, with a slight toss of her head; "of course she must always take the *ultra-proper* view of everything."

"In this case I am only taking a *humane* view," said Helen calmly: "only consider what a sad position this poor girl's is."

"But she must have some friends besides us," said Isabella. "I dare say there is some good old lady in Lisbon who would be glad of a young companion, and Emily would feel more at home there."

"Poor Emily!" said Helen, with a sad smile, "her cup of sorrow seems to her already full to the brim—she does not yet know that she is considered a burden by her nearest relatives."

"Your father and I will take care to fulfil our duty towards her," said Mrs. Langley, in a tone of reproof.

“But, oh! mother, consider how cold will appear the mere fulfilment of a duty to one who has been so rudely taken from her own bright home, deprived of independence, and is now about to be left an orphan, in what is, to her, a land of strangers.”

As Helen Langley said these words she looked almost beautiful, yet she was called “the plain Miss Langley”—she had a large mouth, a bad nose, and a sallow complexion. It is true that when she smiled she showed a fine set of teeth, and her large grey eyes were full of expression; but she did not smile very often, and she had a habit of either working so industriously that her head was always bent over a piece of canvas, or of keeping her eyelids half closed, so that it was only when much excited by conversation that any one, not intimately acquainted with her, could discover how eloquent her countenance was.

On the present occasion, as she raised the dark fringed eyelids, and fixed her mild, pleading look upon her mother, whilst a generous emotion made her pale cheek flush with a

sudden brilliancy, Mrs. Langley looked at her in admiration.

"My dear child," she said, making no reply to her appeal for her cousin, "how well you look when you exert yourself. What a pity it is that people may no longer use a little rouge; but really, Helen, if you were not so indolent and apathetic, you might have nearly as good a complexion as Isabella."

Helen had no time for reply—perhaps she did not intend to make any, for her fingers were again busy with her embroidery; but as her mother ceased to speak, the door opened, and Mr. Howard Langley entered.

He was a man of gentlemanlike appearance, with a grave, though mild expression, and though without any remains of personal beauty, there was something attractive in his whole demeanour, which, when added to the benevolence of his eye, and a fine, venerable head, preposessed every one in his favour.

He was now more than usually grave, and did not speak for some moments after he had seated himself by the fire, though his wife and daughters all looked at him with

inquiring glances, as if they expected some announcement.

"It is, indeed, most annoying," he said at length, "that Sir Frederick Lonsdale does not come: poor Charlotte is sinking fast, and she is so anxious to see him."

"Do you mean that you have given up all hope?" asked his wife.

"I have very small hope that she will survive this night," said Mr. Langley. "I have just now left her, poor soul; how melancholy has been her return to her native land! And she is miserable about her child."

"Will *nothing* eventually come to Emily?" asked Mrs. Langley in a solemn tone. "Surely that house must pay something when its affairs are arranged."

"I have told poor Charlotte, that her dear girl shall never want anything while I can provide for her," said Mr. Langley, with some emotion; "but she is evidently uneasy about something, asks perpetually when there is a chance of Sir Frederick Lonsdale's arrival, and has, more than once, murmured Lady Lonsdale's name."

"Can Sir Frederick be a lover of Emily's?" asked Isabella.

"I do not think so," replied her father, "for, except to ease her mother's mind, she seems herself indifferent about his coming."

"Is he rich?" was Isabella's next query.

"No; his father ruined the property, and left his family in great difficulties; but his son is rich in an honoured name and a noble heart. I know him very slightly; but I have heard much of his generous, self-denying conduct after his father's death."

Helen Langley again looked up from her work. The becoming flush was again mantling in her cheek, and her speaking eyes were fixed on her father's face, but she did not say a word.

"Well, my silent Helen," said Mr. Langley kindly, "what have you got to say, that you are too lazy to utter? Do you know Sir Frederick?"

The flush became a deep crimson; her eyes were cast down, and she was again stitching away as if she worked for life itself, ere she replied, in a low voice:

"I have heard a great deal of him, papa."

"From whom my child?"

"From Mr. Hervey."

This was said in a very low voice. Mr. Hervey was a clergyman in the neighbourhood, and it was generally suspected that he and Helen Langley were attached to each other, but his religious views were much too strict for Mrs. Langley, who now exclaimed, with a slight sneer:

"Oh, if he is one of Mr. Hervey's heroes, he will not suit me!"

"If all I have heard of him be true," said Mr. Langley, "he is one of *my* heroes, and I hope that will suit you, my love!"

"Oh, papa," exclaimed Helen, dropping her work on her lap, and clasping her hands in her earnestness, "it is all true; and, besides his tenderness for his family, and the noble fortitude with which he has borne the wreck of all his worldly hopes, I could tell you such proofs of his goodness to the people on his estates, before he had to sell them; and of his thoughtful benevolence to some of the very poor and needy, even since he lost his fortune."

"Well, my love, you shall tell me these things another time," said her father, looking at her with affectionate admiration; "but now, I wish some one to go and offer to relieve poor Emily in her watching. Do try to persuade her to lie down and rest now—she will need all her strength by-and-by, poor thing."

Mrs. Langley instantly rose, saying:

"I will go; but I know, that neither Emily nor that Portuguese servant will leave the room, and it is a pity to crowd it with more persons than are required."

In a few minutes she returned, saying:

"She is asleep, and Emily would not come away, though I promised to summon her when her mother awoke. She entreated me not to stay; she said it was of no use; but she evidently hopes that this sleep is the forerunner of a happy change."

"A happy change it will be," said Mr. Langley, "for never was there a more pious Christian; but poor Emily is deceiving herself—the doctor gave her no hope this morning, though he did not actually bid her despair."

Whilst this conversation went on in the

drawing-room, Emily Howard sat in her mother's darkened chamber, listening with a sick heart to her rapid breathing and occasional moans. The sleep into which she had fallen was of short duration, yet she did not speak on first awaking ; and when a heavy sigh or restless movement made Emily gently draw aside the bed-curtain, and gaze anxiously on her face, she kept her eyes closed, and made no sign to invite a remark.

Josefa sat by the fire-place, her apron thrown over her face to hide her tears ; from the first she had despaired, and in her secret thoughts considered this trial as a judgment on them for having left the warm sunny land where so many hearts regretted them, to come to a country where no one cared whether they lived or died.

At length Emily heard her name murmured in a feeble voice, and eagerly opening the curtain, bent her head close to her mother's, saying :

" Yes, dearest mamma, I am here. Can I do anything for you ? "

" Is Sir Frederick arrived ? " asked the invalid.

" No, dear mamma ; not yet. "

"Alas! he will come too late."

"Dearest mamma, if he does not come to-night, my uncle thinks he must be here early in the morning."

"My poor child," sighed Mrs. Howard, and then closed her eyes, as if too much exhausted to say more.

Emily's heart sank within her; she did not dare to breathe, even to herself, the fear that had taken possession of her; but kneeling beside her mother, she took her wasted hand in hers, and bent her head in silent supplication to Heaven.

After a few minutes had elapsed, Mrs. Howard spoke again.

"Emily, my darling, since the hour of your birth, you have been the joy and comfort of my existence, but I am now going to put your love to a severe test."

"What is it, mamma?" she exclaimed, looking eagerly up, "oh, tell me what I can do for you!"

"Ah, Emily, can you not guess? It is to help me to part from you, as a dying Christian ought to part from the most beloved of earthly objects."

"Dying ! part !" gasped her daughter. "Mother, mother, you do not mean what you say !"

"I do, indeed. Oh, Emily ! can it be possible that you do not see there is no hope ?"

With a deep groan Emily covered her face with her hands.

"My darling girl," said her mother, "I have delayed too long to speak to you of this. I have always been a coward when pain was to be inflicted on you, but now there is no more time to delay. Emily, I am dying ; I have but a few more hours to live."

"Mother, mother !"

The poor girl raised her face, now wet with tears, and gazing for a moment at her mother, a conviction of the truth rushed on her mind, and clasping her hands over her eyes, sobs of anguish burst from her with a violence which, for a few moments, Mrs. Howard made no attempt to check.

"Emily, I cannot *die* in peace if I see you thus afflicted, and I have yet something I wish to say to you."

"Ah, mother, can you ask me not to be afflicted ?" said Emily, wiping away her tears.

"But I will try to be calm; perhaps Heaven will give me strength for my mother's sake."

"And when I am gone, my sweet one, will you then also struggle to be calm, and seek for strength in prayer?"

"When *you* are gone, when *you* are gone," repeated Emily, shuddering, "what will the world be then?"

"Emily," said Mrs. Howard, solemnly, "think what *I* must suffer in the knowledge of what *your* sorrow will be; I know it well, my child, and one of the painful reflections that has most disturbed me in this last illness, is, that I have done so little to prepare you for the trials of life."

"Oh, mamma," interrupted her daughter, "*you* have nothing to reproach yourself with. What an example you have always set me; what pure and holy precepts you have always taught me."

"Yet I always felt that I was training you injudiciously, my poor child, for one who *might* have to struggle with the harsh disappointments

of life ; but it is of no avail now to talk of what *might* have been ; let me rather use the strength that is left me, to entreat of you to accept all your present sorrows as marks of Heaven's chastening love."

Emily started, and looked at her mother with an inquiring expression.

"Yes, dearest," continued Mrs. Howard, "as marks of love—I have not strength to explain—but when I am gone, and when you feel tempted to repine, or to rebel against the decrees of the Almighty, recall my words, and pray for light and grace to see their full meaning. I feel assured that you *will* be taught ; but, oh ! I would fain that you learnt the lesson easily. And now, as to your worldly position—"

But here Mrs. Howard paused, and again closed her eyes as if exhausted.

"Oh, mamma," said Emily earnestly, "do not think of such things, do not let thoughts of me disturb you now."

"Nay, dearest, it would be indeed vain for me to attempt to lay down any plan for your future life, seeing that it has pleased Heaven to

bring such confusion into our worldly circumstances. But my first anxiety is, that you should, if possible, continue under the protection of your uncle ; he loves you, and is worthy of your affection and respect. My next desire is, that you should, under any circumstances, *endeavour* to reconcile yourself to living in England, by giving it a fair trial, when your mind is restored to some composure and peace. Portugal can never now be so suitable a home for you. Yet I do not *enjoin* this on you ; I only advise you, my child, not to leave this country under the influence of any very sudden or bitter impulse. My last request is, that you should convey a message from me to Lady Lonsdale.

“ I had wished to entrust this message to Sir Frederick,” she continued, after a brief pause ; “ but he does not come, and I dare not wait : you must then be the bearer of my last words to both, although as, they chiefly concern yourself, I should have preferred speaking them to Sir Frederick himself.”

“ Dearest mamma, he will come—you will see him,” said Emily, her voice almost choked

with emotion, whilst her parched lips trembled, as she still strove against despair.

“No, love,” began her mother; but seeing the agony that convulsed the beautiful features of her child, she checked herself, and then returned to the subject of her message. “Sir Frederick knows, Emily, that when his mother thought herself about to die in a foreign land, I promised to take charge of Grace as if she were my own daughter, and to keep her with us in Portugal as long as her health required it. I wish him then to say to dear Lady Lonsdale that I now claim for *my* child a share of her maternal affection, and the advantage of her advice whenever you may need it—I believe you would receive both unasked; but it will gratify Lady Lonsdale to know that I thus remembered her, and it will give *you* an additional interest in her, to think of her as the friend to whom your mother wished you to apply in every hour of need, as to a second mother.”

“A second mother!” faltered Emily. “Oh! mamma, I can have no *second*.”

“Dearest, neither you nor I can foresee what the future has in store for you, but it will ease

my heart to know that you will apply to the Lonsdales, if you ever need protection—yes, even to Sir Frederick. Oh, how I wish I had seen him; but he will be a brother to you, Emily—never have I met with a more noble nature; you will yet one day understand him better than you now do, much as you respect him. Affliction has already been sanctified to *him*—he is a true Christian; if I do not much mistake him he has struggled hard to bring his heart under the law of obedience; he will understand—” but here Mrs. Howard was compelled to cease speaking—her few broken sentences had completely exhausted her remnant of strength, and a change came over her countenance that made Emily fear she had fainted.

She opened her eyes, however, in a few seconds, but closed them again, pressing at the same time her daughter’s hand within her feeble fingers, as if to signify that she was conscious of her presence.

Twice she renewed her efforts to speak, but could not say more than a few words; once it was when Josefa had adjusted her pillows,

and Mrs. Howard heard her voice addressing Emily.

“ Poor, good Josefa,” she murmured. “ Oh! Josefa, take care of my child. Emily, if possible, never part with Josefa.”

The next time it was to speak of Courtenay—with a heavy sigh she pronounced his name.

“ Poor Arthur, how he will grieve for me. Oh! tell him that I blessed and prayed for him to the last.”

Hours passed in that chamber of sorrow; and when it grew so dark that she could no longer see distinctly her mother's features, Emily made a sign to Josefa to open the half-closed shutters. She had no sooner been obeyed, however, than she shuddered and longed to be again in darkness. The sun was already so low that it touched the horizon, the sharp breeze had nearly died away, and the light fleecy clouds that threatened its return on the morrow now sailed slowly through the air, tinged with every shade of gold and crimson, whilst the whole earth seemed bathed in the flood of light.

Her mother opened her eyes, and fixing them for an instant on the window, she smiled and her lips moved. Emily's face was instantly close to hers ; but again the weary eyelids were shut, and no sound reached the ear of the anxious girl for some seconds—then, with a great effort, the dying mother whispered :

“ Our dear Margarida, *she* used to call the sunset a *solemn* hour—tell her—”

But the message was unfinished ; daylight faded ; night closed in ; the Langleys one by one collected in the invalid's apartment ; the physician paid his last visit ; the clergyman, who had already that morning administered the blessed sacrament to the departing Christian, was again by her bedside ; he had offered up a prayer, in which Mrs. Howard seemed to join, for she clasped her feeble hands almost as soon as he began, and had then remained at the request of Mr. Langley, who felt that his consolations might be more needed by the unhappy Emily when all was over than even now, when every sense was absorbed by one overwhelming misery.

Those who looked on her would have felt relieved to see her weep, but only occasionally did one large scalding tear force its way from her dimmed eyes ; she did not speak, she did not even sigh, and she seemed scarcely conscious of the presence of the family. She had only risen once from the low seat on which she knelt by her mother's pillow ; this was when the physician removing his fingers from his patient's wrist, turned to leave the room, and Emily arrested his step at the door by placing her trembling hand on his arm.

“ What directions are there for to-night ? what shall I give mamma during the night ? ”

The good man's eye looked pityingly on the young face so full of agony ; in spite of all his intimacy with life's darkest scenes, he saw that this was no common sorrow, and his voice was husky as he shook his head and answered :

“ There is nothing to be done.”

How often have these simple words sounded as the death-knell of the fondest hope !

Emily made no reply ; she leant for a moment more heavily on the arm of the sympa-

thizing doctor, then uttering a low piteous sound that sunk into his very heart, she glided back to her mother's pillow.

Ere morning dawned Mrs. Howard had breathed her last sigh. She died without a struggle; and so gently did her spirit depart, that those who were nearest to her could not tell the moment when she was taken from them.

Emily, roused from the stupor of her despair by that stillness which tells that Death has done his work, raised her head and gazed on her mother's face—then threw herself with a loud cry on the lifeless form.

A few hours later Sir Frederick Lonsdale arrived at Langley Court. He had been out of town, and only received the summons sent by Mrs. Howard late the night before; without delaying even to take one hour of rest, he had set out to obey the wish so urgently expressed, and which filled him with anxiety.

When ushered into the drawing-room he

found all the family assembled ; and Mr. Langley, after the first greeting and introduction were over, informed him with an expression of deep concern that he was too late to see the valued friend who had remembered him with such true regard on her death-bed.

Lonsdale turned very pale, and shaded his eyes for a moment with his hand. His first words were :

“ And Miss Howard ! shall I not see her ? How does she bear this terrible calamity ? ”

“ Poor thing ! ” said her uncle, “ God only knows how she endures it. To me her sorrow is dreadful to look on ; but she is very quiet. ”

Lonsdale’s lip quivered, and he then cast a glance towards the ladies, to see if there was one amongst them who could understand the feelings of a being like Emily.

Mrs. Langley looked very grave, and had her writing-desk open before her, with a quantity of black-edged paper lying on it. Jane and Isabella were hemming muslin—their faces expressed nothing at that moment save weariness ; but Helen, who for a marvel, was sitting unoccupied, caught Lonsdale’s inquiring gaze, and both at

once felt that they understood each other. Her large eyes were full of tears, and she said in a low voice :

“Josefa hopes that Emily is asleep—I do not feel certain that she is so, but thought it better to leave her for a little.”

“Oh, do not disturb her on my account,” said Lonsdale. “If you will allow me to remain here until to-morrow, she may then, perhaps, be more able to see me.”

Helen mournfully shook her head, and Lonsdale, in alarm, exclaimed :

“Do you think her health affected? have you any cause for uneasiness about her?”

“No,” said Helen, “but I fear that to-morrow, and every morrow for a long time, will only be a renewal of sorrow for poor Emily. I quite dread her waking now, if indeed she be asleep!”

“Nay, my child,” said Mr. Langley, “you are too dismal in your foreboding—let us hope that youth and careful tending may, with Heaven’s blessing, restore your poor cousin to health and cheerfulness. But, meanwhile, Sir Frederick, I

trust you will make yourself at home here, and believe me that, although I regret the cause that brings you to Langley Court, I rejoice to make your acquaintance. I knew your father well, and remember seeing you when a boy."

There was something so friendly and sincere in Mr. Langley's look and manner, that Lonsdale, in spite of his present sorrow and agitation felt irresistibly attracted to him. He wished also to make a friend of Emily's uncle, and to hear from him what was likely to be her future home.

Late in the afternoon, as Lonsdale sat alone in the library, endeavouring to fix his attention on a book, whilst the image of Emily drew his thoughts from every subject unconnected with herself, Helen Langley entered the room, and advancing towards him with a flushed cheek, and an air of considerable timidity and hesitation, she said:

"I do not know if I have done wrong, but Emily seemed so stunned with grief, that, thinking to interest her, I told her you were here, and now she is so excited that we cannot persuade

her to lie down again ; she talks incessantly of her mother's wish to see you, and of your mother. Josefa thinks the only way to quiet her will be to let her see you. May I tell her that you will see her now ?”

“ Oh, certainly !” said Lonsdale, starting from his chair. “ But endeavour, I pray you, to make her understand that I can wait until to-morrow, if she would prefer it.”

CHAPTER V.

“There are no shadows where there is no sun,
There is no beauty where there is no shade ;
And all things in two lines of glory run,
Darkness and light, ebon and gold inlaid.”

FABER.

HELEN returned in a short time, and telling him that her cousin was ready to receive him, she conducted him to a small sitting-room that had been given up to the use of Mrs. Howard and her daughter, and communicated with Emily's apartment. She merely pointed to the door, and making a sign to him to enter, she returned to the library.

Emily was seated in a large chair, with her face buried in her hands, but at the sound of the closing door she hastily rose, and fixing her eyes on Lonsdale, whom she had last seen at Cintra, she eagerly stretched both hands towards him, and as he pressed them in silence within his own, she burst into tears.

Some minutes elapsed before she removed her handkerchief from her face, and whilst she wept, Lonsdale sat in silence by her side.

When she again looked at him, the thought of her bereaved and altered position, added to the paleness of her features, and the piteous expression of her eyes, nearly deprived him of his self-command, and it was in an almost inaudible tone, that, bending over the small soft hand he so longed to call his own, he said :

“I can never cease to regret that I did not arrive yesterday ; nothing would have detained me for an hour, had I known that my presence could be of any use or comfort here.”

She told him in broken sentences how earnestly her mother had desired to see him, how often she had inquired if he were come, and then the warm admiration for his character which

she had expressed, and which, as her daughter said, she must now preserve in her memory as among her latest recollections of the revered parent, who had, even in dying, recommended him as an example to her child.

Lonsdale listened with a throbbing heart, and frequently, as she spoke, he fixed his eyes on the ground, for he could not look with composure either on her mournful beauty, or on the earnest kindness that lighted up her sorrowful eyes, as she endeavoured to convey to him the full extent of the regard her dying mother had expressed for him.

There are few acts of self-control more painful than the uttering calm words when the heart is subdued by tender or impassioned feelings, or the doing violence to some *generous* impulse, lest we be tempted to sacrifice some high yet less attractive principle; and bitterly did Lonsdale feel the struggle as he looked on the beloved being whom he had known in her days of sunshine, and inwardly confessed, that not even to cheer her desolate path, must he brave the temptation of exciting in her breast a warmer interest in himself than that she already felt for

him as the son and brother of Lady Lonsdale and Grace, and the friend her mother had desired to see upon her death-bed.

In a low voice, and with eyes cast on the ground, he only asked if Mrs. Howard had left no commission for him to execute, if her daughter knew of any way in which he could now fulfil the wishes he had come too late to hear from herself.

Emily repeated her mother's message, in which she had claimed Lady Lonsdale's maternal counsel for her child, adding, with a faltering voice :

" Her strength sank so rapidly, that these were almost her last words :

" Will you then allow me to consider you as in a manner entrusted to our care ?" asked Lonsdale, unconscious of the tenderness his eyes expressed, or that his voice betrayed the deep emotion he was endeavouring to check. " Will you, in my mother's absence, apply to me on any occasion in which a brother's help could be of use ? Will you, who have been so kind a sister to my poor Grace, accept me from this hour as a brother ?"

Emily wished to thank him—she placed her hand in his—looked in his face with an effort to smile—then remembering him whom in her childhood she had called her brother, her features were convulsed with anguish, and exclaiming “I am indeed alone—I am indeed very desolate!” tears again rushed to her eyes, and for many minutes she yielded to a paroxysm of sorrow that Lonsdale made no attempt to interrupt.

He waited until Emily was again comparatively calm, and then said, with solemn earnestness :

“Do not say that you are alone, dearest Miss Howard, do not forget that there is a Divine Friend, who promises a special blessing to those who mourn, and who is always with you.”

“Oh, Sir Frederick !” exclaimed Emily, “I feel that that consolation is denied me—I feel that my present sorrow is a chastisement. I was ungrateful—I pined—I never dreamt that I could lose my mother—I ought to have prayed night and day to be permitted to retain so inestimable a blessing, and I gave up my heart to regrets—” she paused abruptly ; bitter thoughts

of how she had rebelled against her fate, and felt that Heaven could inflict no deeper misery, filled her with remorse, and yet this was no subject on which she could speak openly to Lonsdale.

“ It was most natural you should regret your home and your early friends,” he said, “ but do not think, I entreat of you, that when sorrow comes even as a direct chastisement, it is one bit the less a proof of divine love. If only those could claim the promised consolation who have never felt that they must ‘write bitter things’ against themselves, the very promise would be a mockery of human weakness.”

Emily looked wistfully in his face as he said these words ; he was very grave, but there was a mournful intonation in his voice that reminded her of the evening at Montserrat, when he had confessed to her the existence of a secret sorrow, and she said, almost in a whisper, for the sensations of that miserable time crowded back on her heart :

“ Have you, even you, experienced this ?”

Ere Lonsdale could reply, a gentle knock at

the door was followed by the entrance of Mr. Langley. He tenderly embraced his niece, and then placing her gently on a sofa, seated himself beside her, holding her hands in his, and looking on her with a parental kindness that made her tears flow afresh.

“My poor girl!” said Mr. Langley, “I need not tell you how deeply I feel for you, but I came now to see you whilst Sir Frederick was with you, that he might be able to relieve Lady Lonsdale of any anxiety she might feel regarding your future place of residence. I know that, after myself, your dear mother wished you to seek an adviser and friend in Lady Lonsdale, and I wish Sir Frederick to hear from yourself that you are satisfied to accept of my house as your home. My period of legal guardianship will not now be of long duration—but I wish to be more than a guardian to you, my dear Emily. Will you then adopt me as a parent in the place of those Heaven has taken from you?”

Emily was for some minutes too much affected to reply—there was something truly parental in her uncle’s manner, something too in his

voice that recalled tones of her own dear father, and she remembered her mother's dying wish that she should remain in England with Mr. Langley; but there was also a yearning at her heart to return to the land of her birth, the land of her lost home, where she knew that fond welcomes and reverential greetings would still await her, and that the cloud which had fallen on her destiny would only bring around her more tender smiles to cheer her on her way.

When she raised her tearful eyes she looked at her uncle with an expression of gratitude, and said, in a tone of touching sadness:

"I did not hope that I could yet fill a daughter's place to any one, but if *you* will let me try to do so, I know that my dear parents would wish me to seek no home but yours."

"Then so let it be fixed," exclaimed her uncle; "and now will you grant the first request I make after our engagement? will you go and lie down, my poor girl? for indeed your looks alarm me—your strength has been too severely taxed."

But she looked wistfully at Lonsdale—he seemed the only link left of all she had loved,

and in spite of her uncle's kindness her spirit clung more to Lonsdale than to him : she wished to speak more to him of her great sorrow, she would thus have said, "take me to your mother," but she only murmured in a faint voice :

"Shall I not see you again? I have not been able to receive you as I ought, but another time I might hope to be more calm."

"I shall return in a few days," said Lonsdale, gazing with a sinking heart on the almost dying expression of his once bright and joyous Emily. "I shall probably set out to-morrow too early to see you, but when I return I shall endeavour to get leave of absence for a longer period."

Emily felt he was alluding to her mother's funeral—that he would return for that, and though her lips moved to answer him she could not articulate a word. She rose with an effort from her seat, and placed her hand in his :

"May God be with you to sustain and comfort you," said Lonsdale fervently.

Mr. Langley, who saw that she had scarcely strength to support herself, put his arm round her waist, and led her to her own room.

Sir Frederick did not again see Emily till the day after Mrs. Howard's interment, and then she lay stretched on a sofa, pale and weak, and scarcely able to raise her voice above a whisper.

She was hardly aware of the influence he was acquiring over her thoughts, or how often, as she lay on her sick bed, her mind distracted by sorrowful recollections of her dreaming youth, and anxieties for the future, had found calm and hope in the contemplation of his character. His known afflictions, his self-denial, his betrayal to herself more than once of feelings far more deep than the world gave him credit for, her mother's dying expressions regarding him, all combined not only to create an earnest interest for him in her breast, but to make her look to him as one who could guide her out of the dark valley from which her soul was vainly struggling to escape, and lead her to that promised rest of which he had himself once spoken.

Her mother's funeral over—that last act performed, which completes the triumph of Death over our frail humanity, whilst it commences for many a mourner a new and bitter task instead

of their fond accustomed cares—that solemn rite completed, which had consigned to the dust the mortal frame of the purified spirit, Emily had awoke that morning with the full and chilling consciousness that she was an orphan.

Helen was sitting near her when Lonsdale entered, and remained some time conversing with him on subjects of general interest, in order to afford her an opportunity to recover from the agitation of his first greeting; but when she saw that, after wiping away a few tears, and lying for a little while with her face turned from them both, Emily was again calm, and endeavouring to appear interested in what they said, then Helen, leaving her work and thimble on the table, as if she meant to return, rose and left the room.

“How very good you are,” said Emily, after a little while, “to remain here three days on my account. I cannot express to you how much I feel it, for indeed there is now no one in England, who can console me as you do; and I feel so painfully also, that I must be a burden to you and to every one.”

“A burden!” exclaimed Lonsdale. “How

can you imagine such a thing? Are those we love a burden, when they need us most?"

"I am so weak!" sighed Emily, "I feel as if neither body nor mind could ever rise from their present prostration—a burden to myself, I must be so to others; and even if I were in health, what can I now do for any one?"

"Much, much!" said Lonsdale earnestly; "but I must not tell you of it now; I must wait until the health itself is come."

"Do you know," said Emily, fixing her eyes on him with an expression that seemed to claim his indulgence, "do you know that I feel no wish for health; I dare not pray for death; yet I cannot see, when so many are taken away whose lives are useful, and themselves most precious, why I am left, whom none would miss."

Lonsdale withdrew his gaze from her face as she said these words. How severely, how constantly did she, in her unconsciousness, test his firmness to the utmost! But he now only looked so grave, that Emily feared she had shocked him by her repining tone, and she was

relieved when he raised his eyes, and said, in a voice most musical in its mingled sorrow and tenderness :

“ Yet I am certain you do not mean to question the will of the Almighty, though you may not see His purpose in all that befalls you. I do not wish to fatigue you by entering now too deeply into this subject ; but there is one benefit which frequently results from such sorrows as yours, and makes even the weakest and saddest a blessing to many—a blessing so great, that were it only for this, I think you would no longer marvel why you are left amongst so many fellow-sufferers.”

“ I do not understand you,” said Emily, raising herself on her pillows, and irresistibly attracted by his earnest yet gentle manner.

“ I mean that, not only are afflictions meant to teach us many lessons for our own benefit, but that they enable us ever after to feel a sympathy for others, by which we know how to pour balm into their wounds, in a manner the untried, however compassionate, never can learn. You do not know,” he added, with a smile of

great kindness, "what a blessing you may yet be to some sorrowful spirit, that has been vainly pouring out its complaint to the happy without a word of reply; the words of the mourner can never more sound to you as a dead language."

Emily clasped her hands, and closing her eyes, seemed lost in thought.

"I have been trying to recollect how I felt, long ago, towards those who were less happy than myself; perhaps you are right—perhaps it is only compassion that the untried can bestow, whilst those who have been intimate with sorrow, can give a sympathy that *feels* the very thing it pities. Yes, I have learnt much in a short time."

And she again closed her eyes, and her lips trembled, then she added, with one of those looks that invariably shook Lonsdale's courage, and haunted him when he was absent from her.

"But *you* have never been left so desolate as I am, and yet you seem, indeed, to feel for me; experience then is not always essential to sympathy; there are some hearts so good, so unselfish, that they learn this lesson through their own benevolence."

"Perhaps there may be more resemblance

between our destines than you are aware of," said Lonsdale, "at all events, you know we are told, that—

"To all whoever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing ;"

and although a woman's trials are more severe than a man's, because of her helplessness and her inability to seek a refuge in the business of the world, I know what it is to lose a cherished home, to have my hands tied by the galling cords of poverty, to consign to the tomb those dearer to me than life—"

Lonsdale paused suddenly, for Emily changed colour, and he feared he might be trying her strength too much ; but she said, in a low, earnest voice :

"Pray go on, it does me good to listen to you."

And he continued :

"In all these leading features, our histories have a great resemblance ; but besides those sorrows which are visible to the whole world, most hearts, except those of the very young, have had, at one time or another, a bitterness

of their own, unknown to all save Him to whom their prayers are addressed. This is probably, with many, the secret of a sympathy that surprises even those on whom it is bestowed."

Emily looked at him with great interest as he said this. She felt certain he was alluding to himself, and he unconsciously strengthened her conviction of his having formed an unhappy attachment, for every idea of a secret sorrow was now associated in her mind with her own.

"That is such a sad thought," she said, whilst tears filled her eyes. "The idea of that hidden sorrow would grieve me more for a friend than all the common evils that Heaven could send on one human head; for *that* there seems no comfort, it must eat into the very heart—it must destroy life itself."

Her last words were spoken rapidly, and her voice suddenly failed, for she was now thinking of herself and Courtenay. Lonsdale sighed, he guessed where her thoughts had wandered; but he quickly smothered the repining sensation that rose within him whenever he remembered that she loved one who had deserted her, and his earnest

honest desire was to forget himself, and use all his influence over her to lead her mind into a more healthy condition, or at all events to arouse her energies by inspiring an interest in her fellow-creatures.

“Nay, do not say there is *no* comfort for that peculiar trial, for I am compelled, in very gratitude to Heaven, to contradict you. Its peculiar bitterness brings in fact a corresponding blessing; when no human sympathy, with its tenderness and its caresses, comes between the soul and the Unseen Comforter, *that* communion becomes unspeakably precious; it assumes a reality too often sought in vain, whilst loving words are sounding in the ear, or gentle hands are busy around us, weaving bands with which to fetter the soul to earth. But besides all this, it supplies a key that fits so many hearts, that without prying into the secret of each individual one, the spirit that has thus mourned apart can never again feel towards its fellow-mourners as in its earlier or more sanguine days. To such a one, the languid eye, the wearied voice, the absent air, tell far more than

to one uninitiated into that secret fellowship of sorrow ; they become the signs of a free-masonry which are responded to by silent offices of love and consideration. We thus become ministers of consolation to one another ; and is it not a privilege to be, as it were, the channels by which a higher sympathy than ours is conveyed to many hearts, even the sympathy of Him who bore all our sorrows in His own person ?”

Emily made no reply, but she looked as if she wished to hear more, and Lonsdale after a pause added :

“ You expressed surprise that I should feel so deeply for your present trials, never having been left exactly so helpless and so desolate as you are : will you now believe that the discipline I have myself undergone, enables me only too well to look beyond the mere outline of your position ? there is I know a painful filling up of minute details which a nature like yours can hardly escape. Will you then at least promise me, that whenever you feel inclined to despond because there seems no *human* sympathy at hand, you will remember there *is* one

human friend who prays daily for your welfare?"

"I will, I will," said Emily gratefully. "But whilst you know well how to console, you speak as if there was much more sorrow in the world than I have been accustomed to imagine."

"There *is* much more than people generally allow themselves to believe," answered Lonsdale, "that is, there is far more of a species of sorrow that has nothing to do with hunger, or cold, or sickness; but there is also far more happiness than the world generally is aware of, a happiness with which the stranger doth not intermeddle."

And Lonsdale then proceeded to tell her many details of his own life, leading her unconsciously out of the state of mental lassitude in which he had found her, to feel a lively interest in a history unconnected with her own. He told her that he had well-nigh despaired when his mother and Grace first sailed for Portugal, and described the small lonely lodging in which he had lived ever since that time; yet even that gloomy abode, he said, was become to him a home, associated now with recollections of many

peaceful hours, and almost sacred in his eyes, as the place where he had experienced, more than elsewhere, the comfort of God's presence, because there had been no eye save His alone to look on his "secret throbbings."

"And could you forget your own early home?" asked Emily, her thoughts reverting for a moment to her own. "Could you stifle every regret—is such submission as this possible?"

She would not for worlds have given him pain, he had indeed excited so much interest in his mental history, that she had asked her questions merely from a wish to know every particular; but she had no sooner spoken than she was distressed at the change that came over Lonsdale's countenance.

He drew a long, deep breath as if in sudden pain, grew very pale, and a convulsive movement of the mouth showed how strong had been those affections over which the fortitude of a Christian had triumphed.

"Oh! do not answer me—do not answer me," exclaimed Emily, raising herself and bend-

ing eagerly towards him. "I see—I see; oh! how thoughtless I was, I ought to have known it was not possible—forgive me," and she laid her hand on his, with a pleading look that did not aid him in recovering his composure.

"You must not interpret in that manner an emotion which does not often now get the better of me," he said. "I am glad you asked the question; for although you see that every regret is *not* extinct, that I have *not* forgotten my early home, still I can give you the assurance that I feel now certain I could be happy in another."

"Ah! yes," said Emily, "in another as beautiful!"

"No—I hope," said Lonsdale, sinking his voice, whilst his manly countenance assumed an expression of humility, "I *hope* that my submission goes farther than that—yet it was long before I attained even that; I needed repeated lessons, deep teaching, and perhaps even more may yet be necessary."

He spoke with much hesitation, and Emily

reproached herself for having aroused thoughts that seemed to oppress him so greatly ; but he was saved the effort of renewing the subject by the entrance of Helen, who came to say that Josefa thought her young mistress had conversed almost too long for her strength. Lonsdale instantly rose, and looking with anxiety at Emily, said :

“ I hope I have not done any harm ; I trust you will not suffer in consequence of your kindness in receiving me.”

“ Oh, no,” said Emily, “ you have done me much good ; I feel that you are a skilful physician—I shall not forget all you have said to me to-day.”

The next morning the sunshine was so warm, and everything out of doors looked so gay and inviting, that Lonsdale thought Emily would be invigorated by having her sofa carried into the flower-garden, and proposed this to Helen, who at once approved of the idea. They chose a sheltered spot to which they carried a sofa, beside which they placed a small table, and one or two chairs ; and then Lonsdale remembering how Emily had been brought up in the midst

of flowers, gathered a choice bouquet from the conservatory and laid them on the table.

"This will be a good opportunity for bringing her from the retirement of her own room," said Helen. "I have almost feared she might shut herself up, until joining our circle again would indeed be a painful effort; but this will be a sort of preparation."

"But are you certain she will come?" asked Lonsdale.

"Oh, yes," said Helen, "she is so sweet-tempered, she will not refuse to please us. I shall tell her how nicely we have prepared everything for her, and I shall get papa to go and assist her in coming down stairs; he will carry her if it is necessary." And Helen hurried away full of kindness and zeal.

"She is so sweet-tempered," repeated Lonsdale to himself. "Yes, full of sweetness, a most lovely mind; but what is to become of so much beauty? can it be that it is never destined to win happiness either for herself or another?"

And Lonsdale walked sadly into the library to give time for Emily to come down stairs,

and establish herself in the flower-garden. He had thought only of an earthly happiness as he murmured his short soliloquy ; but even before he seated himself in the quiet library, a better thought had taken its place—a higher hope filled his mind for that beloved being, and for her as well as for himself, he looked beyond the narrow limits of this life with its illusions and its regrets.

After he had sat for some time buried in thought, he saw the object of his solicitude carried into the flower-garden by her uncle, and tenderly placed on the sofa. He saw her smile with a sweet but sad expression, as Mr. Langley and Helen wrapped cloaks around her, and arranged the pillows so as to support her head. He then saw her raise the flowers he had gathered for her, and speak to Helen as she admired them ; and Helen, as he guessed, told her who had put them there. Then her aunt, with the two other cousins, came out to greet her on this her first effort to appear again among them, and Lonsdale saw with pain that, after a time, Emily lay back, as if wearied, on her couch ; and he feared she would be too

much exhausted by so many voices to allow of his being so long with her as he had hoped. But Jane and Isabella Langley were soon tired of the topics their father had introduced, as best suited for Emily, and one after the other glided away, under the pretence of looking at some shrub, or gathering some flower. Their mother soon followed them, and then Mr. Langley came into the library, and said :

“ Poor Emily has borne this better than I had hoped. Helen says that you may go to her in a few minutes, when she has had a short interval of silence and rest.”

Emily held out her hand with affectionate eagerness, as he approached, and greeted him with more than her usual kindness of manner.

“ This is your plan, I understand. How kind you are to think of me ! and Helen says you brought me these flowers, though they are so tastefully selected, that I had already declared they were gathered by a woman’s hand.”

How sweetly did her voice sound in his ear—how angelic was her look, as she endeavoured

to smile in gratitude for all his care! He was scarcely conscious that he pressed her hand in his, more tenderly than usual, as he replied:

"Did you think the hand of a man unworthy to meddle with such bright things?"

"No—not unworthy" said Emily, "but unaccustomed. At least, I did not dream of your condescending to think of such things; but I ought to have remembered that Grace told me you were perfect in every art that can minister kindness?"

"Dear Grace is a very partial judge," said Lonsdale; "but were she here now, she would tell you, that no girl delights more in flowers than I do, therefore I have not much *merit* in selecting the most beautiful."

Two hours of that bright day passed rapidly, whilst Lonsdale alternately read aloud to Emily and Helen, or closing the book the latter placed in his hand, conversed with them on subjects suggested by its contents. Helen did not leave them, for both Emily and Lonsdale were beginning to read her fine character,

and her presence was not felt by either to be a restraint.

Next day the weather was still warm and inviting, and Emily was able to spend even a longer time on her sofa in the garden. But this was to be Lonsdale's last day at Langley Court, and even Emily was more sad in consequence; whilst he, who felt that she was becoming every hour more dear to him, could scarcely endure to think of the agony she must yet go through, when restored to all the ceremonial of life, and thoroughly awakened to her own orphan state, no longer sheltered by her mother's sympathy, and deprived of all that had formed the beauty of her external life, in the midst of which she had breathed, as if herself the very spirit of beauty and harmony.

A very short acquaintance with the circle at Langley Court, had shown him how much there was in the life pursued there, that must fall like a chill on a spirit like Emily's, and grate painfully against all the habits in which she had been trained from her birth; and though he saw that all would treat her with kindness, and

that two of the family felt as deeply for her as he could desire, they had not seen her as he had ; they could not contrast her present lot with that from which she had been so suddenly divided, and Lonsdale's yearning heart could not be satisfied in leaving her even to the tender care of the gentle Helen, or the warm and generous protection of Mr. Langley.

There were many pauses that day in their conversation, and Lonsdale did not offer to read aloud. Various members of the family also joined them from time to time ; and Emily, as well as Lonsdale, felt that the preceding day had passed more rapidly, yet though the moments seemed heavy, she regretted each hour as it went by, and acknowledged to herself, that could she keep Lonsdale near her, could she have so wise a guide, so tender a friend ever at her side, her life even in England would not be altogether desolate. Occasionally, when left alone for a little, he exerted himself to urge her not to yield to listlessness of mind, and recalled to her remembrance the example of her own mother, who, though severely

afflicted, had always led a life of active duty.

"I trust," he said, bending his head near her couch, and speaking in a tone of earnest pleading, "I trust you do not misunderstand me in this. I trust you do not think me severe. I only feel such great solicitude for your happiness, and your welfare in every way."

"I could never think *you* severe," said Emily, with eyes full of tears. "At least, not now, that I know you so well; and when you place before me that dear example, how can I think you anything but most kind? But, alas! what active duties can I perform? Heaven has taken from me my duties."

"Not so," said Lonsdale; "Heaven will give you fresh duties. When health and strength return to you, they will rise in your path, even though you may not seek them."

"When health and strength return!" repeated Emily, mournfully; "and if these never return, which, indeed, I sometimes think—"

She hesitated and paused, struck by the

expression of suffering that passed across his face. Her words had, indeed, inflicted a pang; for more than once a dread had entered his soul that she might pine away under the fever of her regrets and die; but he now struggled with that fear, and said, as he fixed his eyes earnestly on hers:

“There is a duty that may be performed even on a sick-bed. There are prayers to be offered up; and, in your case, there is one sacred duty, which may yet give an interest even to your daily life.”

“What is that?” asked Emily.

“The endeavour to attain all that peace of mind, as a Christian, which your mother so earnestly desired for you.”

Emily’s eyes fell beneath his earnest gaze, and turning away her head in silence, tears flowed down her pale cheeks.

It was settled that Sir Frederick should take leave of Emily in the evening, in her own sitting-room, and no one was present at that interview, which deeply agitated both, though moved by very different feelings.

She made no effort to resist the despondency that took possession of her ; she had tried in the kindness of her affectionate nature to appear calm, and even interested in external things, to please those who were so solicitous about herself ; but the effort had been very great, and she now sank in a corresponding degree, after the excitement was over. She had scarcely analyzed her feelings towards Lonsdale himself, but she felt most vividly that there was a charm in his friendship, such as nothing else, now left her, could supply ; and when he came to bid her farewell, she could not restrain her tears.

“ Will you allow me to write to you ? ” said Lonsdale, after he had vainly endeavoured to speak of hope and a cheerful future, whilst in his own heart there seemed no place for hope, and everything on this side the grave was overshadowed by a heavy cloud. “ Will you allow me to write to you when your health is better ? and I shall then be more able to advise you than now, when, indeed, I am myself too melancholy about you to say much that can be cheering.”

“Oh, do not wait until I am better,” said Emily, “that might be far too long; if you could know how I shall miss you, you would write very soon.”

He rose to say farewell; he held her hands firmly in his; he blessed her in low and broken words; and then, with a deep sigh, left the room.

CHAPTER VI.

“There passed a weary time.”

COLERIDGE.

“At last that heart to hope is half beguiled.”

CAMPBELL.

THE twelve months that immediately succeeded Mrs. Howard's death were not marked by any event of importance in Emily's life, though during all that time, her spirit had endured a martyrdom, of which those with whom she lived had no suspicion, and of which she never permitted herself to complain.

On her first arrival in England, Emily had greatly admired the scenery of Langley Court—

the extensive woods, the green slopes, the quiet lake, the small, silvery stream, the rich shrubberies, and well-kept gardens, all formed a picture so new and so satisfying to her tasteful eye, that she thought she now understood all she had ever heard or read in praise of the homes of England !

But when weeks and months passed away, and she found that all this beauty was supposed sufficient to supply what the heart demands of interest, that the seclusion from society which she had at first found such a relief, was, in fact an exclusion of all connected with the outward world which can rouse the energies, or that claims the sympathies of our nature, then Emily, wearied of her daily walk over the soft, well-cut turf, and all the habits of her youth, rebelled against the established rules of her present home.

Her uncle was a popular man in his neighbourhood, but an annual interchange of visits, with a few state dinners, comprised all of society which his family enjoyed when in the country. He was, also, a most indulgent parent, but he

had certain ideas with regard to etiquette and female propriety, which had frequently interfered with the plans of the younger part of his family; and one of the rules to which he attached the greatest importance, was, that the girls should never walk, unattended, beyond his own grounds, not even to the village, which was a mile and a half from the gate of the park.

To Isabella and Jane, who had perfect liberty to go where they pleased on horseback, under the escort of a servant, this particular restriction did not much signify; but to Helen, who wished to *know* the poor amongst whom she lived, it had been a source of great disappointment, whilst Emily who, from mere sickness of mind, often longed for more of freedom, accepted this restraint as one of the disagreeable features of domestic life in England.

Helen, whose views of life and its real interests had all been altered by her intercourse with Mr. Hervey, the friend of Lonsdale, often sighed for more of liberty; but she had never known any other home, and imagining that the sort of existence which formed the subject of

many a day-dream, was, in fact, denied to almost every girl in her position, she submitted to it as a necessary evil, with as much of patient sweetness as she did to the constant accusations of eccentricity and sentimentalism, her mother and sisters had acquired a habit of addressing to her. She could form, therefore, no estimate of the extent of suffering imposed on Emily by the monotony of their life, for, although the latter always answered inquiries as to the manners and customs of the land of her birth, she invariably turned the conversation from anything that might have led to a description of her own position or enjoyments there; and tenderly attached as the two cousins soon became, there existed during many months a reserve between them, which each felt in the other, yet was unconscious of in herself.

The first time Emily betrayed anything like impatience at the change in her destiny, was one gloomy morning in November, the first November she had passed in England, when she and Helen were sitting together engaged in drawing. Emily suddenly threw down her pencil, and leaning back in her chair, she said:

"Do all people in England live exactly as you do, Helen?"

Helen looked up for a moment and coloured slightly, then asked in a low voice:

"How do you mean, my dear Emily? is there anything peculiar in our way of living?"

"I do not know," said her cousin, "that is what I wished to learn; it is very different from anything I have ever seen, but then I am no judge; I am, in fact, a foreigner."

"I should like to understand how you lived in Portugal," said Helen; "what is it that you find so different in our habits?"

"Everything!" said Emily, with a heavy sigh. "Yet I feel that I could not explain this. When I think of particular things, it seems much the same here and there; but the result is very different. You seem, here, never to depart from the daily routine of drawing, copying music, embroidering, walking out, and reading."

And here she, with difficulty, suppressed a yawn.

"And did you not do all these things in your foreign home?" asked Helen.

"Yes, but they were not the chief interests in life; they were not the *business* of the day."

Emily paused abruptly, and leaning her elbows on the table, she rested her head on her hands, and fixed a melancholy look on her drawing.

"What, then, was the business of life with you?" asked Helen after a short silence.

"I scarcely know," said Emily. "I never thought of it until lately; but the people there seem to cling more to one another than they do here; there was always some person or another about whom we were much interested; I think we lived more *out of ourselves* than you do; our enjoyments were more sociable and more natural; but I cannot explain what I mean, and, perhaps, I ought not to try."

"Oh, I think I understand you," said Helen. "How much you must feel the change!" and Helen now laid down her pencil also, and sighed.

"Poor Josefa declares it is our religion makes all the difference," said Emily with a faint smile, "she says the people have no holy

"ALL THE TIME THE BEST OF A VERY UNDESIRABLE
 SERVICE, AND THE ONLY ONE WHICH I CAN DO IF
 THE OCCASION REQUIRES."

"VERY FEELING, AND I HOPE IT SHALL BE USEFUL,"
 said Emily. "AS I THINK WE MUST PROCEEDLY AND
 THE FUTURE DEPENDS UPON IT. AND I KNOW
 I HAVE OBLIGED YOU VERY MUCH SINCE YOU HAVE
 BEEN SO KIND AS TO LET ME SEE THAT THERE ARE PROBABLY IN
 ENGLAND SOME PEOPLE WHO WOULD AS I SUPPOSE
 BE VERY GLAD."

"VERY GLAD YOU WOULD BE SO KIND AS TO
 WRITE ME A LINE."

"I THINK MYSELF VERY WELL AS TO THAT. I DO
 NOT LIKE TO HESITATE TO SEND ANY OF MY ATTEMPTS
 INTO THE WORLD, BUT IT IS HARD TO SAY TO BE
 ENGAGED TO A JOURNALS IN WHICH YOU HAVE
 NOT BEEN MENTIONED."

"DO NOT THINK OF ME," said Emily;
 "DEARLY I DO NOT DESERVE A MENTION. I HAVE
 BEEN MENTIONED IN A LIFE IN WHICH EACH YEAR
 PASSED THEY WOULD BE THE ONE BEFORE IT, AND, I
 SUPPOSE ENGLAND HAS SOME ADVANTAGES TO MAKE
 UP FOR—"

SHE PASSED AND TEARS FILLED HER EYES; SHE

tried to force them back, but they made their way, and rolled slowly over her cheeks.

"Perhaps you feel very much the difference of climate," said Helen, in a low, compassionate voice.

Emily cast a glance at the dull, leaden sky, then tried to smile, and said :

"It may be the climate which makes everything in England so solemn ; but it seems as if life had no soul. Even the poor seem removed to such a distance from us. I miss their friendship, their kind looks, their blessings, their touching salutation of 'God be with you,' which, in Portugal, the poorest beggar addresses to the richest noble."

Emily spoke with enthusiasm, and her face glowed with emotion. Helen had never seen her thus excited before—had never heard her speak thus of all she missed in England, and she looked at her in surprise for some minutes without reply. At length she said :

"I wish Sir Frederick Lonsdale were here, Emily, for he could defend poor England better than I can ; he could tell you that, even in England, life possesses that soul of which you

“speak ; but I can only tell you that I have heard of it, and dreamt of it ; I feel as much as you do that it is not here.”

“But Sir Frederick never has told me this,” said Emily, “it was my thinking of him that made me ask you if all persons lived as we do here. He speaks to me of duties and of services to be rendered to others, but I do not see them.”

“I believe he does not like to speak of his own lost home and early life,” said Helen ; “but if you were to ask him what you have asked me, he would, perhaps, describe to you how he and his sisters lived at Lonsdale Priory.”

“But I would not ask him if it were to give him pain,” said Emily. “Could you not tell me about it now, without waiting for him ? How is it you know so much of Sir Frederick, Helen ? I have heard you, more than once, speak as if you had known him long ago.”

Helen’s cheeks were now dyed with a crimson blush ; she tried to speak, then hesitated, and after one or two ineffectual attempts, rose from her seat and went to the window. Emily looked at her with a sensation of even painful surprise ;

she could not have defined the impression made on her ; but she felt more lonely than she had done ten minutes before ; she had fancied that, in that house at least, Lonsdale had no deeper interest than herself, and now Helen's agitation suggested a very different thought. But Helen quickly recovered herself, and, turning round, she met Emily's expressive look.

"No, Emily, no ; you are wrong," said Helen, going up to her, and passing her arm round her neck, so as to conceal her own face, as she stood beside her. "I never saw Sir Frederick until he came here to see you, but I have heard a great deal of him from his dearest friend. You have never yet seen Mr. Hervey when he came here, or you might have heard him speak of all the Lonsdales."

"Mr. Hervey, the clergyman ?" asked Emily, trying to look into Helen's face. "What sort of person is he ? I have had a sort of dread of him, from all your mother says of him."

There was no answer for a few seconds, and then Helen sat down, looking now perfectly calm, but with an unusually earnest expression

in her fine eyes, and a burning spot on each cheek, and Emily read her secret.

"The next time Mr. Hervey comes," said Helen, "you must see him, and you will never dread him again. He was once curate in this parish, but now he lives ten miles away, and can very seldom come here; his whole time is occupied by those *duties and services* of which Sir Frederick speaks so much; and mamma thinks him too strict, but you would find him as gentle as Sir Frederick himself."

"And how came they to be such dear friends?" asked Emily. "They seem never to meet now."

"Oh, yes, they do. Mr. Hervey came one morning, when Sir Frederick was here in spring, and he always sees him when business takes him to London; in fact, he lodges with him there. They were at college together, and became bosom friends; and Sir Frederick always hoped that Mr. Hervey would one day have the living attached to Lonsdale Priory. But that was in the days of his own prosperity."

Emily sat tracing figures with her pencil in an absent manner. She had felt instinctively that Helen would prefer not being looked at whilst she spoke of Mr. Hervey, but now her thoughts were wandering in another land.

"Mr. Hervey, then, knew my beloved Grace and her mother?" she asked, after a time.

"Oh, yes," said Helen; he used to pass some weeks every year at Lonsdale Priory; and he went to London to be with them all, when the other two poor girls died. He has often told me of these sad scenes, and of Sir Frederick's agony at losing his sisters."

"I must, indeed, see this Mr. Hervey," said Emily, rising, and tenderly kissing her cousin, as she passed her. "I feel already an interest in him, and am quite certain I shall like him."

From the period of this conversation, the two girls felt as if a new tie bound them together. They understood each other better than they did before; and Emily now saw why it was that Helen, with her fine mind, yet went through all

the common details of her monotonous life, as if she had no higher desires. She saw that there was in this a sacred duty that nourished the soul that submitted to it; and she also saw that her cousin had a secret hope—a deep affection that could never leave her companionless.

At Christmas, Lonsdale came again to Langley Court; and in addition to his visit, there occurred at that time an event in Helen's life that brought a glad smile even to Emily's lips, and gave her a new interest, which restored, from that period, some of her natural cheerfulness. Lonsdale had succeeded in procuring, through a friend, the presentation to Mr. Hervey of the now vacant living at Lonsdale Priory. This was soon followed by Mr. Langley's consent to the long-suspected attachment between him and Helen; and on Christmas-Eve, Lonsdale and his friend arrived together to pass a week in the house, that contained the two beings dearest to both on earth.

Those days were like a renewal of youth and hope to Emily; but, like all seasons, whether of

jow or sorrow, they came to an end, and her heart sank as she thought of returning to the monotonous routine they had interrupted.

"I shall miss you so much," she said, her eyes filling with tears, as Lonsdale spoke of his departure, the day before he left Langley Court; "and I cannot follow one bit of your advice. I have tried, but there is nothing for me to do here, except to be patient."

"But if you succeed in that, you will have done no small thing, under your circumstances," said Lonsdale kindly. "That seems at present the task Heaven has appointed you."

"Then, you must not tell me of higher and better things," said Emily, shaking her head sadly; "for they inspire wishes that make the task more difficult."

"Yet these wishes must not be stifled," answered Lonsdale; "they may lead you to thoughts that may yet be a blessing to yourself and others. But how is it that you always force me into the prosy character of an adviser?" he added, smiling. "I fear you will

begin to look on me with more of dread than of friendship, and associate my name only with *hard speeches*."

"That is the very first hard speech you have ever made me," said Emily, fixing her eyes on his with a reproachful look. "I associate your name with all that is good and noble, and besides that, I always listen to your advice as if to the voice of my dear, dear mother, who told me you could teach me all my duty."

Helen Langley was married early in May, and on the first day of June her family left Langley Court to pass two months in London. Lady Lonsdale and her daughter were already there, and it had been settled before they left Lisbon that Emily was to pass some weeks with them; indeed, Lady Lonsdale had written to Mr. Langley that he must allow her to share with him the society of his niece, who had been almost consigned to her care by her dying mother.

An unlooked-for improvement had taken place in the fortunes of the Lonsdales, by the death of a grand-uncle of Lady Lonsdale's, who had never shown her any kindness during his life, but left her at his death the sum of sixty thousand pounds. By this means, they were relieved from all pecuniary cares on their return to England ; and Lady Lonsdale only sighed to think that had this inheritance come a few years earlier it might have saved her son's property, or at least have permitted him to continue in the army.

But Sir Frederick smiled at her affectionate regrets, and said :

“ No, mother, no, it is all for the best ; it might have led us only to make a struggle for what could not with prudence be kept.”

And neither she nor Grace imagined, that it was in fact to him this change of fortune made the greatest difference ; his habits remained simple as before ; he would not accept the sum his mother wished to force on him during her life-time, and he never spoke of giving up the employment which still gave him a feeling of independence ; but with sensations of rapture

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It was a beautiful evening when Emily arrived in London; and when she found herself seated between Lady Lonsdale and Grace, each holding one of her hands, whilst Sir Frederick stood fondly looking at the group, the recollection of old times rushed over her, and her eyes filled with tears even whilst a smile played on her lips; but she now felt that happiness existed

even yet for her, and that here there was a home that could realize even her brightest ideas of what a home should be.

Thoughts of her mother would sometimes check her happier feelings ; but she felt she was now with those with whom that mother had wished her to be, and she would not call the happy spirit back from its abode of peace, though she missed her so greatly on that bright evening when hope and joy seemed again smiling on her path.

With cheerful pride Josefa dressed her young mistress that day for dinner, and as she saw her leave her room to rejoin her friends with a bright colour in her cheeks such as she had not seen there for many a day, she blessed in her heart those who had known her darling in her own land, and who still loved her so fondly ; for it was always a sore subject with Josefa that no one in the proud cold country she only endured for Emily's sake, knew, " how like a queen her young lady had lived before the will of Heaven had made her poor ; not even Miss Helen," she would complain, " knows what a change is come to you," and she never

could reconcile herself to Emily's reply, "What does it signify, dear Josefa? we could never make them understand, how beautiful life is in that dear Portugal of ours."

Sir Frederick met her as she left the room. She had been pale from fatigue and emotion on her first arrival, and the dark travelling dress and close bonnet had prevented his seeing much of her face or figure; but he now perceived for the first time that she had laid aside her mourning, which Helen had persuaded her to do at her marriage; and she stood before him once more arrayed in white, so like the Emily he had loved three years before at Cintra, that he could scarcely collect his thoughts sufficiently to answer her as she addressed him.

She held in her hand a choice bouquet of hot-house flowers, and in her hair Josefa had placed a beautiful moss-rose which she had found by itself in a delicately-shaped glass on her toilet-table. All the flowers had been brought, his mother said, by Sir Frederick, who had walked on purpose to a favourite nursery-garden to fetch them.

"I did not require to ask *this* time," she

said, with enchanting sweetness, "who had selected these lovely flowers; I guessed, even before your mother told me, that they came from you. I have not forgotten the first you ever gathered for me, nor the occasion," she added in a lower tone.

Lonsdale looked at the soft white hand that held his gift, and drawing the other within his arm he led her down stairs, saying:

"When I first knew you, you lived in the midst of flowers, and they seemed a part of yourself and your home; I always think of you as associated with bright blossoms, and all that is beautiful and innocent."

It was morning before that little party separated to seek repose, and only once during the happy evening had their enjoyment been interrupted by a momentary anxiety. Emily had avoided asking about the Courtenays until they were seated round the tea-table, and then she inquired if Inez was as beautiful as ever.

"You will soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself," said Lady Lonsdale, "for they

talked of coming to England by the packet that will arrive in a day or two."

"Coming to England," exclaimed Emily, and a sensation of faintness blanched for a moment her cheeks and lips. "Arthur did not mention this in his last letter," she added, hastily recovering herself with an effort; "surely this is a sudden resolution."

"It is rather sudden," said Lady Lonsdale, "indeed it was entirely Mrs. Courtenay's doing, and was only fixed the day before we left Lisbon. You could not have heard it unless you got a letter by the vessel we came in."

"No, I did not hear by that mail," said Emily. "It is three weeks since I heard, and Arthur wrote rather hurriedly."

She longed to ask if he looked happy. She wished Lady Lonsdale or Grace would speak of him and Inez, and tell her all she wished to know of their life, for Courtenay's letters had of late been singularly uncommunicative; but the Lonsdales had nothing to tell that could give her pleasure, and she was alarmed, and even shocked, to find that the sudden announcement of their

intended coming had made her tremble so violently, that she could not even steady her voice for a few moments.

As soon as she felt she could speak again, she said :

“I wonder how Inez will like England. She has never been here for more than a few days ; but Arthur must wish his wife to be fond of his native country.”

“Mrs. Courtenay cannot fail to succeed in any society,” said Lady Lonsdale ; “I should think she will create quite a sensation here.”

Emily looked surprised ; she fancied she detected a tone of sarcasm in Lady Lonsdale’s usually quiet voice, and this was not the sort of answer to her own simple words she could have anticipated from her. But she asked no more questions, and the rest of the evening passed in cheerful conversation, enlivened by many gay details given by Grace of her last winter in Lisbon.

“What do you say to England now ?” asked Lonsdale, the second day of Emily’s visit, as he drew up his horse alongside his mother’s carriage, and looked smilingly at the beautiful face

which had already excited the admiration of every lounge in the Park, and given him the trouble of answering a dozen times the same inquiry of "Who is that lovely girl with Lady Lonsdale and your sister?"

The animation of the scene, the beauty of the equipages, the elegance of the women, and the various groups of equestrians, with their well-trained steeds, all had presented to Emily a spectacle so novel and amusing, that her natural gaiety seemed completely restored, and her light musical laugh had greeted Lonsdale's ear the very moment before he addressed her.

"Are you prepared to retract all you have been *thinking* against us for the last year?" he added, as she turned at his well-known voice.

"How do you know what I have been thinking?" she asked. "I never told you that I thought your beloved England dull and cold."

"No," said Lonsdale, "but you are a very bad dissembler. I read your thoughts, when you used to listen so patiently to my assurances that even in England life had its happy hours, and its *gay scenes* besides."

"And was this the life," asked Emily archly,

as she cast a glance around her, "was this the life of which you used to discourse so gravely, and which was so fitted to satisfy the heart?"

It was long since he had seen that merry smile, and Lonsdale gazed at her with an undisguised admiration, that made his mother and sister exchange a glance of intelligence, while Emily herself was embarrassed by a consciousness that she was blushing. It was with an effort she raised her eyes again to his, and laughingly added :

"I little dreamt that it was for a life like this, you wished so carefully to prepare me."

"Nor was it so," he answered; "and yet I am glad you should see all this, just because it will *not* satisfy you. But there is a life *within* all this outside glitter which will suit you better; and as to the *country* life of England, I consign you to the instructions of Grace, who can prattle about it more eloquently than almost any one I ever heard, and who understands it too most thoroughly."

"Ah! poor Frederick," said Grace, as her brother turned away to speak to a friend, "he

"YES, YET TO THE DEGREE THAT SHEETS ALWAYS
SEEM TO BE DRAWN OUT OF A LONELY CHAMBER,
AND THE THOUGHT OF THE AGE WHICH IS FULL OF
KINDNESS TO HIM."

"AN EASY WORK IS POSSIBLE HIM TO BE
THAT," SAID EMILY. "THE SURELY THIS WILL BE A
FINE THING."

"IT IS A THING IN THE DEGREE," SAID GRACE;
"HE TOLD ME THIS MORNING IN THE CHAMBER AND
SHEET TO THE DEGREE. HE CALLED HIMSELF
WITH HIM HIMSELF AND YET SAID HE WAS GOING
THROUGH THE PAIR I WOULD GIVE HIM."

"AND YET HOW EASY IN IT," SAID EMILY,
"HE SEEMS ALWAYS SO FULL OF KINDNESS AND
GIVING THE OTHER. THE ONE THINGS HE HAS
SUCH A THING HIMSELF."

On the first morning after her arrival in Lon-
don, Emily sat reading about in the drawing-room
to Grace who was busy at her embroidery-frame,
when the door opened and the servant an-
nounced Mr. Courtenay. The book fell to the
ground and she started from her seat; a sen-
sation of surprise seized her for a moment, but
she immediately recovered a few steps, and hold-

ing out her hands, pronounced his name. She remembered afterwards that he had pressed his lips on her forehead, but she was again trembling as she had done when the Lonsdales told her he was coming, and it was not till he had shaken hands with Grace, and taken a seat on the sofa beside herself, that she recovered her composure sufficiently to express her pleasure at seeing him.

But he seemed in no way surprised at her emotion. He was himself agitated; her mother had been in his thoughts from the moment he had set out to see, for the first time since her death, her orphan girl; and as he took his place in his old familiar way by her side, he made no attempt to conceal what was passing within him. And it was fortunate for Emily that it was so, for he had no sooner taken her hand, saying, with the deepest feeling: "My poor Emily, my darling girl, how much I have thought of you since we parted," than she allowed her tears to flow freely, and returning his affectionate pressure, she wept for a few moments in silence. Those tears were an indescribable relief, and she felt thankful, as she

dried them away, for the tender words that had called them forth.

And now their meeting was over ; and Emily, after that first emotion, was surprised to find herself so calm. She had *hoped* her victory was complete ; but it seemed as if that meeting had been needed to convince her that it was so ; and as she looked in Courtenay's face, it was difficult for her to believe she had ever felt for him an affection deeper than that he now inspired. Not only was there no lingering *wish*, there was not even a *regret*, and Emily was glad to feel that he loved her as a sister, and that she was nothing more to him.

"My dear Arthur," she said, placing her hand kindly on his arm, "I have given you a poor reception ; but you can understand how many recollections overcame me on seeing you. We have much to talk of, but now you must first of all tell me about Inez."

There was no proud smile on his lips, no tone of joy in his voice, as he answered, and Emily was surprised at the gravity with which he said :

"She is well, and it was to take you to her

I came here so early. Will you walk with me to the hotel?"

Emily at once assented, and after conversing with him for some time, she rose to prepare for her walk. Courtenay's seriousness had made her feel an awkwardness in again introducing the name of Inez, and yet it was of her and of their mutual plans and interests that she felt it would have been most natural for them to converse, so that she was glad when, after answering a few of her inquiries about her friends in Lisbon, he asked her to put on her bonnet, saying:

"Inez may imagine we are not coming, and may go out."

Emily felt that Courtenay was under a restraint in speaking of his wife, and she scarcely liked to ask herself what could be the cause of it; but when they had left the house together, he seemed to feel more at ease. Perhaps it was that she could no longer look into his eyes; and as he drew her arm within his, he began to tell her, rather rapidly, how very sudden had been their resolution to come to England.

"It was all Inez's doing," he said; "we had

spoken of a journey into Spain in the autumn, but she took quite a longing to pass a season in London, and as a large party of friends in Lisbon were coming also, we decided to come together."

"A large party from Lisbon?" exclaimed Emily. "Who are they, my dear Arthur?"

Courtenay hesitated, then hurriedly named, "The Almeidas, the Albuquerque and Francisco de Barros."

Emily repeated the name of De Barros in a tone of astonishment, and the next moment regretted having done so, when, on casting a look at Courtenay, she saw a deep flush gather on his cheek. But he almost immediately said, as if in reply to the thoughts she had not spoken:

"You know we could not avoid meeting De Barros at the house of the Comde de Lima, and as we are so nearly connected, it was better to be friends."

She remembered Francisco's vow of revenge, and her heart was full of a nameless dread; but she could only say in a low voice:

"It is always better to be friends."

And Courtenay went on to say, with great earnestness :

"I hope you will come often to see us ; it would be a great comfort to me, if you could manage to be with Inez as much as possible."

He seemed quite unconscious of the strangeness of his words, and Emily answered kindly :

"I shall always be happy to be with you and your wife, dear Arthur."

On reaching the hotel where Inez was staying, Emily was for an instant bewildered by hearing a hum of Portuguese voices ; the language of her childhood, of her nursery, of the land of her birth, fell so unexpectedly on her ear, that she looked around her in astonishment ; but she had not advanced above a few paces into the room, when Inez, embracing her, said, with a gay laugh :

"Dear Emily, how surprised you look ; you are only among old friends, who have been longing to see you."

Inez had lost nothing of her beauty, and she received Emily with the graceful cordiality which always made her so captivating ; leading her up

to her guests, who had been well acquainted with her and her mother in Lisbon, and exclaiming in her own caressing manner :

“How well she looks ; it is evident this English climate agrees with her. Why that complexion is sufficient to make even a Spanish beauty die of envy.”

And Inez again threw her arms round Emily, and kissed her, saying :

“How glad I am to see you once more !”

She was warmly greeted by all the friends amongst whom she found herself in such an unlooked-for manner, but the last who advanced towards her was De Barros. There was a peculiar smile on his lip, and a significant expression in his eye, as he went through the complimentary salutation usual in his country, and Emily felt inclined to shrink from him now even more than she had done at their last memorable meeting. Yet there was nothing in his manner that could offend her. It was full of the gentle courtesy for which all of his nation are remarkable, and she tried to persuade herself that his presence there was a most natural occurrence.

A lively conversation followed, in which Inez

herself took the most prominent part, and Emily had now an opportunity to observe both her and Courtenay. She had not seen Inez address her husband since his entrance, and she remarked that her eyes were scarcely ever turned towards him, whilst his, on the contrary, were fixed on her whenever she spoke, with a look of mingled anxiety and sadness. When every one else laughed at her gay sallies, he scarcely even smiled, and he spoke very little himself; his thoughts did not appear to wander, and yet they seemed engaged with more in the present scene than met the ear or eye of any other person there. From him Emily turned to De Barros. He was gazing at Inez, and Emily grew heart-sick as she saw that both his look and manner expressed the most passionate devotion for her he had sworn to hate, and that their eyes constantly met, whilst Inez exerted all her powers to amuse and dazzle her hearers.

Once Emily saw that Courtenay followed his wife's glance, and caught the expressive gaze of De Barros. An angry flush darkened his fine features, and looking again at Inez, his lip curled

with a scorn Emily had never seen on that lip before. At that moment, she could have wished in her heart that she had never seen him again. She understood it all ; his dream was over, and he was unhappy, whilst even she, or a hundred as devoted as she, could do nothing to console him. But she understood not yet all that was passing before her. She was too innocent, too inexperienced, to guess the depth of villainy to which revenge can lead a man, unrestrained by any principle ; but she saw that Inez was still the slave of her inordinate vanity ; that De Barros was leading her on a dangerous course, and that Arthur was already but a secondary object in the regard of her whom he had so fondly worshipped.

One by one the party, who were all living in the same hotel, separated to seek their various amusements, and Emily was left alone with the Courtenays. She felt nervous and depressed, but Arthur seemed to breathe more freely when they were gone, and coming up to his wife with something of his former manner, he said :

“ I was telling Emily, as we came here, Inez

that we hoped we should see a great deal of her ; she owes us some amends for her former refusal to come to us."

Inez smiled one of her sweetest smiles as she replied :

"Yes, indeed, Emily, I hope the Lonsdales do not dream of monopolising you entirely. I believe London is as new to you as to me, and we shall enjoy ourselves together."

"Could you not come to stay with us here a little while?" asked Courtenay. "There is an unoccupied room connected with this suite of apartments."

Emily saw that Inez cast down her eyes at these words, and appeared to be occupied with the clasp of her bracelet, and she answered in haste :

"Oh, no, I thank you ; I could not leave Lady Lonsdale so soon, but I hope to see a great deal of you nevertheless. I can pass any morning with Inez when she is inclined for my society."

Inez looked up from her bracelet.

"That will be very often, my dear Emily ; and I hope you will also spare us an evening occa-

sionally—to-morrow, for instance, when we are to have some friends with us.”

Emily assented, and nearly an hour elapsed in conversation, whilst every moment she grew more and more surprised at all she saw in those two whom she had pictured to herself so different. She could not have expressed in words what it was that dissatisfied her, yet was she certain things were not as they ought to be. She remembered the impassioned love of both Courtenay and Inez, his boundless admiration of her charms, her equally boundless veneration of his more lofty qualities ; and now where were the traces in the husband or wife of the deep feelings in which the lovers had gloried ? Courtenay, it is true, looked at Inez with an interest that made Emily sigh, for though it seemed still to acknowledge her fascination, it expressed even more of regret than of admiration. But the change in Inez was still more difficult to understand ; she spoke cheerfully and kindly to her husband ; but, when not opposed in any wish, Inez was always good-humoured, and anxious to please, and, satisfied that Courtenay admired her more than all the women he had

ever seen, he appeared to engage her attention no more than any other person whose admiration she thought worth having.

“Do you find Inez at all changed?” asked Courtenay suddenly.

Emily started; she felt as if he had read her thoughts, and her answer in the negative was pronounced in so low a voice, that Inez came to her assistance, and laughing heartily, said :

“Poor Emily ! she does not like to confess that I have got a horrid, matronly look ; you ought not to ask such indiscreet questions, Arthur ; and, to punish you, I shall carry off Emily. I shall show her my *trousseau*, or, at least, what remains of it, and then we shall take a drive.”

But it was evident Inez had only wished to escape from the drawing-room, for she threw herself listlessly into an easy chair when she had displayed the dress in which she was married, and had opened a large casket of jewels that stood on her dressing-table ; and Emily, who admired all that was beautiful, whether it be-

longed to herself or to another, silently examined the glittering ornaments that were placed before her. She could not speak, for her heart was full of anxiety ; but she raised them one by one, and when she had seen them all, she put each in its own place, and, closing the casket, turned towards Inez.

The latter had been watching her with some curiosity ; she felt that she never understood what passed in Emily's mind ; her own supplied her with no key to a character so pure and artless ; and now, when Emily sitting down beside her, asked, with an air of earnest simplicity : " Are you *very* happy, Inez ?" she was so much startled, that she could not answer her for a few seconds, and Emily looked at her with that expression of anxiety which Inez had already objected to in Lisbon.

" What a strange girl you are !" she said, recovering herself, though colouring slightly. " No one but yourself would ask that question. Of course, I am happy ; as happy as any one is in this troublesome world."

" But you ought to be much happier than

most people in this world," said Emily, trying not to speak gravely. "It is not every young wife who can boast of so much beauty and wealth, or of such an adoring husband."

"Beauty, wealth, an adoring husband," repeated Inez in a low voice, as if musing on the words. "Ah, yes, these are all good things; but still there come troubles to the most favoured."

Emily reflected for a moment, and then made a desperate effort.

"It must be very disagreeable to you, Inez, to have Monsieur de Barros so much in your society."

She stopped in alarm at the effect of her words, for every vestige of colour fled from Inez's face, but it was only for an instant, and then she answered, hurriedly:

"Oh, dear no, not in the least disagreeable; of course there was a little awkwardness the first time we met, but there was no help for that. I could not banish him from his uncle's house; and, besides, poor fellow, he suffered enough about me, and suffers still."

"Suffers still!" exclaimed Emily.

•

"Yes," said Inez, "why not? Do you think it so easy a thing to recover the loss of Inez de Sampayo?"

And she drew up her head with a mock air of gaiety, whilst a deep blush spread over her features, caused by a mingled feeling of conscious beauty and detected vanity.

"You do not mean that you believe De Barros still loves you!" said Emily, in a tone of almost expostulation.

"Nay, Emily, I will not be lectured; I mean in that, at all events, to play the matron over you, otherwise we shall be sure to quarrel, for I know that I could never adopt your prudish ideas."

"I do not think any one ever called me a prude before," said Emily; "but, indeed, Inez, I think I know more of Monsieur de Barros than even you do; I believe that he is a most dangerous, unprincipled—"

Inez rose hastily and rang for her maid, saying:

"I ordered the carriage at three, and it is now past that time; you must finish your description of Monsieur de Barros another time."

"Nay, Inez," said Emily, speaking in French, as the attendant entered the room, "this is not a subject I should like to resume; and I have already seen enough to make me warn you to be on your guard. Depend on it this man hates you."

Inez burst into a fit of laughing.

"I do not speak without good reason," urged Emily; "I *know* that he vowed vengeance against you; do not trust him."

Inez again laughed heartily.

"My good little sister," she said, playfully, "of course I know all that, but he has forgiven me; we have had our grand *scena* already, and all has been explained. Yes, yes," she added, impatiently, as her companion still looked incredulous, "he told me he had meant never to forgive me, but he was too wretched to continue long angry, and so we made it all up, and he will get over it in time."

Emily was not convinced, but she could say no more. To tell how much De Barros had revealed to herself, would only make Inez dislike her society, and deprive her of all chance of doing her any good; and with a heavy heart

she stood watching her as her maid adjusted her shawl and bonnet. The excitement of their short discussion had brought a rich glow to her cheeks, and her large eyes sparkled with animation, whilst the soft folds of her lace veil, and the delicate shade of her pink shawl, suited well with the dark locks braided across her fine forehead.

“ Oh, Inez, how beautiful you are,” exclaimed Emily, involuntarily ; “ there is no one so beautiful.”

Inez kissed her affectionately, and said :

• “ All very well, I fancy, for a dark beauty but you are yourself perfect in your own style, Emily. Come, I expect we shall create some sensation ; it is not every day such a pair are seen together.”

“ Will Arthur come with us ?” asked Emily, as they left the room.

“ Oh, I dare say he is gone off long ago after his own devices,” said Inez. “ He seldom honours me of an afternoon.”

But she was mistaken. Courtenay was reading in the drawing-room, and, as they approached him, Emily saw that he also was struck by his

wife's appearance. He looked fondly at her for a moment, and then said :

"I mean to accompany you in your drive, Inez ; I feel proud to show my countrymen a beauty, that cannot be matched even in Andalusia."

"I thought you were gone out," said Inez, carelessly, as she pulled on her glove ; then, as if recollecting herself, she looked in his face and smiled. The smile was full of sweetness, but Courtenay felt it was an *after thought* ; and he remembered a time when she would seek his eye even in the gayest crowd, and when every word that expressed his admiration called forth a look of fondness in reply. A very bitter feeling made him turn from her to Emily ; and drawing her close to him, he said, with a melancholy smile :

"You also, my little Emily, look as if you had been partaking of some fairy charm—some love-draught to make you irresistible. I hope you don't intend to break many hearts."

"Not one, dear Arthur," said Emily, disengaging her hands from his. "Men's hearts

never do break, and no one will look at me beside your beautiful Inez."

Their drive was a pleasant one; and Inez, as if remembering suddenly that she would not like her husband to admire any one more than herself, played all the time the part of an attentive wife and considerate friend. Never had she looked more graceful, or made herself more charming; and as Courtenay marked the admiring glances cast on his two beautiful companions, and listened to their gay remarks, his heart swelled with a fond pride, and he whispered to himself:

"She is so young and so lovely, can I wonder that she is pleased at the admiration she inspires!"

CHAPTER VII.

“ He found she would not give up all for one.

What! counts and cavaliers and all, and carry

Herself demurely—’twas not to be done.”

BARRY CORNWALL.

THREE weeks passed away, and Emily would have enjoyed during this period a happiness as complete as she dared to hope for on earth, had it not been for the harassing suspicions of De Barros, and her convictions that Courtenay was not happy.

In the home of her kind friends all was peace and affection, whilst the devotion of Lonsdale, now unrestrained, and unsuspected only by herself, who had been so long accustomed to his

kindness, invested every little incident in her life with a mysterious interest, the charm of which sank into her heart, though she sought not to examine too closely of what it was composed. Had he been suddenly taken from her, Emily might have read her own heart more quickly; but there were three things combined, that for the present prevented her perceiving the blessing Heaven offered for her acceptance. The first of these was, perhaps, the idea that had long before grown familiar with her, that Lonsdale had loved some one before she knew him, and that probably that attachment still existed. The second was a resolution she had formed with regard to her own future life—a resolution that has been formed and broken by many a heart as pure and true as hers—never to risk her peace in a second love. And the third was the remembrance, of how greatly she had already been misled by an affectionate look and a manly tenderness, in one who only loved her as a brother. Perhaps it was on the whole this last consideration that had the most influenced her manner to Lonsdale, and prevented her understanding his, for she had more than once been

startled by the expression of his eye, or the tender admiration of his words; but had invariably repressed the thoughts they suggested by the same painful, mortifying recollection: "Thus also Arthur used to look and speak, and he meant nothing but the love of a brother, and the common gentle courtesy men like to show to all women."

Various circumstances at this period heightened her anxiety about the Courtenays to a painful degree; she saw that he often looked displeased, and displeasure was an expression almost new to her on his countenance; she also perceived that Inez seemed to wish sometimes to conceal from her how much De Barros was in her society, and yet appeared at the same time even nervously anxious to induce Emily to come to her and accompany her in her drives; and she became also aware that the Lonsdales avoided in a marked manner making any allusion to Inez; when she named her they would look at her with kindness, say the few words that politeness required, and then drop the subject.

The morning found them early in the land-
scape. The morning had been in a hurry
to an examination of the house and on her
way she had nearly resolved to speak to her
mother about Dr. Harvey. But there was no
one in the room which she entered except the
young Spanish gentleman. The first son of
the family. The man accompanying the Portuguese
from Lisbon and who was a great favourite
of hers. It was only her sister in the year,
he said in answer that he had not mentioned when
they were children. And he had always retained
interest in the same thing naturally he thought
that would suit circumstances. It was a
house in which his father might have been
born. He had been brought up in a religious
house in a family from throughout Portugal,
as well as since naturally he for uncommon
things the esteem the worst defects of his
countrymen. While he possessed all their most
valuable qualities.

He was in seeing Emily and smiling as he
sat in the room the room in surprise,

“Mrs. Courtenay is gone out, and left me here to entertain you, should you come before she returned. I hope you are in a very indulgent mood, as I am but a poor substitute for one so charming; but I believe she will not be very long absent.”

They continued conversing cheerfully on general topics for more than a quarter of an hour; but on Emily's making some remark regarding the possibility of the Courtenays remaining a year in England, her companion altered his tone, spoke with hesitation, looked inquiringly in her face, and at length said very gravely :

“I hope you will not think me indiscreet, but we used to speak so freely when we were children that I always feel with you as if with one of my sisters, and I have wished for several days to say something to you about Mrs. Courtenay. Pray forgive me,” he continued, seeing that Emily changed colour, and looking himself on the ground as if to save her the pain of being observed. “I cannot bear to give you pain, you who are so good; but I know you wish Mr. Courtenay to be happy—and even this

beautiful Inez means no harm, and may be saved from much distress if only you will speak to her."

He evidently took it for granted that she understood to what he alluded, though his expressions were so general, and Emily, thoroughly convinced of his delicacy and integrity, said :

"Can you tell me what it is that has induced you to speak of this? Of course you see a great deal of Inez."

"I see she does not in the least understand her husband's character, and that she has no idea how little indulgence would be shown her in this country," answered Sebastian with a half smile, as if anxious not to treat the subject too gravely. "But you must not look so miserable," he went on to say, "the only danger is that she may for a little vanity lose all Mr. Courtenay's love, and make him and herself very wretched for a while."

There was no time for reply—there was a light footstep heard at the door and Inez herself entered.

When she found herself alone with Inez, she

opened at once the subject that had been lying so heavy on her spirit.

"I must speak even though you are angry, dear Inez," she said; "I must perform that duty, even though I may not save you."

"Save me!" repeated Inez, scornfully, "save me from what?"

"From the loss of the esteem of all whom you value," said Emily; and she then told her what she had observed in her conduct, and that she feared remarks were made on it, from the manner of Lady Lonsdale and others in speaking of her.

"Well, I can live without Lady Lonsdale, or any of these immaculate beings," replied Inez; "and as to you, Emily, you must, of course, make your election between them and me."

"But there is a loss greater still, Inez, which you are rashly risking, the loss of your husband's love—and for what? Oh, Inez! reflect—for what are you doing all this?"

"I believe the whole world has gone mad," said Inez, petulantly. "Do you think I cannot love Arthur unless I allow him to tyrannize over

me? Does any reasonable person imagine that I can say to Monsieur de Barros, 'I see that you love me, but my husband is so afraid of my loving you, that you must never again come near me!'"

"You cannot accuse Arthur of being a tyrant," remonstrated Emily. "Has he also spoken to you—oh! Inez, has he spoken, and could you refuse to obey him?"

"You will drive me mad, Emily," exclaimed Inez, starting to her feet, and walking rapidly across the room several times. "It is always Arthur, Arthur—he is always right and I am always wrong. I wish to Heaven you had married him yourself!"

Emily turned icy cold, and though she wished to speak, her lips would not move, and she sat paralyzed by the shock of the rude words, the full force of which Inez herself did not guess. But the latter paused abruptly in her rapid walk, and standing before Emily, something in her look attracted her notice, and a flash of light passed through her mind.

She fixed her eyes with a smile of disdain on

her gentle adviser, and then, with a mocking laugh, said :

“Ha! it is thus, is it? And *this* is the reason why Arthur’s happiness is so very precious, and *my* peace is of no value. *This* is the reason why you take such a *sisterly* interest in your adopted brother, whilst you are indifferent to every other man—and *this* accounts for the drooping looks of the beautiful Miss Howard, which puzzled all Lisbon when—”

Inez could say no more—Emily rose from her seat, very pale, but calm, and stood before her with an air of such scorn, that she was startled in the midst of her insulting address. She looked with alarm at the face of the sweet-tempered girl she had dared to outrage, and felt that to rouse just anger in a spirit like hers was indeed a sin to be repented of.

She did not speak for a few seconds, and then said :

“When your mad passion is over, Inez, you will regret the insulting manner in which you have received the last advice I shall offer you. Should you ever need a friend, you will find me willing to comfort and assist you.”

THEY WERE AT FIRST IN DEBATE, BUT EMILY
WAS AT LAST CONVINCED AT HER AGAIN, LEFT THE
PARLOR.

— WAS PROVED, AND EMILY STILL ABSTAINED HER-
SELF FROM INEZ, WHO CALLED AT LADY LONSDALE'S
WHEN SHE WAS AT HOME.

THE EVENING AFTER RETURNING FROM THE HOUSE OF
LORDS, SHE FOUND A NOTE FROM INEZ: IT CONTAINED
THE FOLLOWING LINES:

"I TRUST IF YOU WOULD COME TO ME, MY DEAR
EMILY—FORGET THE PAST AND BE AGAIN MY FRIEND.
MY HEART IS FULL OF SUSPICIONS AT YOUR ABSENCE;—
SOMETHING VERY DISAGREEABLE HAS ALSO OCCURRED
—I AM IN YOUR POWER TO PREVENT EVEN A DIS-
ASTROUS RESULT. YOUR INFLUENCE IS GREAT WITH
MY HUSBAND. I PRAY YOU TO COME THIS EVENING
IF YOU CAN.

"INEZ."

THIS NOTE EFFECTUALLY DESTROYED EMILY'S CHANCE
OF SLEEP, AND SHE TORTURED HERSELF THROUGH THE
WHOLE NIGHT SPECULATING ON WHAT COULD BE THE
MEANING OF THE TWO EXPRESSIONS INEZ HAD UNDER-
STOOD. SHE MADE UP HER MIND, OF COURSE, THAT

she must go to the hotel next morning, and she trembled with nervous excitement whenever she endeavoured to picture to herself what she might find there.

It was early in the day when she again entered the apartment where she had parted a week before so coldly with Inez, and she now saw that Courtenay was there alone, and busily engaged in writing.

He advanced to meet her, and took her hand, but his manner was less kind than usual, and he did not speak.

"How is Inez?" asked Emily, not knowing whether she ought to say that she came by her summons.

But Courtenay took no notice of the question, and after looking a moment at the papers that covered the table, he said:

"I was writing to you, Emily, when you came in, but you can tell me what I want to know, in person better than on paper."

He hesitated, then drawing a packet of letters from his desk, he suddenly placed before her the one she had already seen in the hands of De

Barros—the letter Inez had written to him at Cintra.

“I ask you on your honour, Emily,” said Courtenay, still maintaining his strange cold manner, “I ask you on your honour if you ever saw this letter before?”

Emily with trembling fingers took the letter, and after a rapid glance at its contents, said:

“It was once read to me, much against my will—I declined to look at it.”

“But these were the very words that were read to you,” urged Courtenay, “and you know that to be the handwriting of Inez—is it not so?”

Emily bowed her head, and then with a great effort, said:

“Why do you ask all this, Arthur?”

“And you could conceal this from me,” he said bitterly, and not heeding her question; “you could conceal this from me—you, who knew how greatly I was deceived—you, who knew what I loved and admired in woman—you could let me link my fate with one capable of conduct like this, capable of professing love

to two men at once, capable of perjury itself. Oh, Emily!" he continued, with increasing vehemence, "it was not well of you, whom I would have saved from such a fate with the sacrifice of my life."

"Oh! Arthur, Arthur!" exclaimed Emily, seizing his hand and speaking in a voice of such anguish as went to the heart even of the angry, injured Courtenay, "Arthur, have mercy, do not upbraid me; my mother—*our* mother, oh! Arthur, she who loved you as her son, she thought I must not tell you—she thought it *too late*. Besides, we believed that Inez really loved you, and we saw that De Barros was maddened by his desire for revenge."

"And he has got it," said Courtenay bitterly, "yet not on *her*; *she* will not feel this, it is I, who never meant to injure him, who must suffer all my life for her shameless falsehood. And yet why should I blame him? If *he* had not unveiled her character, it would only have been the work of some other."

"Oh no, Arthur," said Emily, whose tears were now flowing rapidly, "do not speak so despondingly—you will yet be happy."

“Never!” said Courtenay. “I may save her indeed from serious errors—her own pride will assist me in that—but my dream is over. I now know all her miserable vanity and powers of deception, and my respect is gone. Oh! my God, how I worshipped her; and now—now—”

“How did this letter come into your possession?” asked Emily, anxious ere she said more, to learn all that had occurred during the past week.

“Inez yesterday, contrary to an express order I had for the first time imposed on her, chose to take this man with her in her carriage, in the afternoon. She was seen with him in the Park, and elsewhere. I was standing at the door of the hotel, speaking to Beaumont and Albuquerque, when they returned. I marked a look exchanged between those two young men; and enraged by this deliberate act of disobedience in one whom I had never thwarted before, I spoke to Inez before De Barros on the subject, and putting aside his arm, which he was offering for her support, I led her myself to her room, where she has voluntarily remained ever since.”

"And De Barros?" inquired Emily, seeing that Courtenay paused.

"De Barros!" repeated Courtenay, contemptuously. "Like a true Portuguese, he has taken himself off at the first sign of anything either disagreeable or inconvenient. I believe he is already on his way to Paris; but he left this epistle for me, with that precious enclosure. I really thought, when I saw his writing, that he was about to show an example to his country and demand an explanation of my manner to him yesterday. Here, you may read his letter, in which you are yourself named."

Emily, sick at heart, read the harsh lines by means of which De Barros had fulfilled his threat of vengeance. They were few and decided:

"If I could have punished your wife for her treachery to me, without giving pain to you, I should have been well pleased, but that was impossible. I leave it to you to tell her that the injured De Barros, for whose professions of love she chose to disobey and offend her husband, has never ceased to hate her since the hour in

which he discovered her falsehood. It was to strip her of her borrowed virtues that I affected to be miserable at her loss, whilst it was with difficulty I concealed my contempt. The enclosed will prove to you that I was so happy as to receive the vows of Mademoiselle de Sampayo even before you had won her promise to be yours. If you have any doubt regarding the date of the letter, I refer you to Miss Howard, who knows it was written a year before your marriage, though she declined to show it to you. I do not imagine, however, that Mrs. Courtenay herself would dare to deny its authenticity. I shall be on my way to France before you receive this, and beg to announce at once, whatever other designs might fill *your* mind, that I do not consider the vanity of a woman a fitting cause in which to risk my life or limbs.

“FRANCISCO DE BARROS.”

Emily finished the letter, and scarcely dared to raise her eyes to Courtenay's when she had done so.

“A pleasant letter!” he exclaimed ironically, after waiting for her to make some remark.

“ A pleasant letter that for a husband truly ! He need not have told me he would not answer for it like a man ; he would cry mercy under a horsewhip, and I should degrade myself in quarrelling with him.”

“ Oh, Arthur !” cried Emily, terrified at the bare idea of a quarrel, “ for Inez’s sake, you would surely avoid anything that could expose her name.”

“ For Inez’s sake !” repeated Courtenay, sadly. “ For Inez’s sake. Yes, I suppose I must endeavour, as her husband, her protector, to save her from evil suspicion ; and yet, Emily, I protest to you that, for my own part, I would have *despised* her less, had I thought she *loved* this man.”

Courtenay then proceeded to tell the history of his short married life—his first happiness, his confidence in his wife’s devotion, and then the gradual change that came over her ; her pleasure in the admiration of others, her anxiety to be a leader in every gaiety ; her evident weariness in their home, when left frequently *tête-à-tête* with him.

"In short, Emily," he added, with a heavy sigh, "long before I saw you here, my disappointed heart had told me, that although she might love me more than any other human being, she loved nothing in comparison with herself and her pleasure. Yes, with all her caressing, endearing ways, her heart is cold and selfish."

Emily endeavoured to speak even more than she felt in favour of Inez; but Courtenay shook his head, and then asked for all the particulars relating to the letter which De Barros had read to her at Cintra.

When he had heard all she could tell him, he seemed again much excited, and exclaimed:

"Alas! you found it very easy to consign me to a fate so heavy as mine."

"Easy!" whispered Emily to herself. "My God, Thou knowest if it was easy."

But the time was over when such words as these might have pierced her heart. Her affectionate nature was sorely grieved by his reproaches, but her sorrow was now a sister's, and nothing more.

“Arthur,” she said at length, with a seriousness that arrested his attention, “your case is not hopeless. You have discovered that your wife has one great fault, which no one has ever yet endeavoured to assist her in curing. Some may have upbraided her with it, but no one whom she respects has ever pointed out to her in love, yet with firmness, the only way to free herself from its power, This is *your* duty, Arthur. She is your wife; she is very young; she is more beautiful, more gifted than any other being on earth; and she loves you, Arthur—yes, loves you,” she repeated eagerly, as he shook his head with a gesture of impatience, “loves you fondly, deeply. I *know* she does, and it was because my mother thought so too, that we hoped she would make you happy. Arthur,” she continued, after a short silence, “take your wife away from all these gay scenes; go abroad with her. She has taste, she has a cultivated mind; take her where you may enjoy together all that is beautiful in art and nature. Appeal to her love, her better feelings, her veneration for you. Speak to her of religion, of One who marks her most secret thoughts.

"I have loved her teacher, even whilst yet her
 presence was with you, and in bringing her to us again, you
 have brought to me your beautiful Inez, with even
 more beauty than the first day you looked
 on her in your arms."

Curseway was greatly moved. He looked at
 her with emotion, and a bitter regret was in
 his heart—a regret which her fancied indifference
 had excited once before, but which had been
 long forgotten, and now it returned to add to
 the pain of his present trial. Perhaps he did
 not know how fondly he looked at her; perhaps
 he was not aware how well she had learnt to
 read his countenance, and he was himself
 scarcely aware how heavily he sighed. But
 Emily's heart began to beat rapidly, and her
 colour went and came with apprehension.

At length he said:

"Emily, you are the most angelic of all the
 beings I have ever met. To win your approbation,
 since I could not win yourself, I will now endea-
 vour to perform the duty you say is mine. Nay,
 more, I feel that you are right. It is our only
 chance of happiness; and it may be that for
 your sweet sake, for the sake of your prayers,

Heaven may prosper the task you have urged so eloquently."

And now Emily said that she must see Inez. She was longing to be at home. What was it he had said?—"Since he could not win herself?" The words sounded still in her ears: what did they mean? No, she must never ask, never know. It could not affect her peace now; and yet it was with a wearied spirit and throbbing head that Emily entered the room of the now humbled, half repentant, though indignant Inez.

From her she learnt many particulars Courtenay had not told her; and with tears of bitterness, and much anger against De Barros, she related the story of the last few days. Courtenay had, during that time, remonstrated more than once, Inez acknowledged, on the change in her manner to himself, and her daily increasing love of excitement; but it was only on the previous morning he had startled her, by expressly declaring his disapprobation of her intimacy with De Barros, and his prohibition as to her ever being seen with him in public, except when

... especially
... will be in her drives.
... very angry at
... but she would
... not De
... and extracted
... with her,
... she dared not
...

"... something of Arthur's wishes,"
she said. "But he insisted that Arthur could
have it, and will do. He decided that he
was sure it was worth that I had injured him
in money and now regretted that the only thing
that ever comforted his spirit. Then, while I still
hesitated, he said we were in fact so nearly
annihilated, that if their senses could object to
his being with me, and so I yielded to his
wishes. But now may Heaven punish his
base base—"

"First, last, best," said Emily, "it is not
in our way you can extricate yourself from
your difficulties. You must now forget Mon-
sieur de Barros, and think only of your hus-
band."

"My husband!" exclaimed Inez. "It will be better to forget him also, now that I have lost his love. When he brought that man's letter, with my own wretched note, written in a fit of madness, and when I confessed I had written those lines, deliberately, of my own free will, he looked at me with a scorn I can never, never forget. It would have been better had he upbraided me—I could have endured his anger, though not his scorn."

"And have you not seen him since?" asked Emily.

"That was two hours ago," answered Inez; "but half an hour afterwards he returned to ask for more details of all that had taken place between Francisco and me, both before and since my marriage. Oh! he *tortured* me with his questions," she exclaimed, starting from her chair; "there was no escape, I was *forced* to tell him all; yes, even all my wretched indecision about his own dear self. I had to explain all that had led to that note: I had to confess that I had once resolved on marrying De Barros, even after I loved himself."

And Inez, covering her face, burst into a passion of tears.

Emily allowed her to weep for some minutes, and then said gently :

"Then you do love your husband, Inez? you do value his respect?"

"Do I love him?" repeated Inez. "Never, never did I love any man but himself. And now—now in this hour, when I have lost him, I know, indeed, how deeply I love him." And again she hid her face and wept.

"But you have not lost him, Inez; he is your husband, and you may yet be happy—happier, indeed, than you have ever yet been."

"What did he say to you, Emily?" asked Inez. "Did he speak very bitterly? did he appear still to love me?"

These were embarrassing questions, and Emily hesitated.

"Ah! I see how it is!" exclaimed Inez, "you are endeavouring to console me with a false hope—you *know* that he no longer loves me. Oh! Arthur, Arthur! I have been vain, I have been foolish, I have been wilful, but never for

one instant since the first hour I knew you, have I ceased to think you the noblest and the best of human beings. Emily," she added vehemently, "I cannot *live* thus—I cannot *bear* his coldness—I would rather leave him, rather die!"

"Then go and tell him all this, Inez," said Emily, "go and tell him now, whilst you feel it so deeply—let him know how you deplore your fault, and how much you love him, and depend on it you will not find him ungenerous. You can write to me if you want me again;" and Emily was about to leave her.

"No, no," said Inez, trembling violently, "do not go away, I may need your help—yes, I will go—but stay here—promise not to go whilst I am absent—yes, I will go at once, and humble myself at his feet, if he will but love me again."

And charging Emily not to leave the room till she returned, the impetuous Inez went to seek her husband.

An hour elapsed before Inez returned with flushed cheeks, and the traces of tears in her eyes. She threw herself into a chair, and as she did not speak, Emily began to fear that

Courtenay had been more severe than she had expected.

At length Inez withdrew her hand from her face, and said sadly :

“He has forgiven me, Emily; but I now know all that he once thought me; he has spoken with great kindness, but so sternly too—he did not disguise how I had fallen in his esteem. Oh, Emily! he will never think of me again as he did a year ago!”

“Perhaps not, my dear Inez,” said Emily, kindly, “for he then thought you faultless, and you know we are all but erring mortals. And now shall I tell you my present great fear for you?”

“Yes, certainly—what is it?” replied Inez, with some curiosity.

“It is this: that you will regret far more the loss of your husband’s adoring admiration, than your own unworthiness of it. If I thought you would try *to be* what you know Arthur admires, I should have no fears either for you or for him.”

Inez coloured deeply, and made no reply. She had said truly that she loved her husband,

but she was very far from feeling that penitence and humility that might lead her to contemplate any serious change in herself, and she saw that Emily had read her thoroughly.

The latter needed no interpreter of what was passing in her mind, she read it all in the beautiful but troubled face; and sighing deeply as she thought of the task Courtenay had before him, in training that vain and wilful spirit, she rose and kissing Inez, bade her farewell.

As she bent kindly over the young wife for whom she had pleaded so earnestly, and who had brought on her such a weight of sorrow, a sudden feeling of compunction seemed to strike Inez, and looking up in her face with an expression of embarrassment, she said:

“Emily, it was only in that odious letter I learnt how very much I owed you, and that you had it once in your power to have divided me from Arthur altogether. He has himself explained this more fully to me now. Can I hope that you forgive me my wicked words the last time you were here? what can I do to prove how grateful I am?”

Tears filled Emily's eyes. She gently passed her hand over the beautiful brow upturned towards her, and pressing her lips on it, she said :

"Be a loving, happy wife, Inez—make Arthur happy ; and his sister will bless you to her dying day."

Next day Courtenay came long before the usual hour for visitors, and Emily was alone when he entered. He looked very pale, and very grave, but his manner to her was again full of affection, as it had always been, save during the short period of his anger the day before.

"I came this morning, Emily," he said, after a few general remarks, "to tell you that I have written to Francisco de Barros. You need not be uneasy," he continued, with a slight smile as he marked her look of anxiety, "I have, of course, written to him in such terms as will somewhat damp his fancied triumph, and preserve my wife's dignity ; but however little he may like my letter, I have no idea he will reply to it. He spoke plainly enough on that score,

and though not probably prepared for the line I have taken, I don't imagine he will care to push the matter further. My reason, however, for telling you all this, my dear Emily, is, to put you on your guard lest you should ever meet this man again. I have not allowed him to have any suspicion either that he succeeded in making mischief between Inez and me, nor even that I had spoken to you on the subject of that note. You must, therefore, keep both these secrets, if you are ever so unfortunate as to meet him again."

"I sincerely hope I never may," said Emily, "he has already caused me much distress."

"It was certainly hard that you should be distressed at all about it, dearest," said Courtenay, "you who have had enough to distress you in every way."

"I wish it had *all* fallen on me," said Emily, in a low voice; "but it is over, and we shall all be happy now that odious Francisco is gone."

"That is easily said, Emily, but not so easily achieved."

"Nay, Arthur, you are unreasonable. I felt more convinced yesterday, than I had ever done

before of Inez's love for you. Her *love*, at all events, was most sincere."

"Her love—yes—I suppose so—for what else could she indeed have married me? She has confessed pretty plainly, that she was quite aware she made a *worldly* sacrifice in doing so. But, Emily, there is no use in disguising the fact, she *never* was what I fancied her; and now, as to her becoming all that, in my dream, I worshipped, what right have I to expect that? Would not that be even more unreasonable than my mourning my mistake?—as I must do, though you shake your head so reproachfully."

"Will you not then even *try* to be happy? will you not try to make her all she is capable being?"

"Yes, yes, I will try," said Courtenay, languidly. "But I fancied *her* a being *I* might look up to—I fancied myself one whom all mankind might envy the possession of such a treasure; and now I am told that I must cure her of a hundred faults—must first *make* her what I wished in a wife, and then restore to her the idolatry she has never yet deserved."

Emily was much distressed—she felt that the

case was becoming too difficult for her to guide ; for the first time in his life Courtenay failed to fulfil her high expectations, his energy seemed gone, and the shock his affections had received, seemed, in disappointing all his hopes, to have blunted even his generosity.

A long silence followed his last words, and then it was broken by Emily, asking how long he meant to remain in London.

"I do not know," was the reply, "it is so difficult to decide where to go, when one has no settled home or occupation. Oh, Emily!" added Courtenay, suddenly, "if your dear mother were now here, she would see me punished for having so obstinately neglected her advice, and your father's. What a blessing a profession would be to me now! something which would force me out of myself!"

"But since our dearest mother is not here, Arthur—since she has been removed from all that could trouble her gentle spirit," said Emily, firmly but affectionately, "why not endeavour to do *now*, what she would counsel were she permitted to speak to us again?"

Courtenay only sighed in answer. Emily's

work-box was on the table before him, and in a fit of absence he lifted one thing after another out of that general receptacle for every variety of useful and useless articles, so often stored from year to year with a care that is inexplicable, save to her who knows how to link each one into the chain of the past. To Courtenay many of the things he now gazed on so listlessly had been familiar to him for years ; some had belonged to Mrs. Howard, and he smiled sadly as memories connected with them came across his mind. At last he raised the lid of a small compartment in the box—Emily had risen to close a blind through which the sun was streaming with a dazzling brightness, and it was only on returning to her seat she perceived that Arthur's eyes were bent eagerly on a little box in which lay a faded flower.

She turned deadly pale, but her presence of mind did not forsake her, and seating herself again beside him, she said :

“ How wonderfully well it has retained its colour ; you see I marked the date when you gathered it for me.”

It was a small blossom of the *Saudades*

plant, "that graceful flower of woe," whose name expresses to a Portuguese all that can be felt of tenderness in love and friendship, or of despair in sorrow ; it breathes of pain, and fondness, and devotion,

"Its meaning is a sad regret,
A longing hope, a quenchless flame,"

its very sound thrills the heart, and it is associated in the minds of all those with whom it is a familiar word, only with the remembrances and the feelings that, in spite of pain and conflict, still form in every land and in every age the poetry of life.

And this small flower, so unpretending in its beauty, so significant in its name, had been gathered for Emily one day at Cintra, and presented to her by Courtenay soon after his return there from his travels, and exactly at the time when he was still indulging in his short dream of love for herself.

She had often thought since of throwing it away ; she had had it in her hand to do so, but

then it had seemed so precious to her—that withered flower! And latterly, for some weeks, she had never looked at it.

Courtenay had not replied immediately to her remark as to the date; he well remembered the very day and spot near which it had been gathered, and he gazed with a melancholy expression, now on the flower, now on the words she had traced below it. Then replacing it in the little box, and putting that also again where he had found it, he said:

“ Ah, Emily! how much I loved you when I gave you that flower.” He turned towards her as he spoke, and misunderstanding the look of mingled surprise and dismay she cast on him, he added, “ Did you never guess how bitterly you mortified me at that time? did you really never see that I wished to convert my adopted sister into a wife?”

There was one moment of bitter anguish, then succeeded one instant's gratification—she had not loved one who was indifferent to her; but all such thoughts passed as rapidly as they came, and she said with a calmness that at once

checked the subject whilst it betrayed nothing to Courtenay beyond what the words conveyed :

“ Indeed, my dear Arthur, if you really dreamt of making an indifferent wife out of a most devoted sister, you managed most discreetly to preserve your secret.”

That evening Emily said rather nervously to Lady Lonsdale :

“ I had such a pressing invitation this morning from Helen Hervey to go to them immediately, that I accepted it. You were not at home at the post hour, so I told her that if you objected greatly, I would write again to-morrow ; but I should like to go to her now, if possible, and return to you, dearest Lady Lonsdale, afterwards.”

Emily's looks were as nervous as her voice, and Lady Lonsdale, who guessed that the Courtenays gave her annoyance, said :

“ My dear girl, I do not like to lose you, but your cousin has a claim on you also, so I must let you go, on *condition*, however, that you return when summoned. When do you go ?”

“ On Monday, Mr. Hervey is to come for me.”

“ So soon !” exclaimed Grace. “ Oh, how disappointed Frederick will be.”

He had gone into the country that day to visit an old dear friend of his father’s, and was not to return till Monday evening. He had set out reluctantly, and Emily felt so much grieved to go without bidding him farewell; that it was only a conscientious conviction that her presence at that time would do more harm than good to Arthur and his erring Inez, which enabled her to resolve on leaving a home where she was so happy.

CHAPTER VIII.

“Where less of earth’s wild show is given,
There may, perchance, be more of Heaven.”

FABER.

EMILY needed all Helen’s warm affections, and all that Mr. Hervey could supply of interest in their conversation, to cheer her in the great sacrifice she had made in leaving the Lonsdales.

She had felt so happy with them—theirs seemed indeed a home suited to all her wants—it was also the home her mother had coveted for her; her youth had returned to her there, its elasticity, its hopes, its enjoyments; and though she did not ask herself what was the

and she had restored to him his brightest hues, and had given herself up to his influence with all the genuine responsiveness of her nature.

She had begun to feel as if she could not now live without those living looks and words; that in hers and herses, that sister's companion-ship, and then Louise—what had he been to her? More than friend or brother he had been to her in her darkest hours, a messenger from heaven itself, and she had left his home without saying him farewell, and gone where he would not follow—where ever he, who seemed to suffer no weaknesses of this earth save its pure affections, had said he had not fortitude to go, and was going to live amongst scenes the very remembrance of which still wrung his heart, and this without any apparent motive save her cousin's invitation!

Yet she exerted herself to keep down regrets that often rose, as she thought that on that very day Louise would return home. She felt that it would be unkind to let Helen suspect she came to her an unwilling guest, and then there was so much even in Helen's home to interest her.

She had often felt an anxiety to know if her cousin was happy ; and now she watched her to see if all the sacred duties and grave occupations of her married life did indeed satisfy the longings of that deep attachment she had hid in her heart so long ; then there was her husband, who seemed, with all his kindness, to check the outward signs of that love, as if he feared its too powerful influence : and he was also the friend of Lonsdale, who had told Emily there was nothing of which he felt more proud than Gerald Hervey's friendship ; and, lastly, was she not almost within the very grounds of Lonsdale Priory ?

The Parsonage windows looked out on the ancient woods of which Grace had often spoken, and the old church, in which Mr. Hervey daily officiated, stood within a few yards of the lodge gates—that church in which her dear absent friends had worshipped for so many years, and in the vaults of which lay a long line of ancestry, on whose tombs appeared the name and the arms of Lonsdale.

Emily's heart swelled with emotion as she

remembered the distress Sir Frederick had once betrayed when she asked him a question about his lost home ; and then again she dwelt on the calm serenity of his usual manner. She longed to ask Mr. Hervey many things about his friend's earlier life, but a sensation of shyness checked her several times when his name was on her lips, and even when Helen said to her : " You must see Lonsdale Priory, Emily—though the family are not there, you must go through the house," she did not pursue the subject ; and her cousin, who had always thought her coldness to Sir Frederick an enigma, and who had read his feelings at their first meeting, did not name him again.

So she was left to her own musings, and these were perhaps more frequent and more interesting than if their object had been made a constant theme by others ; in fact, Lonsdale now occupied her mind far more than he had done when she was in his mother's house. One thing which tended greatly to this, was a habit she had already got into at Langley Court of comparing him with Mr. Hervey, and now,

when living for the first time in the latter's house, she again fell almost unconsciously into this custom.

She knew that with both, the grand principle of action was the same, that there was, on all important matters, a perfect accordance in their opinions ; yet, whilst Lonsdale's every look and tone invited those he loved to confidence, his friend seemed to walk on his daily course with eyes fixed only on the duties of the hour ; and those who saw the stern discipline to which he subjected himself, even in things that were innocent, would hardly have ventured to betray to him a weakness merely to excite his sympathy. He was one who had striven to rise high in a " self-mastering school," and who had so severely felt the difficulties of his own vocation, that he had brought the very tones of his voice into subjection, and clothed a countenance of almost matchless beauty in an habitual stillness that saved him from many an alluring softness, by checking in all others every *demonstration* of an affection he often inspired, yet appeared never to expect.

In Emily, the strongest feeling he had as yet excited was one of awe; and though Lonsdale had told her he had not always been thus, and thought she told herself again and again that it was his deep sense of the sacred trust committed to him, the solemnising influence of the holy things with which he was in constant contact that made him thus even sadly watchful, she felt that on her own soul Lonsdale's more cheerful piety exercised a more sustaining power—that it breathed less of penance, and not less of self-denial; and though too candid not to acknowledge that his path was also one in which nature might have more play, where flowers might be permitted to twine more freely

“Among the prickly leaves of discipline,”

still she never felt so much impressed by his superiority in all endearing qualities, as when in the society of that very friend who had first initiated him to enter on the narrow path they had ever since trod together.

“You must have many solitary hours,” said Emily one day, as she and her cousin seated

themselves on a low garden-bench near the door, just as Mr. Hervèy had ridden away to pay a distant visit.

“Not so many as you may imagine, dearest,” answered Helen with a quiet smile; for she saw that Emily did not think her life an enviable one. “But, since you came here, Gerald has been obliged to leave me every afternoon to visit a young lady, who lives three miles away, and who is dying of a consumption.”

“And if he had not gone there to-day,” asked Emily, “would he have been with you?”

“My dear Emily,” said Helen, “I perceive that you think my romance of life has been short-lived, but you are mistaken. My husband never leaves me except when his duties require it. To-day, had it not been for this poor dying girl, he would have been with us in our walk, but he left me a list of some persons he wished me to visit, and you must come, dear Emily, in his place.”

“In his place!” she exclaimed. “I shall be a poor substitute for him, either with you or his parishioners. I wonder if I could ever be-

Heaven! Tell me, how can I be satisfied with this life? I have wasted those many hours in vain. I have been far from Mr. Harvey's

Heien's face, and
seemed almost to rest
on the ground; then
he rose, and went to his cousin's, with an

But you want to know the
truth about my heart. Well, I will
tell you that I have once dreamt of a life
in which I might have been—
I did not think of
it then, but it would have been a life in which I could not be
happy—
I have learned that all the claims of
the world are secondary to those of the
heart. But Gerald warned me
not to do this—I warned him—he concealed
nothing—and he let me free to decide. And
I have decided—
I promised even to be
true to myself—to help him to resist
the powerful charm of companionship like
his, and never to stand against any duty, how-

ever trifling, the claims of a mere earthly love."

"What courage you must have, Helen," said Emily; "there are few could have promised that."

"There are few Gerald Herveys in the world," answered her cousin, "it is only as *his* wife I could have hoped for strength to perform such a task; and though many girlish fancies have been dispelled since I made that promise, I would not change my destiny for any other on earth, no matter how bright and how glorious that other may seem. Am I not also his wife—his friend," continued Helen, her fine eyes flashing with tender pride, "his wife! Oh, my Gerald! can I feel anything wanting when blest with such a privilege? No, Emily, perhaps you cannot understand it; but there is for me more of romance in fulfilling a task appointed by *him*, than if he were all day in my presence delighting my ear with fond words. No one shall say that Gerald Herveys's marriage has hindered him in his high calling."

Emily made no reply. Helen had said much

that found an echo in her heart—yes, she could now understand her cousin's happiness; and, though its source was concealed from mere worldly eyes, she saw that a

“Joy and love to *her* spirit were given,
New coloured and shaped in the moulds of Heaven.”

And she also could have once loved thus; she also could thus have laid down her own will, her own idle dreams at the feet of him she loved! But that was long ago—she could never love thus again—and Emily sat musing in silence, forgetting that Helen might expect some remark on all she had said.

“Well, Emily, of what are you dreaming?” asked her cousin, passing her arm round her waist. “Do you think my lot a *very* sad one?”

“No, Helen, I think like you, that Heaven has appointed you a glorious destiny.”

“Then we must try to find you such another,” said Helen, smiling, “if there be in England another Gerald.”

And the two cousins set out together, as they

had done on each preceding day ; and, after making the necessary visits, Mr. Hervey had asked her to pay for him, and looking in at the school for half an hour, Helen led Emily through one of the most picturesque parts of the Lonsdale grounds, and stopped at length at the door of a small cottage, the porch of which was covered with climbing roses, whilst a garden that lay in front displayed more taste than is usually found in the dwellings of the poor.

“We are now going to see Sir Frederick Lonsdale’s nurse,” said Helen. “She is under my especial charge, and is one of my great friends.”

The solitary old woman received them with great kindness, a smile brightened her withered features the moment Helen appeared, and when the latter said, “I have brought you Miss Howard, of whom Miss Lonsdale has so often written to you. I thought you would like to see one who has been so lately with your beloved ones,” the worthy Mrs. Austen looked at the fair girl with a moistened eye, and, taking her hand with respectful warmth, she answered :

"May Heaven bless you with richest blessings for all you did to them in that strange land!"

Emily answered, with kind smiles, and her most winning manner, the many questions now asked as to the health and looks of those the poor woman never hoped to see again.

"They had wanted her," she said, "to go and live with them, but she could not leave the spot where she had been born and married, and where her husband and only child were buried. And yet," she added, "it sounds strange for me to say that, when *they* left everything: and he, my young master, the noblest gentleman on earth, he left all he took such pride in, and though his heart was nigh broken, he never spoke a harsh word, or looked a complaint, when he found that all he had fancied his own had been wasted away."

And now good Mrs. Austen had got on a theme which Helen knew it soothed her to speak of, though she wiped away many a tear whilst she did so, and she sympathisingly said to Emily:

"Poor Mrs. Austen has never seen Sir

Frederick since the place was sold, and he was her own child's foster-brother."

"But I was the last person who saw him here," said the poor woman, with a mixture of pride and sorrow in her broken voice. "He sat in that chair where Miss Howard is for an hour the night he left us; he had ordered the chaise to wait for him outside the gate, and none of the people knew but what he would stay till next morning; but he could not leave the place in daylight, he said—he could not look at the faces of the people. And his own beautiful face was so pale, and his voice was so full of woe—I wonder my heart did not break as I looked at him—and he sat trying to comfort me, and telling me it was the will of God, and that no doubt we should all see the wisdom of it; but it was a sore trial on him, the dear angel; and when at last he got up to go, he said, 'Dear nurse, you must pray for us—don't ask riches, only God's blessing;' and taking me in his arms, as if I had been his mother *herself*, he kissed me on each cheek, and blessed me, and I have never seen him since."

"Now, Emily," said Helen, as they left the

cottage, "if you wish to do a most kind act, you will find your way to Nurse Austen's as often as you can. You can tell her stories by the hour of all Lady Lonsdale and her daughter did in Portugal, so I will place her under your care while you are here. Besides, you will find her an excellent woman ; and though it is not easy to get her off her favourite theme when once started, she is full of shrewd good sense, and fine feeling. I assure you she has been very useful to me in my new duties. I have found her quite a valuable preacher of wisdom, as well as of piety."

Emily had been much interested. She scarcely liked to confess how much Nurse Austen's reminiscences had moved her ; but she recurred many times in the course of the evening to their afternoon visits, and said :

" I now know why Sir Frederick told me his sister would describe a country life as he thought it *ought* to be."

" And do you now understand that life may have a *soul* in England, of which you were so sceptical at Langley Court ?"

" Ah, Helen !" said Emily, smiling, " if all

the world were composed of Herveys and Lonsdales—”

She stopped abruptly.

“ Well, go on, dear flatterer,” cried her cousin.

“ Nay,” said Emily, “ you shall finish the sentence for me. I don’t know very well what sort of a world that would make after all.”

And Emily still smiled with an arch expression ; but the thought that made her stop so suddenly, was that she was omitting Courtenay, her brother, her beloved Arthur, in her ideal world of perfection, and yet she would not name him. She knew *now* that he could only take a second rank below all men like Hervey and Lonsdale, and even with a smile on her lip, her heart was grieved to confess the fact.

Emily had now been nearly a week with the Herveys, and not a line had yet reached her from any friend in London. She longed to hear—*of them all*, she said to herself; not even in thought did she distinguish one from another; but when the post-bag was opened at breakfast, and she saw Gerald and Helen each busy with a letter, and heard the former say to

his wife: "Here, dearest, is a letter from Lonsdale," she felt her spirits sink with a sense of loneliness. Was there not even a message for her?

That day, when Mr. Hervey returned from his ride, he went in quest of Helen and Emily, who had gone into the village. He looked tired and out of spirits, and drawing his wife's arm within his, he said:

"I am come to refresh myself with a walk in your company, Helen; my heart is sad with the sight of sufferings I could not soften."

Emily, anxious not to interrupt a *tête-à-tête* so precious to her cousin, pleaded fatigue as a reason for leaving her, and said:

"I think I can find my own way to Nurse Austen's; I will go and sit a little while with her."

She walked slowly and thoughtfully; tears occasionally filled her eyes, and yet she scarcely knew what it was that called them forth. It seemed as if the very beauty of the scene oppressed her, for as she looked around, or paused in her walk, to fix a longer gaze on some lovely

opening in the woods, she sighed, and there was as much of pain as of pleasure in the emotion that stirred her soul within her. It was a bright summer evening, but though the sun was still high, and the morning had been even sultry, the path Emily had selected led her through a part of the Priory grounds, so thickly wooded, that only here and there the sunshine penetrated through the "leafy aisles" with a softened light. It seemed a fit time and spot to raise the heart to Heaven :

"The earth was all rest, and the air was all love,"

but Emily struggled in vain to cast off the shadow that depressed her.

Repinings, that her conscience reproved, stole over her ; then she thought of the husband and wife she had just quitted, and of all Helen had told her the day before of her life, her duties, and her love.

" Ah ! yes," she murmured, " thus, thus, the soul may fulfil its high vocation, and the heart may be satisfied ; but alone, alone !" and Emily with an impassioned gesture, such as she had

.

for many months been in the habit of checking, clasped her hands on her bosom, and raised her sad eyes to Heaven. "Yet it was alone, alone in his dark lodgings, that *he* told me he had learnt most of the joy of resignation," and she unclasped her hands and hurried forwards, as her conscience smote her with the thought of all Lonsdale had lost and endured, and she remembered all his mild yet unvarying counsel to herself. For she had acquired a habit during the last year, of mentally referring all her thoughts and actions to the test of what Lonsdale would approve.

On entering Nurse Austen's cottage, a man, whose face was turned from the door, was seated on a low stool beside the old nurse ; he held her hand in his, and she, with tears still moistening her venerable features, was gazing fondly into his eyes. Emily drew back, but her footstep had already startled the two, who seemed so deeply interested in each other ; and the man turning round, displayed to the astonished girl the countenance of Sir Frederick Lonsdale.

He was in a moment by her side, and she, pale and trembling with pleasure, pronounced his name in an accent of such undisguised joy, that Lonsdale pressed her hands again and again to his heart, ere she found voice to ask a question.

Mrs. Austen looked from one to another with pleased surprise, but when they turned again to her, she offered Emily a seat with a gesture of respectful welcome.

"Nay, good nurse," said Emily, smiling, "I came to visit you, thinking you were alone, but you have one with you I little expected to find, and whom you must wish to have all to yourself, so I will come again another time."

"No; I cannot let you go alone," said Lonsdale. "I have been sitting here more than an hour, with my dear good nurse, to whom I was as unexpected a sight as to you; and now I must go and see Hervey, who does not yet know of the guest who has come on him unbidden and unlooked for. Will you allow me to escort you home?—nurse must give up her visitor to me to-day."

"Ah! you know that nurse never had any

will but yours," said Mrs. Austen, "and what would I not do for you, now that you have blest me again with the sight of your face? Miss Howard will tell you how I mourned only yesterday, the thought that I was never to see you more."

"There were a great many other things I might tell also," said Emily kindly, putting her small hand on the nurse's shoulder, "but perhaps he might be made vain if we told him all—or is he free even from vanity?"

"Indeed I never saw the thing in him that could be called a fault," said Mrs. Austen, and Lonsdale, with a laugh, shook hands with the attached old woman, and left the cottage with Emily.

She saw that he cast a hurried glance on all sides, and that the flush surprise and pleasure had called into his face had already faded, leaving him very pale; but he almost immediately looked again at her, and the momentary expression of deep pain was softened into one of sadness.

"I fear," said Emily, in a low voice, "I fear this must be a very painful visit for you. I hope it is not caused by anything disagreeable."

"No," he answered, "it is entirely a voluntary act—it was a sudden impulse—how sudden you may imagine, when I tell you that I wrote to Hervey yesterday, and did not name my intention. I resolved on coming late last evening, and only told my mother and Grace when I bade them good night."

"And were they not surprised?" asked Emily. "I remember Grace once told me you would never come, even to see Mr. Hervey."

Lonsdale smiled sadly, and then said, looking at her with great earnestness:

"Nor would I have come now only to see Gerald Hervey, though he will forgive me, I believe, for this, even before he learns the motive that weighed more with me than my friendship for him. But now that I am here," he added with a sigh, "I feel that it is well—it was an unworthy weakness that made me shrink so much from looking again on all this. How beautiful it is!" and he again looked around him, but Emily saw that he closed his eyes for a moment afterwards, as if he could not yet bear the sight of these familiar scenes. "I

never dreamt of walking with *you* through these grounds," he added after a pause. "I fear you must have thought me very weak and very selfish to decline so long coming where so many wished to see me—and now my coming is as selfish as was my staying away."

"I don't believe you could ever do anything that would make me think *you* weak or selfish," said Emily, with a simple fervour that went to Lonsdale's heart. "Besides which I sympathise so deeply in all you must feel, that even my pleasure in seeing you is lessened by the thought of the pain you must endure whilst you are here."

Lonsdale made no reply, he only sighed and gently pressed the arm that rested on his own, and Emily felt strangely happy as they returned thus together. She felt for his sorrow, but her sensation of loneliness was gone; the balmy air, the "light of the gentle sun," the soft shadows of the trees, all now spoke of peace, and a spell seemed to have fallen on her, making this one of the sweetest hours of her existence.

And they walked on in silence, of the length

of which each was unconscious, until they reached the Parsonage; and there in the flower-garden sat Helen and Gerald Hervey.

With an exclamation of delighted surprise, both rose to meet the unexpected visitor, and after a warm greeting from his friend, Lonsdale said, with a smile:

“ I feel that I have no right to expect such a welcome. Can you forgive me, Hervey, for coming here on a secret mission of my own, after refusing to come and see you and your bride ?”

“ We shall forgive anything that procures us the pleasure of seeing you,” said Mr. Hervey; “ though we had indeed ceased to hope that we should ever be so happy as to receive you in this home, which we owe to your kindness.”

That was a happy evening, and even Lonsdale seemed to banish all painful recollections and give himself up to the influence of hope and love, and a friendship such as that which united the hearts and sympathies of the small circle that gathered round Gerald Hervey’s simple but hospitable board. Never had Helen’s

fine eyes beamed with more animation than now, as she watched her husband's enjoyment of this unlooked-for pleasure, and caught his look often bent upon herself with one of those magic smiles that were become so rare, but which her heart delighted in ; and Emily looked from one to the other and then at Lonsdale, and again, in spite of herself, she mused on the different characters of the two friends. To her also the evening was one of deep enjoyment, and she forgot as she listened to the conversation of Lonsdale and Hervey, that she was now as much alone in the world as when she had uttered that exclamation of despair on her way to Nurse Austen's cottage.

The following day was Sunday, and Emily knelt beside Lonsdale in that church which he had last entered on the occasion of his father's funeral. She would not even steal a glance at his countenance, but she prayed for a blessing on him and all dear to him ; and she knew as she heard his rich voice joining in the solemn services, that it was not there his heart would indulge in regrets for an earthly inheritance. But he did not return home with them, and

excepting at church and dinner they saw little of him that day.

Emily heard Mr. Hervey say to his wife, "Poor Lonsdale is gone for a solitary walk," and Helen asked, "Is he very low? I feared going into the church would be hard on him."

"No," answered her husband, "he is not what one generally calls low; but I met him as he came out from the vaults, and he looked pale and grave. Oh! what a beautiful mind is his," exclaimed Mr. Hervey, giving way to an enthusiasm Emily had never seen in him before. "I feel humbled in his company; I who preach to others fall far short of the Christian faith, the self-denying excellence of him, who has been called on to give up so much, and who has done it all so quietly, asking no pity, making no boast, silent on everything connected with himself, whilst every act of his life is a sermon full of power."

Could Emily ever again think Mr. Hervey cold? No; she now understood him, and thought him worthy of the friend and the wife with which Heaven had blest him.

Lonsdale had proposed the next day at breakfast that Emily should accompany him to the Priory. He was anxious to show *her* the home of his boyhood which was at present only inhabited by servants, and Helen had also consented to go, as her husband had received a summons that would take him from home at the hour he generally gave to her. But as they reached the entrance, a servant who had hurried after them informed Helen that a poor woman in the village who had a sick child, had sent to entreat her attendance. Emily was about to return with her, but her cousin said :

“Nay, Emily, this would not be a very pleasant visit for you, and we must not both desert Sir Frederick. I shall probably join you here again in a short time, but at all events I leave you in the hands of a better guide than I could be.”

She wandered with Sir Frederick through the long suite of public rooms, she admired the views from the windows, she stood wrapt in delight before the paintings which had been collected by his grandfather, and sold with the greater part of the furniture, and listened to

every word that fell from his lips with an interest that increased each moment; she thought how lately he had dwelt in that beautiful abode as the beloved heir of all its lands, and as he now stood beside her, looking, as his sister had once said, so *prince-like*, whilst he pointed out with a voice as calm as if no regret were gnawing at his heart, all that could please or strike his intelligent companion, Emily thought there was a grandeur in his air that belongs only to those ennobled by adversity. All that the world values most, had been wrested from him, yet he retained a glory that poverty cannot destroy, and that wealth cannot purchase—a glory that had its source in a spirit as pure as can exist in an earthly frame, and which shone in the mild light of his dark eyes and on the noble brow Emily had once so reluctantly admired.

She had been growing more and more nervous as time passed on and Helen did not return; Lonsdale's very calmness agitated her, for she fancied he must be making so great an effort on her account,—to be thus in his very

home, and that he should seem only to think of *her* and what would interest *her*,—and Grace had so often described those rooms to her, had told her so much connected with them,—her heart beat rapidly as these thoughts crowded on her,—her colour went and came, and Lonsdale thinking her tired of standing and looking at so many pictures, said, as he opened another door :

“ This is, or rather was, my mother’s room ; come and sit down there, it commands the loveliest view of all.”

Emily tried to smile and to thank him, as he drew a low *fauteuil* close to the window for her ; but when he said at the same moment “ this was my mother’s favourite window,” she could no longer resist the almost hysterical sensation she had been struggling with for the last half hour, and sinking into the seat, she covered her face with her hands and wept.

He was in an instant bending over her in an agony of apprehension, in another he had darted from the room and presently returned with a glass of water which Emily drank with thank-

fulness, and then earnestly expressed her distress at having alarmed him.

"I have wearied you," he said: "how foolish of me not to think that you must be fatigued; but indeed I feel as if I were walking in a dream—to be in this house again and with you, is all so strange that you must forgive my forgetfulness."

"Oh, I am not tired," said Emily, "I never am overcome in this way by fatigue, it was only—" she paused and blushed, scarcely knowing how to account for her emotion, "it was the remembrance of all you and Grace have told me of other days; I fancied I could see you all here—it seemed as if I must have known you long ago, and then I can so well sympathise with all you must feel—I cannot bear to think of the pain the—" and again Emily stopped; she had met his eye, and what a look was that he now cast on her! a mist passed across her sight, there was a wild beating in her ears, and she could say no more.

But Lonsdale now spoke, eager burning words fell from the lips that had hitherto spoken

so calmly, and she felt as if her senses were leaving her as she listened.

"Emily—Emily! was it of me you thought? Was it for *my* pain and sorrow you shed those precious tears! Oh, Emily! may I then hope that my happiness is dear to you?"

She looked at him with an astonished, bewildered air, and he went on rapidly.

"Did you not guess that I came here only to see you? Did you not guess that for your sake alone, could I resolve on visiting again a spot so full of regrets and sad associations? Ah, Emily! did you think I could endure your absence when any effort of mine could bring me again into your beloved presence? And yet why do I ask, when for years it was the penance of my life to *conceal* from you the love of one who dared not, in his poverty, dream of winning yours. And I succeeded—I knew, I saw, that I succeeded; you never suspected the pain you caused me—you never guessed that the cold, prudent friend you treated with such angelic sweetness loved you with a love, alas! far too near idolatry."

"Oh! stop—stop," gasped Emily, "do not

tell me more, I must not listen—I cannot. Oh! do not, do not speak to me in this way.”

“Must I then not even hope?” asked Lonsdale. “I have alarmed you—hurried you too much. I did not mean to have told you all this to-day; but I too have been struggling with emotions I could not express since I entered this house. I thought of a time when I might have offered you a home like this, a home more worthy of you than any I now could give; but Emily, I can offer you a heart whose love is exhaustless, a love that has only increased in power and depth through years of separation and hopelessness. Will you then be mine? Oh! say that I may at least hope, and gladly, joyfully, would I bear again and again all the ills of my early life, if only I might win at last this dear hand.”

And he drew gently from her eyes, her trembling fingers; but his heart sank within him when he saw the anguish of the look she turned on him.

“Oh! forgive me,” she murmured, “it can-

not be, there is a reason—I cannot tell it. Oh! that I had known earlier all that you have told me now, but I never guessed it; I fancied, I always fancied that you had loved some one before I knew you. Oh! can you forgive me—can you understand what I feel in thus causing pain to you, to you—”

And she again covered her face, and tears streamed from her eyes.

Lonsdale rose from the seat he had taken near her, and throwing open the window he gazed for a few moments on the beautiful scene before him. The warm breath of summer fanned his flushed cheek, but a very bitter feeling filled his heart, and a chill seemed to strike through his frame. Was it all to end thus? were his days all to be thus cold, thus joyless? it *could not be* that she loved another!

When he turned again towards her, he saw how great was her distress, and hope revived. Advancing close to her, and resting one hand on her chair, he said in a voice that thrilled to her heart:

“ Emily, you said there was a reason for

your refusal of my petition; must it last for ever? is the obstacle to my happiness one that can never be overcome?"

Emily trembled violently, she was conscious at that moment of but one wish, and that was to be alone. She could not even *think*, whilst he stood by her. Lonsdale her lover! it must be a wild dream—*his* wife! it could never be; he would not love her, he would not covet her love, if he knew that she, whom he had thus adored in silence and in secret, had loved another so madly as she had done—had well-nigh perished under the agony of disappointment. She could never tell him that miserable story—would Lonsdale *accept* her if she did—could she offer to him—to him she revered with her whole mind, a heart whose first devotion had been given to the husband of Inez?

"Oh! spare me," she said, clasping her hands and looking in his face with a beseeching expression, "you do not know how miserable I am."

"Heaven forbid," said Lonsdale, "that I should cause you one moment's pain; if *my* words have grieved you, Emily, *forget* them; I

do not seek to know why my love should thus affect you—but I did not dream that what I asked could agitate you so painfully.”

One thought alone now possessed his mind, which her broken sentences and tears suggested—the love which had already brought on her such bitter sorrow was not wholly overcome—it was this that made her leave London so precipitately, this that now called forth such an agony of confusion; she had struggled, though not even he knew how nobly she had behaved, but she had not yet conquered, or at least she could not yet love again.

Emily looked timidly at him and rose from her seat.

“You must not stay here,” she said nervously, looking around her on all sides, and speaking as if she had almost read his last thoughts. “You must not stay here, where everything must cause you pain;—alas! and you said it was for me you came—for me you braved what even for friendship you could not do. Oh, leave me, leave me now, and do not hate me! Do not altogether give up one who has so ungratefully repaid your kindness.”

He could not mistake the sincerity of those words—the tearful eyes, the pale quivering lip, the earnest pressure of the hand; and Lonsdale’s generous heart was stirred within him as he gazed at her delicate shrinking form, and he resolved to be still her friend, her protector; he himself would teach her to forget he had ever thought of being her husband.

“Nay, do not send me from you,” he said gently, “at all events let me take you home; and do not speak to me of forgiveness, or anger, as if I ever could have anything to forgive in you. It was my own folly to dream of anything but sorrow in this house. It is I who must ask forgiveness of you.”

He led her from the room with every mark of tender care, and silencing his own regrets, seemed now only bent on restoring her to peace with herself. When they were again near the Parsonage, he said:

“I shall go home to-morrow. I could not now stay here, and I feel that even for you this is the kindest thing I can do at present; but, Emily, if you do indeed wish to comfort me for

the heaviest trial Heaven has yet awarded me, there is one way in which you may do it."

She looked eagerly in his face, and he went on after a moment's pause :

"It is by *really* forgetting what I have said this morning ; at least, so far as may be necessary to permit your being with me as you were before—to no one have I hinted what it was that brought me here,—let me then hope that I shall soon see you again with my dear mother and sister ; do not deprive me of your friendship—do not desert us—remember that even your mother consigned you to our care—let me be still your friend, your protector, all that one so unworthy can be to a being so bright, so good, so beautiful."

He paused, but Emily could hardly answer.

"Dear generous friend," she said, in broken accents, "would to God that I might tell you how my whole nature honours you—but now, now, I can only bless you for your forbearance, and pray Heaven to reward you."

The remainder of that day Emily passed in

her room—a violent headache accounted to Helen for her pale looks and closed shutters; and Lonsdale reproached himself so openly for having over-fatigued her, that in spite of his increased seriousness during the evening, his friends had no suspicion of what had taken place.

When Helen came to bid her cousin good night, she said :

“ It is a sad pity you were ill to-day, Emily, for Sir Frederick is going away in the morning, and I am sure he has missed you very much.”

At seven next morning Lonsdale departed; Emily was seated at her window when his horse was brought to the door, and she heard Mr. Hervey say in a cheerful voice :

“ What a convenience these railways are. You will be in London in time for Lady Lonsdale’s breakfast; but I wish you had taken another cup of coffee; you don’t look very well, Lonsdale, though that is not, perhaps, a very friendly thing to say.”

Emily held her breath to catch the first tone

of his reply—she should hear his voice again—but when he spoke, how sadly did his words sound on her ear. It was only a sentence of small importance, something about early travelling, but his voice had such a wearied tone, that tears rushed at once to her eyes.

Mr. Hervey then said :

“ I hope we shall see you here again, Lonsdale, now that you have got over the first effort ; and the family are so seldom at the Priory, you would not have to do anything there that could annoy you.”

“ Yes,” answered Lonsdale, “ I hope to come again. I mean to be unmerciful to all my weaknesses in future. Tell any of the people whom I have not seen, that my stay was unexpectedly shortened. God bless you, my dear Hervey ; remember me to your wife, and take care of Miss Howard.”

The next moment he was in his saddle.

Emily stood where she could see him without being perceived ; as he rode away he looked up at the bed-room windows, and she saw that dear face again—she watched him till he disap-

peared amongst the trees, and then tear after tear rolled down her cheeks, as she exclaimed in the bitterness of her soul :

“ Oh, Lonsdale ! beloved—dearest—why did I not know before it was too late that I might win a heart like yours ! ”

Yes ; she loved him ! She knew it now, and she had sent him from her !

Not now, however, as once before, did Emily sink in dismay beneath the misery that had fallen so unexpectedly on her—*this* was a trial in which there mingled the sustaining dignity of self-sacrifice—she was not now the forsaken, the neglected one ; it was her *duty* not to accept the noble Lonsdale’s hand with the great secret of her life hidden from him ; nor could she put his generous love to so cruel a test as that of revealing to him what she imagined would at once rob her in his sight of half her charm, though he might hesitate to desert her. No, she would leave him free ; *he* might yet be happy, and she would endeavour to follow his bright example, and since it was not the will of Heaven that she should ever herself know the joy of devoting her existence to *one*, she would dedicate all her

powers and all the years of her life to the consolation of *many*; she would try to make herself more worthy of the love, that had been offered her by a being so infinitely her superior.

But she over-rated her own power of enduring the lot she had brought on herself, and as day after day passed, and she laboured to keep up her interest in all the duties she had undertaken to share with Helen, the burden seemed to grow heavier that weighed on all her thoughts, and poisoned every enjoyment. Lonsdale's pale face haunted her—the last tones of his voice sounded in her ears—he was unhappy, and she was the cause; and then she would doubt if she had done well, if she had not rather shrunk from a mortifying confession it was her duty to make; and when she felt thus she could not bear the upbraidings of her heart.

Grace's letters also spoke sadly of her brother.

“He says he is quite well, but we are sure he is not strong. Mamma talks of going to the sea-side, and we hope, dear Emily, you will come—we need you very much. Do return to us.”

At last there came one day a note from Lons-

dale ; it was very short, containing only the following lines :

“ Will you not then return to us, Emily ? Have we lost you for ever, because we prized you too dearly ? Do not fear to come to us on my account—the love, and the sorrow, which I concealed so successfully during four years shall never bring a cloud across your path. Let me see you once more with my dearest mother and sister—for myself, I only ask you to treat me again with that confidence and regard which made you, even during those long hopeless years, the delight of my existence. There was suffering then, there may be suffering now—there are few whose cup of blessings is unmixed with some of the waters of bitterness—but there is a pain which you may spare me, dear, kind Emily ;—do not fly from me because you could not love me as much as my fond heart desired—do not make me regret *too* bitterly that I told you my secret so rashly.”

“ Because I could not love him as much as he desired !” exclaimed Emily, pressing the letter to her heart. “ Oh, Lonsdale ! how I love you ! And he speaks so humbly of his secret—

his hopeless love—and he thinks I do not love him! And perhaps all this time I am grieving his noble heart through unconscious pride. Have I any right to conceal from him the truth? Whatever be the result, ought I not to trust myself to his decision?”

Great, indeed, was the tumult of her mind as she read over and over again the note that *must* be answered, and felt that now, indeed, she must come to a decision as to her return to Lady Lonsdale. She had been with Helen a month, and the original object of her visit had been attained, for Courtenay and Inez had left England, and were at a watering-place in Germany. But in what style must she write to Lonsdale, what excuse could she even offer to herself for her insincerity, if she confirmed his opinion of her indifference?

Her difficulties were, however, all set at rest for the present, by a letter, received the very morning after Lonsdale's, from Grace, announcing, in deep distress, a severe, and even dangerous accident that had occurred to her brother.

He and a friend whom he had accompanied in a drive, had both been thrown from a gig be-

longing to the latter ; the friend had escaped with a few bruises, but Lonsdale had broken his left arm, and received other injuries. After being brought home he fainted, and symptoms of fever were making them very uneasy.

“ If Mrs. Hervey could now spare you, dear Emily,” concluded Grace, “ if you could now come to us, you would be an unspeakable comfort to my mother and me ; though indeed it seems very selfish to wish to bring you, in August, from the country to a sick house in town.”

Not a moment did Emily hesitate. Trembling with excitement she gave the letter in silence to Mr. Hervey, and then clasping her hands over her eyes, she prayed for Lonsdale’s life.

When she again looked up, Helen was reading the letter over her husband’s shoulder, and Mr. Hervey said kindly :

“ Of course you will go at once—I will take you to town this evening. If all is well I shall return to-morrow morning.”

If all is well ! Could there be a doubt ? *It could not be* that Lonsdale was to be taken from them !

That day her every thought was a prayer, and many a time when she felt that she could not retain her outward calmness in Helen's presence, she left her for a little while, and throwing herself on her knees, in her own chamber, she cried aloud to Heaven to spare him, and in supplicating for his life she found the only relief to her agony.

When she reached London her anxiety was almost beyond endurance : speechless, shivering as in an ague fit, her suffering was so apparent after they set out from the terminus, that Mr. Hervey taking her hands within his, with the soothing manner of a brother, urged her to be calm, and to put her trust in Heaven.

"I do, I do ; at least I am trying to do so," said poor Emily, in a voice that brought a tear even into Gerald Hervey's eye, all trained as he was to every sight and sound of woe. "But if he dies, if he dies ; it always seems such as he who are taken."

At last the carriage stopped. Emily did not pause to ask a question of the servant, but rushed up stairs. Grace met her near her brother's room, and gently drew her into her own apartment.

"There is a great deal of fever," she said, in answer to Emily's breathless inquiry, "but he is not delirious, and the doctor hopes there is no injury except what is visible."

"Thank God ! thank God !" exclaimed Emily, bursting into tears, and weeping as if she cared not now what comment might be made on her emotion.

"Dear Emily," said Grace, "I almost feared you had given us up, and now I see how unjust I was ; I am so thankful you are come, because Frederick has been asking so often and so anxiously if there was no letter from you, and it is of great importance he should be calm."

CHAPTER IX.

“Such is the tale of life ; that oftentimes truth
Falls like a falsehood on the startled ear,
Chilling the soul ; but the sweet voice of love
Cheers the sad heart ; and we again press on.”

ANONYMOUS.

“I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.”

COLERIDGE.

LONSDALE's recovery was more slow than had at first been expected ; he had not been well, as his mother had seen, even before his accident, and the remedies employed to subdue

the fever that had followed it, had much reduced his strength.

And Emily had ample time during those days of separation from him, to become thoroughly acquainted with the state of her heart, and to form a resolution from which neither pride nor shame, nor any dread of mortification should have power to turn her.

But Lonsdale little knew how often she was near him ; how often when she brought something for his mother or Grace, she lingered at the threshold of his door only to hear him speak a few languid words, or stopped when that door was closed, and breathed a blessing on him whom it divided from her.

To his mother and sister she spoke little of him ; they had seen all her deep and tearful concern at his accident, but she used even innocent arts to veil her secret from them—that secret that was kept for him ; and thus during all this time of probation, of mingled hope and apprehension, she passed in review all the events and feelings of her life, returning ever to *him*

whose love was a thing to glory in, who made all that was past, whether of joy or sorrow, shrink into nothingness, compared with the fate he now offered her, or the agony of losing him.

It was thus silently, fervently, yet with a steady and collected mind, and a devotedness in which the mere imaginings of romance had no part, that Emily Howard now loved; and this was a love which must endure till death—a love that—

“With a buried care,
And with the o’erflowing of a voiceless prayer,
And with a deepening dream, that day by day
In the still shadow of its lonely sway
Folded her closer.”

When they first met, it was in his mother’s dressing-room, for he was still too weak to be brought down stairs, and both she and Grace were present. His left arm was in a sling, and he looked so pale, and so much weaker than she had expected, that tears filled Emily’s eyes as

she bent over him, and pressed his hand within her own ; but she saw that he also was agitated, and conquering her own emotion, she smiled and said :

“ It must be now my turn to nurse you. I remember how well you performed that office for me, and I am now to be taken in here as assistant at all events, for hitherto I have been very useless.

A week passed, and they had seldom been alone above a few minutes at a time ; yet as she sat by his couch, there was occasionally a tone in her voice, or a look that lingered as it met his, which sent the blood in a tumult to Lonsdale's heart, and, in spite of himself, revived his last hope. But he struggled to resist this ; he feared that now she could more easily read his heart, and that a suspicion of this hope would again drive her from them ; and his great wish then was, that she should think him happy, that she should again be at ease with him, and confide in him as before.

One evening, as she sat on a low ottoman

beside his sofa, holding his mother's hands in hers, and looking into her face with a smile, as Lady Lonsdale playfully chided her for some imaginary fault, Lonsdale yielded to a sudden impulse, and laying his hand on theirs, he said :

“ Dear, beautiful beings, with such a mother and two such sisters to nurse me, I would willingly consent to a year of sickness.”

When she bade him good night, he said, in a low tone :

“ Dear Emily, I have never yet thanked you for coming to us ; but you do not require words to tell you what a blessing you are.”

She could not answer ; she moved her lips, but no sound came from them.

The next day she had returned home alone from a drive, having left Lady Lonsdale and Grace with a friend who was about to leave town. She fancied Sir Frederick still in his mother's dressing-room, which had been converted into a temporary sitting-room for him ; and after laying aside her bonnet and shawl, she

went down to the library, where she and Grace generally passed their mornings. But when she entered, she saw that Lonsdale was there; he had felt so much better, that he had come down stairs whilst they were out, and for the first time since his illness, was sitting up and reading at a table.

She was so much startled by his unlooked-for appearance, that her first impulse was to draw back; but he rose, and inviting her to come in, she recalled her thoughts, and went up to him, congratulating him on seeing him once more there.

"Yet you looked as if you meant to run away," he said, smiling. "I hope I am not an object of alarm to you." Her lips were colourless, and she looked at him with such emotion, that Lonsdale, mistaking its cause, said sadly, "Emily, you have not yet forgotten the pain I caused you, you still fear me; how shall I prove to you that I desire *your* happiness more, far more than my own?"

"Lonsdale—Frederick," she exclaimed, "you

do not understand me ; you mistake me now as much as you did that melancholy day at Lonsdale Priory."

"Mistake you, Emily ! I do not *understand* you ? Did you not say you could not be mine—did you not say that you could not love me ?"

"No, no," she replied ; but before she could say more, he seized her hand, and pressing it to his lips, he exclaimed :

"Oh, Emily ! beware of what you say—do not raise a hope only to crush it. I am accustomed to suffering, but ecstasy is a new sensation, and I do not know how I could bear to part with that. How was it that I mistook your meaning ?"

"You thought I did not love you," said Emily, turning her face from him ; "and I love you—oh, Lonsdale ! I love you even as much as *you* can desire."

"Emily—my own—my darling," exclaimed Lonsdale, pressing her to his heart, "oh, say those words again—dearest Emily, turn to me

—let me hear your voice—tell me that I do not dream—tell me that you are indeed my own.”

There was such rapture in his words, in his voice, in his manner, that Emily forgot for a moment all she had yet to tell, and, turning towards him, their eyes met ; he read there all he had asked to hear, and with a fervent ejaculation of joy and gratitude he drew her again to his heart, and pressed his lips on her brow.

“ And now, dearest,” he said, “ why did we part in such sorrow, why have we been thus divided and reserved when such happiness was in our possession ?”

“ Oh, Lonsdale !” said Emily, “ now comes my confession, and perhaps when you have heard all I have to tell, you will give me up. I have a long, sad story to relate, which I once thought I could never tell you ; but I have felt since we parted, that even if I lost you, I should be happier if you knew all ; you would at least pity me—pity me for having known you too late.”

"My Emily," said Lonsdale, "do not tell me anything that can grieve you to speak of, * and do not wound me by even hinting at the possibility of my giving you up. No circumstances that could ever occur could induce me to do that, unless it were for your own happiness."

"Not even if you knew I had loved another? not even if you knew that, unasked—" she paused, she tried to still the beating of her heart, but she could not immediately regain her voice.

"Emily, my beloved, was this all?" asked Lonsdale; "was it for this you condemned us both to so much sorrow? Ah, dearest, how little you knew my heart, or how fully I appreciated yours! Do not tell me more, it can only distress you, and—"

"No, I shall feel happier," interrupted Emily. "I have thought much of it, and I wish you to know *all*; you will then decide for me, and I shall feel that I have not a thought or feeling that is hid from you—that at least will be a consolation."

And she told him all, and when she came to her own feelings for himself—when she told him how she had awakened from her dream, and how, in all that she had suffered, she now lamented most, that the heart that now loved *him* had ever had a regret unconnected with himself,—then Lonsdale again took her hand in his, and though he did not interrupt her, though he would not lose a word of that artless history, she knew before she had finished, that she had not lost the lover who gazed at her with a pride as great as his affection.

“And what will you say, dearest?” he asked, as she finished, “what will you say when I tell you that I suspected all this before?”

“And you still loved me?” said Emily.

“I still loved you, because I had never seen any human being to compare with you; I still loved you, and should have loved you to my dying day, even had you never been mine. I saw you act only as the most angelic being

might have acted ; I saw you give your heart's first hope to one who knew not the treasure that was within his reach ; I saw you suffer ; I saw you struggle ; I saw you conquer every weakness, and in all this I only saw signs of a nature as lovely as the form in which it was shrined ; and I loved you, my Emily—ah, dearest, I almost worshipped you, as I watched you through all the heavy trials Heaven sent on your dear head ! And now, my beloved one," he continued, " can you consent to be the wife of a very poor man ? For your sake I could almost covet wealth, though your love makes me richer in happiness than I ever hoped to be when I possessed both lands and gold."

" Then make me rich as yourself, Frederick," said Emily, raising her confiding eyes for a moment to his face ; " give me in return but a love like my own, and I ask no other wealth."

Again and again he thanked and blessed her, and in that happy hour Emily felt that Heaven

had appointed her lot more mercifully than had she gained what she once coveted so ardently ; she felt that whilst she gave herself up to the guidance of one who would lead her in the straight path of duty, she had secured a friend who would shield her from sorrow, and whose passionate love sufficed to satisfy even the wildest of her girlish dreams.

In six weeks they were married at Langley Court. Gerald Hervey performed the ceremony, and Mr. Langley gave away the bride. And there were no tears shed at that wedding, save by the happy Josefa, who wept for joy. Grace and the two Langleys were the bridesmaids ; to the two latter it was a mere morning's entertainment, and to the former it was an event so long and so ardently desired that her face was radiant in smiles and her brother said, as he embraced her after the ceremony :

“ My Grace, you look as if you had never known an hour of illness.”

And the beloved bride, did she shed no tear ?

How beautiful she looked in her soft beauty, in her bridal veil, with that expression of deep, earnest love, and that air of holy, trusting calm ! She was very pale, her wreath scarcely more colourless than her pure cheek, and she trembled slightly as she took her place at the altar ; but it was evidently from no doubt regarding him who stood by her side gazing so proudly on his treasure ; and she did not weep—no—only when she had bid them all farewell, and her husband the next moment clasped her to his heart, tears for the first time that day rushed to her eyes, as she exclaimed :

“ Oh, Frederick, would that my darling mother had lived to call you her son ! ”

The house was bought which Sir Frederick had, half in jest, told his mother she was to give him on his marriage, and she and Grace furnished it, as he had also said, for his wife ; but

before the newly-married pair took possession of their home, they joined Lady Lonsdale and her daughter at a beautiful villa, near Richmond and there the happy party spent a few weeks of an autumn of unusual brightness.

Emily sat one sunny morning with Grace in an apartment that looked out on a smooth lawn. Her husband had left her a few moments before to go to his mother, who was walking slowly along a favourite shady walk. Emily's eyes fondly followed him, and as she watched him draw his mother's arm within his own, and walk by her side with that bending air of manly tenderness, that seemed peculiarly to belong to him, a smile gradually parted her lips, and she exclaimed :

" Oh, Grace, how handsome he is !"

" Is he?" asked Grace, archly. " Is he handsome? I did not know that !"

" Ah, Grace, you are recalling the treason I once uttered; and you know there is nothing

vexes me more than to remember a time when I did not see him as I do now."

"A time, too, when you thought him *cold*," pursued Grace, still smiling.

"Nay, now you are unmerciful!" said Emily, shaking her head reproachfully. "You are an ungenerous conqueror, Grace, for you know how I have repented all my infatuation. Oh, my Frederick, is it possible I ever thought of you except as I do now!"

She stretched her hands towards him as he approached the window with his mother.

"What is my darling saying with such a look of eagerness?" he asked, as he took the offered hand.

"Grace was reminding me of a time when she says I did not think you handsome, and fancied you cold," said Emily.

"And has love indeed thus blinded you at last?" asked Lonsdale, laughing. "Poor child, depend on it Grace is right, though the magic bandage is now across your eyes."

"No," said Emily, fondly resting her head against his arm, "it is only now that I see clearly; love only kept the bandage on *my* eyes until I yielded to his power."

And what became of Courtenay and Inez? Do any of my readers care to know if Inez has cured her faults, or if Courtenay is happy?

Inez is still the slave of her vanity, she still in her secret heart loves admiration more than all the virtues that ever win it; but she also loves Courtenay more than any other human being, and next to the loss of her beauty, she dreads the loss of his affection.

She has not forgotten the lesson De Barros taught her, which had not only mortified her vanity but alarmed her sense of propriety; its effect on Courtenay, too, had shown her the risk she had run—the world must never see that she was less adored than formerly, and it shocked even her refined *taste* to dream of enduring frequent reproofs from a disenchanted husband. And thus Inez became a better wife

through her very worldliness, than all Emily's counsel or Courtenay's adoration had had power to make her.

And Courtenay ! his regrets or his fruitless wishes are buried within his own heart. They have no settled home, although a magnificent house in Lisbon, with a large establishment of domestics, is nominally their chief place of residence ; but winters in Paris, and summers in Germany, have restored Courtenay to all his wandering habits. He often calls to mind the ambition and the better promises of his youth, and then he sighs that he has no duties, no career that might bind him to his native land ; but it is too late, and in the pleasures of a brilliant and intellectual society, where he is himself always valued as an acquisition, he tries to forget the past. He is proud of his beautiful, his popular wife ; and there are hours when even something like his first tenderness returns, but it was not in the power of one like Inez to restore entirely what she had so rashly destroyed. If her repentance had been sincere, she might have led her husband himself to

realize all his higher aspirations, and have become to him again all he had ever fancied her,—
but now,

“The spell was gone for ever ;
And who shall say 'twas a trivial thing
That delicate chain to sever ?”

THE END.

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